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NO. XI

TWENTY CENTS

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

NOVEMBER

1919



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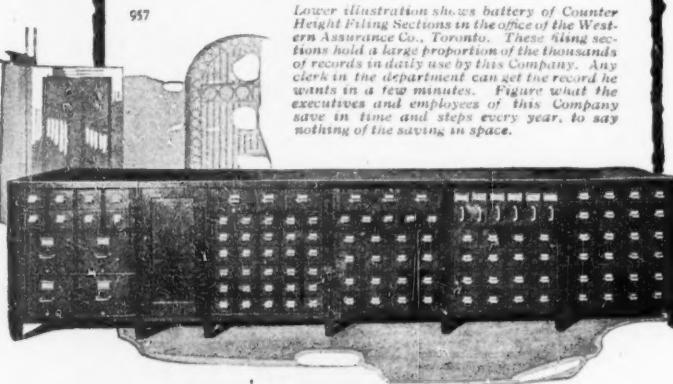
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Lower illustration shows battery of Counter Height Filing Sections in the office of the Western Assurance Co., Toronto. These filing sections hold a large proportion of the thousands of records in daily use by this Company. Any clerk in the department can get the record he wants in a few minutes. Figure what the executives and employees of this Company save in time and steps every year, to say nothing of the saving in space.



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The Girl on the Cover is Miss Constance Binney

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The INVESTMENT SITUATION

By H. H. BLACK, Montreal Editor *The Financial Post*

THE Victory Loan campaign of 1919, in which it is hoped that \$500,000,000 will be raised, will have started by the time this issue reaches its readers. While the Loan of 1918 had as its chief purpose—and strongest incentive for support—the furtherance of success and a final victory in the war, the present loan, now that the supreme need has been satisfied, holds before Canadian citizens pressing national needs that call for universal support, general, ungrudging. Canada, so far, has escaped for the most part those upheavals, reactions or revolutionary movements that have been coincident with the coming of peace in many other lands. Too strong emphasis, however, cannot be laid on the extent to which our social and industrial welfare rests upon our national finances being maintained on an effective basis until the storm that has threatened every country that played its part in the war has been weathered. On the one hand there is the demand from the point of view of our returned men, whose full requirements are as yet undetermined,—in the way of the completion of demobilization, in civil re-establishment with land settlement; and on the other, credits in European lands whereby the expansion of Canadian trade may be stimulated, and many other national proposals for bridging over the present surge of discontent, stabilizing industrial disorganization, and neutralizing the excessive costs of the necessities of life.

Final details as to the terms of the Loan corroborate earlier reports as to the two-term issues, one for five years, maturing on Nov. 1, 1924; the other, 15-year bonds, due Nov. 1, 1934. There are three types of bonds as before, the ordinary coupon bearer bonds, payable "on sight"; and those registered at Ottawa either as to principal, or principal and interest. The former are more readily negotiable; the latter safer in case they should be lost. Neither the \$50 nor \$100 bonds can be fully registered, while on the other hand, besides the \$50, \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 denominations, fully registered bonds will be issued in denominations of \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000, \$10,000, \$25,000, \$50,000, \$100,000 or any multiple of \$100,000.

Based on the article in the October issue of MACLEAN'S an inquiry has reached me from British Columbia as to the advisability of selling several thousand dollars' worth of 1923 and 1937 Victory Bonds, that is, the 15-year issue of last year, and the 20-year of two years ago, and investing in the new loan, all three classes of bonds bearing the same interest, namely 5½ per cent.

This question should be determined, from the personal standpoint, mainly by the size of the investor's income. If it is a moderate one, there will be little difference between the net return of the new taxable bond and the tax-exempt bonds, the '33s and '37s. In such a case it would probably be a wise course to dispose of these two earlier issues, getting 103½-104 for one, and 104½-105 for the 1937 issue, representing by the premiums a return of 9½ to 9½ per cent for the year on the '33s, and about 8½ per cent on the '37s for each of the two years. That is, you get the advantage of the increased value of the former issues over par, and can re-invest your money at par, receiving 5½ per cent, as before. For the man with a large income the exchange would not be so profitable, for the larger his income the smaller the net return on the new bonds.

Certain classes of bondholders, such as municipalities, have decided to dispose of the Victory bonds they hold already at the price, above par, at which they are selling to-day and re-investing

in the new bonds, as the taxable feature does not apply to the municipality. One of these is Saskatoon, which on the advice of a leading bank and a leading bond house will sell \$500,000 worth of last year's bonds and will re-invest in the new bonds, thereby making about \$15,000 at least, or three points clear. Liquidation like this, multiplied all over the country by various institutions, has caused a surplus of Victory bonds, more than the market can absorb at the present time, and some support is in evidence to keep prices up, but in a few months there should be a rally of all the older issues.

Some plan of providing conversion privileges was urged in last month's issue on the ground that it was advisable for as many of the "exempt" bonds as possible to be called in, in order that the future acquisition and holding of these by wealthy men to escape taxation might be reduced to a minimum. The Government has decided on this course, but will pay only par for each bond, including the 1927 and 1933 issues. But the former sells around 102, and the latter at 103½-104, so what object is there for the average holder to sacrifice \$2 or \$4 on every \$100 value he holds? This offer of \$100 only is surely an invitation not to convert the old into the new. It surely would have been a profitable transaction for the Government to offer the current market price, and get as many as possible of the tax-exempt ones out of the way.

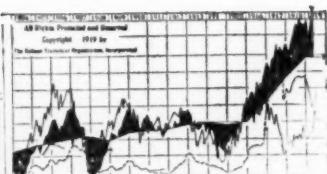
Pulp and Paper Securities

A number of inquiries have come in about pulp and paper securities, in answer to the references to these in last month's issue. The course of the market during the whole of September and October up to the time of writing, has justified the opinion expressed that pulp and paper securities are the most promising of any in the Canadian list, taken as a class. In September nearly every pulp and paper stock in the list showed marked advances, one as high as 36 points. In a single week of October one paper stock rose 26 points, another 21, another over 7, another 4½, and a fifth, three points. The public are coming to appreciate the possibilities before half a dozen or more of these companies, and are reaching out for their securities.

Referring to this point, one of the members of a leading Canadian investment banking institution said:

To anyone familiar with the pulp and paper business there is one fundamental

Continued on page 6



5% or 8%
Which?

Five per cent has been considered a good yield on conservative bonds in the past. During the past two years, eleven, one-half, according to the Babson Method of Investment, have netted a yield of over 8% with the same or greater security.

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Further, each issue of the Investment Bulletin recommends for purchase at least one good quality selected bond, the value of which is always below the true worth as the best buy in the entire investment field.

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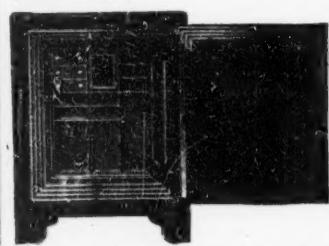
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How We Stopped the Leaks That Kept Us Poor



WHO should walk into the room but Howard Lindsay! Of all men perhaps he was the last I had expected to find as the president of this great new company. They had told me that Mr. Lindsay, of the Consolidated, was looking for a fine country home and was interested in buying the Dollard Place in Englewood; so as executor of the Dollard estate I had come to discuss the terms with him.

But Lindsay! Surely some miracle had happened. For it was the very man who had come to me "dead broke" about four years back and had asked me to help him get a new job.

"You are surprised, Mr. Otis, I can see that without your telling me. Let that real estate matter rest for a moment while I tell you how the change happened. It won't take five minutes. It all seems simple as A B C, as I look back on it now."

How It All Began

"Our new life began when we discovered *how to save money*. That happened soon after I started in the new job you helped me secure. And it all came about right in my own home. Our sole source of supply was my salary of \$3,000. That first year we didn't save one cent. Besides that, we woke up on New Year's day to find a big bunch of unpaid bills to be taken care of somehow or other out of future salary checks.

"When I asked myself the reason for all this I found that I did not know the reason, and no more did my wife, because we hadn't the faintest idea what our money had been spent for.

"Then we looked around among our friends and learned a great lesson.

"The Weeds, I knew, were getting more than \$5,000 a year. They lived in a modest apartment, did not wear fine clothes, seldom went to the theatre, did little entertaining, yet we knew they barely had enough money to pay current bills.

"In the case of the Wells', I found a very different story and one that set me thinking hard. Their income was \$2,000 a year, yet, to my amazement, they confided to us that they had saved \$600 a year ever since they were married. They didn't have any grand opera in their program—except on their little Victrola—but they did go to the theatre regularly, they wore good clothes, entertained their friends at their home and were about the happiest and most contented couple of all our married friends.

"The difference between these two families was that in one case the expenditures were made without any plan—while in the other the income was regulated on a weekly budget system.

"We sat down that evening and made up a budget of *all* our expenses for the next fifty-two weeks. We discovered leaks galore. We found a hundred ways where little amounts could be saved.

"In one short month we had a 'strangle hold' on our expenses and knew just where we were going. In one year my wife proudly produced a bank book showing a tidy savings account of \$800.

My New Grip on Business

"In the meantime an extraordinary change had come over me in business.

"I didn't fully realize this until the president called me in one day and said, 'Lindsay, you have been doing exceptionally well. I have been studying your work for the last year and you have saved the company a lot of money. We have decided to give you an interest in the business.'

"So there you are. It is wonderful, isn't it? I often wish I might tell my story to the thousands of young married couples who are having the hardest time of their lives just when they ought to be having the best time."

So now I have the opportunity and you are lucky, if only you will act on the wonderful message this story contains.

HARRISON OTIS.

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A war tax is now levied on almost every kind of article you buy. Few people know that the amounts so paid on daily purchases may properly be deducted from their income tax report. By keeping track of these war taxes on the pages for daily expenditures, and transferring the weekly or monthly totals to the Money Making Account Book, you will effect a saving on your income tax that will surprise you and that will pay the small price of the System many times over.

The Ferrin Investment Insurance Register is designed to keep an accurate record of your investments, insurance policies, etc. Contains 32 pages, size 5 x 8 inches, price separately, 50c. The Ferrin Inventory and Fire Insurance Record will enable you to make and keep a complete inventory of every room in the house; also provides for record of your fire insurance policy. It is an absolute necessity in case of a fire. It may

save you many thousand times the cost, which is 50¢ when sold separately.

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The Ferrin Money Making System is a most practical gift to any newly married couple. Many people use them for Christmas gifts.

Send No Money

See how magically the Ferrin Money Making Account System works, no matter how much or how little your income. We know what you will think of it when you see it. So we are willing to send you the complete system without your sending us any money in advance. Just mail the coupon, and back will come the system by return mail. If you feel that you can afford not to have it, simply send it back and you will owe nothing.

But when you have seen what big returns the Ferrin System will pay you, you will surely want to keep this wonderful aid to money-making, especially as we are now making a special, short-time offer of only \$3 for the complete system.

You will appreciate what a remarkable offer this is when you consider that other expense account books are sold for \$3 and cover a period of only two years. The Ferrin Money Making Account Book covers four years, and therefore has twice the value, \$6.

And in addition, you get the Ferrin Kitchen Calendar, the Ferrin Pocket Account Book,

the Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register, the Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record, each worth 50c, or \$2.00.

You have the opportunity, therefore, of securing \$8 value for only \$3.

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THE fact remains, of course, that the labor situation is very unsettled. When the gratuities have finally expired and all soldiers who have not previously secured employment are forced to do so, there may be a glut of labor. After a survey of conditions as they exist at present, however, it certainly looks as though this country should be able to provide for everything and everyone.

In this connection a curious circumstance that came to the attention of the writer may be noted. A few weeks ago a Toronto man put a want ad. in a local newspaper for a young woman for housework. By an error in printing, the ad. read a young man. There were fifteen enquiries during the first evening and the following morning, one a long distance call from Barrie. The next night the corrected ad. appeared and only three applications from young

I T requires a pessimistic turn of mind to find anything seriously wrong with the business outlook at the present time. The spectre of winter unemployment stalks in our wake—at least we all fear that it does—the labor world is seething with unrest, there are undeniable facts to show that the world situation is perilous. And yet, despite everything, Canada at the present moment is really riotously prosperous, with more money to spend than ever before, and a complete willingness to spend it! That anything can intervene to suddenly check the accelerated pace seems highly improbable.

It is not necessary to quote bank savings or industrial statistics to prove the prosperous condition of the country at present. The prosperity is there for everyone to see. It is manifested most clearly perhaps in a number of ways. For instance, people are buying quality goods as never before. The writer happened to be talking to a hardware wholesaler the other day and secured some interesting information on that point. "A few years ago," remarked the hardwareman, "it was not usual for a retailer to sell many pocket-knives for more than a dollar. Nowadays, there are more sold at two and a half than at a dollar. The cheaper grades are not wanted apparently."

"Some of us," he went on, "stocked up with cheap lines during the war that were imported from the East. They sold at that time. In some cases it was all we could get and the public took them. But now these goods just can't be moved. It almost looks as though they would be a dead loss."

There was a time this year when merchants were holding off in their buying in the expectation of a sharp decline in prices. Now that feeling of uncertainty has gone. It is regarded as certain that prices are going to decline very steadily, if they decline at all; and there is in addition the very substantial fact of a continuous and huge demand. The result has been that retail buying has come back pretty well to normal. In fact, some of the wholesalers in various lines who were following the policy of holding back are now caught with shortages. Demand in most cases is several laps ahead of the supply.

The public has been tuned up to a higher standard of living. Men who would have thought of \$1,500 as almost the savings of a lifetime a few years ago now cheerfully buy automobiles for that figure. High prices no longer stagger us. We have recovered from the awe that we used to feel in paying out money in large sums. It's become a matter of habit. Besides we are all making it in large amounts.

women were received. This is unquestionably an indication that there are plenty of men out of work and perhaps, even a little desperate.

I T is interesting to note that an entirely false impression prevails abroad as to conditions in this country. A short time ago, a young Canadian business man who had been three years in service came back for the first time in that period. He was thunderstruck at what he found.

"I thought Canada was in desperate straits," he said. "All that one heard on the other side indicated that Canada was in a condition of turmoil—strikes, lockouts, bread lines, and so on. It's a pleasant surprise to discover how fine everything is."

Unquestionably the impression has existed abroad that Canada has been suffering, due probably to the fact that only the most sensational matter is ever cabled. Perhaps the impression we have here of conditions in Britain is colored the same way.

Investment Situation

Continued from page 4

reason which will make the securities of such companies sell at much higher prices as time goes on. The reason is that such companies possess very large supplies of raw materials in the shape of extensive holdings of pulpwood, and also own suitable water powers situated adjacent to their pulpwood areas, which necessities make the ideal combination for a successful pulp and paper business, and the value of which is constantly increasing.

If the reader will scan a list of wealthy Canadians he will find that the fortunes of many lumber and pulp and paper operators can be traced directly, not so much to the average yearly earnings from their operation of extensive timber holdings, but rather to the increase in value given from time to time, which needs must take place in their holdings of large supplies of any raw material, in regard to which the total world's supply is constantly increasing."

The Board of Commerce

It has been hard for me to conjure up much sympathy for some of those who are damning the Board of Commerce as dangerous to investors through the regulation of prices, and hence of profits. To me it has appeared a sort of necessary evil, theoretically wrong and unfair, but very, very necessary. Something radical, something out of the ordinary had to be done at once, or there might have been a public uprising against excessive prices that would have burst the bars of reason, and gone much farther in unfair treatment of capital than the Board of Commerce is ever likely to do. So far the Board of Commerce seems to be top-heavy with lawyers. If there were a sprinkling of business men, who knew something about "overhead"; costs of doing business, depreciation, and other business fundamentals, there would be more encouraging evidence of a fair balance being struck between manufacturer, jobber, retailer, and workman, on the one hand, and the hard-pressed consumer on the other.

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writes smoothly and evenly over either rough or smooth paper. The best pen known for rapid billing, bills of lading, addressing, etc., and where quick free action is needed.

Writing all day with this pen in a light holder will not tire the hand—no strain, no writer's cramp.

All Esterbrook Pens are the sustained result of over 60 years' experience in making the best steel pens in the world.

Esterbrook Pens are the standard for excellence of pen writing performance—uniformity.

THE ESTERBROOK PEN MFG. CO.
16-70 COOPER STREET CAMDEN, N. J.

Send or telephone to your nearest dealer asking for samples. 15c a dozen, assorted or of your favorite pen.

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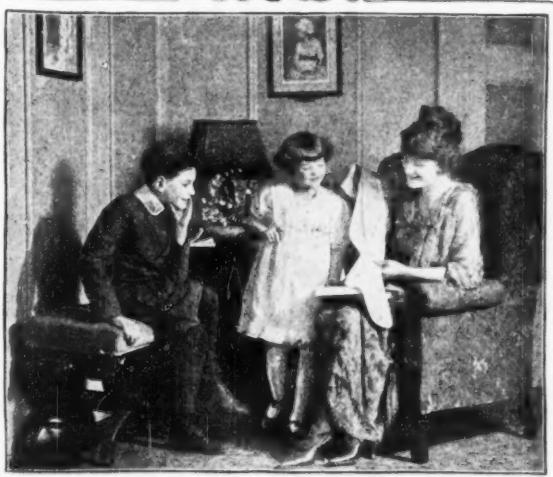
TORONTO, CANADA

Esterbrook Pens

HALIFAX	ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.	SHERBROOKE	ST. JOHN, N.B.	SYDNEY
F. B. McCURDY & COMPANY				
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St. Catharines Preferred FOR LOCATION, POWER, LABOR, HOMES.

Write the Secretary, Board of Trade for Complete Details.



SMILES on the youngsters' faces --- a smile on mother's, too. Right well she knows that Monarch-Knit Hosiery has long life as well as good looks, while the kiddies feel that the staunch durability of Monarch-Knit prevents holes and saves scoldings. Monarch-Knit Hosiery includes a style for every member of the family. The legs are full length; the tops are wide and elastic; sizes are correctly marked, and the heels and toes are doubly reinforced to resist wear. Your dealer will have every size in silk, mercerized, cotton or cashmere.

THE MONARCH KNITTING CO., LIMITED, Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

Also manufacturers of Monarch-Knit Sweater Coats for men, women and children, and Monarch Floss and Monarch Dosen.

MONARCH · KNIT HOSIERY

MONARCH-KNIT
The Monarch Knitting Company, Limited

Do You Desire a Location for a Factory? *IF SO, THINK OF ST. CATHARINES*

St. Catharines is situated in the Niagara Peninsula, where there is any amount of cheap power—good shipping facilities to any part of Canada or the United States. Where labor conditions are of the best and where anyone intending to erect a factory could do so under the most favorable conditions.

*Any Further Information Desired Can Be Secured From
Mr. P. B. Yates, Secretary, St. Catharines Board of Trade.*

1869 RESOURCES \$470,000,000 1919

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL

This Bank, with its complete organization and 610 Branches throughout Canada, Newfoundland, the West Indies, Central and South America, offers unrivaled facilities to business firms and individuals already established at

ST. CATHARINES
or contemplating doing so.

OUR MANAGER WOULD BE PLEASED TO HAVE YOU CALL UPON HIM

Ask for a Complete List of Our Branches

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Do You Desire a Permanent Place to Live? *IF SO, THINK OF ST. CATHARINES*

St. Catharines is situated in Canada's most famous fruit-growing district: Where living is cheap, where taxes are low and it is easy to own your own home. The factories in St. Catharines employ large numbers of operatives, pay good wages, and run all the time. St. Catharines is considered one of the most beautiful cities in Canada.



Make Your Dreams Come True

Fond parents dream of a bright future for their children.

They dream of the literary and musical education they are going to give their daughter, and of the high position she will take in her sphere of womanhood.

They dream of the education they are going to give their son and vision him some day as a clergyman, a famous lawyer, an eminent physician, a prominent financier, or a captain of industry.

But to make these dreams come true—or even partly true—requires foresight, planning and money.

To provide the money what plan so wise as to buy Victory Bonds for each child?

Thousands of parents bought Victory Bonds for their children in 1917 and 1918.

Surely you will be among the thousands of loving parents who will buy Victory Bonds for their children—this year.

Victory Bonds may be bought on instalments at such easy terms that every parent who so wishes may buy.

Buy Victory Bonds For Your Children

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada.

25-P



EVERY normal youngster has an appetite that "three square meals" never seem to satisfy. 'Round about three-thirty—or late of an afternoon—there's an insistent demand for "something to eat". Certain foods would make these extra meals harmful—but *bread* is an essential to youthful growth and development. So are the oils and butter fats and other wholesome ingredients of

Swift's Premium Oleomargarine

You can spread it *thick* (most children want it that way)—and the more they have, the more they're receiving of the *very nourishment they need*.

Use Swift's Premium Oleomargarine for school luncheons—on your table—in your cooking—it's pure, wholesome and delicious every time, all the time. But—be sure it's *Swift's Premium!*

Your butcher or grocer has it, or can easily get it for you.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited
Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton

Canada Food Board License No. 13-126 171 174

Swift's Premium Oleomargarine
can be used wherever Butter is
used for baking or cooking purposes
and especially for factory results.

Oleomargarine
Swift's Premium



Keep Chiclets a Secret!

YOUR pocket-size packet of Chiclets will soon disappear once they know where you regularly keep it. For, this dainty, candy-coated gum is a prized and popular confection.

At most stores in the block. Ten for 5 cents. For 25 cents---a generous family-size "Week-End" box.

---an Adams product, particularly prepared

Canadian Chewing Gum Co., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Make Money in Your Own Home

We Supply Yarn Free and Pay You
For Your Work

The whole world needs socks. In every country, in every city, in every town and in every village—in every corner of the world, in fact—there is an acute shortage of hosiery. This great demand is your personal opportunity. It is your chance to add substantially to your income. It is the weapon with which you can meet the constantly increasing high cost of living. You can make money pleasantly and easily in the privacy, freedom and comfort of your own home. This is an unusual advertisement, due to an unusual world-condition. We are a firmly established Canadian business firm engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. Our business connections are world-wide. We have been in business many years.

We have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. We believe in the independent employee. We know that the best work is that which is done by well-paid contented people in happy homes.

These socks can be made by men and women. Knitting experience is unnecessary. The Auto Knitter, a marvellous machine, does the work. Anyone can quickly learn to operate this machine

Workers Wanted Everywhere

For the reasons above stated—the unprecedented world-demand for hosiery—we need more workers—thousands of them. We need you.

We need all the socks you and your family can make on the Auto Knitter. We need this labor badly. We will make a contract to pay you a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for us as much as you want or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every dozen pairs of socks you send us, we will pay you a liberal wage.

With every Auto Knitter we send a supply of wool yarn FREE. We also supply, FREE, the yarn needed to replace that which is used in making the socks you send us.

The yarn we supply is made specially for the Auto Knitter. It is the softest and warmest, and uniformity in quality, weight and shade is always obtainable.

Positively Not "a Canvassing Scheme"

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you a chance to devote your entire time to the business, and this—to be independent of bosses, rules, time clocks, working hours, etc. Our Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme," "agency," or "open-a-store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

I am this day sending you four dozen pairs of socks by Express. I must say the machine is all you claim for it—simple to understand and easy to work.

St. Catharines, Ont.

I am sending by Express 54 pairs of socks. Please send wages due in cash and return replacement yarn. I think the machine is wonderful and I also think the pay is very good.

Galt, Ont.

I am sending by Express four dozen pairs of socks. Will you kindly make the replacement yarn up to twelve (12) lbs. and send the rest of wages due me in cash.

Montreal, Que.
Have sent you to-day by Express four dozen pairs of socks. I thank you for your promptness in returning replacement yarn and wages, which always come by return mail.

Woodstock, Ont.

I am to-day forwarding to you by Express (charged collect) ten dozen pairs of socks which I have knitted on the Auto Knitter.

Regina, Sask.
I have sent to-day by Registered Parcel Post 42 pairs of socks. Please send replacement yarn and also send yarn for wages in lieu of cash.

Court, Sask.
I am sending you 51 pairs of socks today by Express. Please send replacement yarn and money order for wages.

Brantford, Ont.
I am sending you 32 dozen pairs of socks this morning by Express. I enclose wage receipt for last shipment. Return replacement yarn as usual.

Vancouver, B.C.
I am shipping to you to-day 36 dozen (36 pairs) of socks. Express charges collect. Please send replacement yarn and also yarn for wages due me as usual.

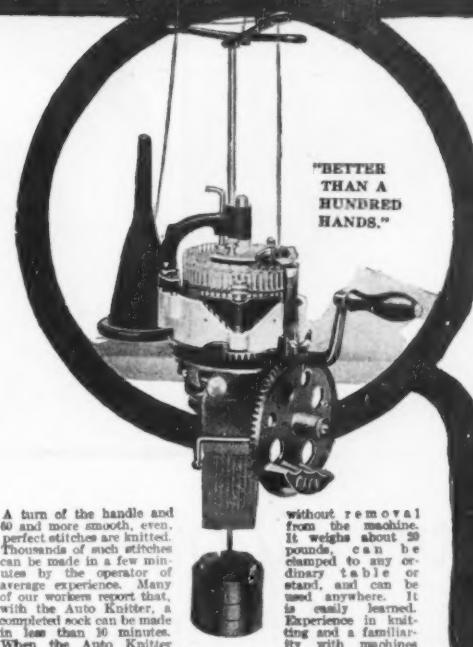
No matter where you live, we want you to know all about the Auto Knitter and the intensity of our world-wide institution. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization and the future you can make for yourself with the Auto Knitter.

We want you to compare our work and the money that is in it with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill or factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements of our perfectly satisfied workers and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory and sell your output, both wholesale and retail. Write to-day—send the coupon and three cents in postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.

**The Auto Knitter
Hosiery (Canada)
Company, Limited**

Dept. 179 K
607 College Street,
TORONTO, CANADA

"BETTER
THAN A
HUNDRED
HANDS."



A turn of the handle and 60 and more smooth, even, perfect stitches are knitted. Thousands of such stitches can be made in a few minutes by the operator of average experience. Many of our workers report that with the Auto Knitter, a completed sock can be made in less than 30 minutes. When the Auto Knitter goes into action, it is just like having many families additional to your working for you; that is why our trade mark is "Better than a Hundred Hands." It makes the sock-top, body, heel and toe

without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand, and can be used anywhere. It is easily learned. Experience in knitting and a familiarity with machines are totally unnecessary. Complete instructions about how to use the Auto Knitter are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is to hand knitting what the sewing machine is to hand sewing.

The Genuineness of These Testimonials Guaranteed Under a \$5000 Forfeit

MAKES \$35.00 IN ONE WEEK

The Auto Knitter is one of the best investments anyone could make. I can make three pairs of socks in an hour. In one week I made \$35.00 from private trade alone. It is the finest and cleanest work I have ever done, and I would not be without it.

OPERATED BY BLIND WOMEN

I have now been using three of your machines, and they give great results. With the little experience at first, I have succeeded in doing good work, which has always been accepted by you. You may be surprised to know that some of my work has been done by blind women, and it is impossible to recognize their work from mine. I am pleased with the business dealings I have had with you and hope that future dealings will be just as cordial as they have been in the past.



Write to-day for our Liberal Wage Offer

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Limited, Dept. 179 K, 607 College Street, Toronto, Canada.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose three cents postage to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name
Street
City Prov.



Lovely complexions don't just "happen." The right daily care will make yours lovely, too!

Every day— the right treatment for your skin

See how this will help to make it clear, lovely in color

YOUR complexion, too, can be lovely! If you would have that most potent of all charms—a clear, fresh complexion, lovely in color—look to the daily care of your skin!

Look to its tissues! Their texture can make your complexion coarse or fine, rough or smooth!

Look to its millions of pores! They can breathe and give your skin freshness and life!

Look to its little blood vessels! They can cause the delicate color to come and go.

You cannot have a clear, smooth skin,—fresh, natural beauty—unless you are giving your skin *every day* the treatment that will stimulate the small muscular fibres, bring the blood to the surface of the skin, keep its millions of

pores fine, its tissues soft and smooth.

Every day, as old skin dies, new skin is forming to take its place. The right daily care will keep this new skin fine in texture, lovely in color.

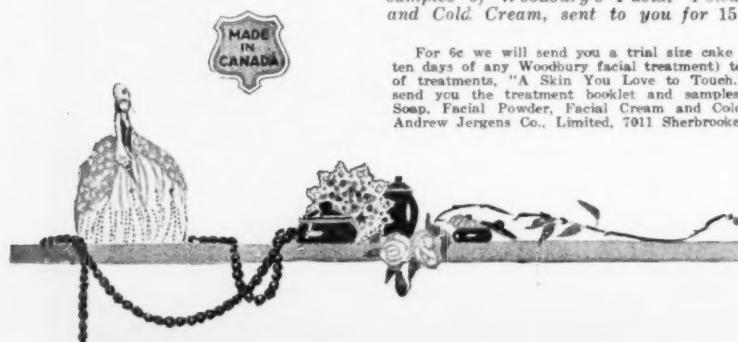
Begin to-night the following famous treatment:

Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

The very first time you use it you will feel the glow this treatment leaves on your skin. Use it day after day. Notice the steady improvement it makes.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 cents.

For 6¢ we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15¢ we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 7011 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



See how soft and lovely the right daily care keeps your skin!

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake to-day and begin to-night this treatment. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

For the commoner skin troubles

You will find successful treatments in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Among them are:

Blackheads—A Confession

Blemishes—How to get rid of them

Conspicuous Nose Pores—To reduce them

Enlarged Pores—How to make your skin fine

Oily Skin and Shiny Nose—To correct them

Shampoo—The right way

Sluggish Skin—How to rouse it

Tender Skin—The new treatment



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. COSTAIN, Editor

J. VERNON MCKENZIE, Associate Editor

Volume XXXII.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1919

Number 11

The NEW CANADA and ITS NEEDS

The First of a Series

By RALPH CONNOR



FROM the cataclysm of war a new Canada has emerged. That is, a new Canada not in the general sense that there is a new world, but in a sense peculiarly her own. True, the world upon which the day of peace dawned is a new world. It has a new face, a new spirit, a new heart, let us hope. Old empires have been washed out in blood, new nations have been born, and these nations have entered upon their career under auspices quite different from those under which any nation known in history came into being.

Canada is New in Her International Relations

IN things international the supreme gain of the war is the establishment of international law, based upon international justice with appeal to international conscience, international conscience which before the war was an international jest, but which has been enthroned as the supreme authority in international dispute. National honor has taken on a new meaning. It no longer means an inflamed *amour propre* quick to resent real or imaginary slights which, because they were supposed to affect national honor, were beyond the possibility of settlement by anything other than the gun. The old and absurd idea of honor, the honor of the swaggering bully of the days of the duello, has given place to the modern idea prevailing among gentlemen. A nation's honor is now taken to mean that fine flavor of national character that accompanies national integrity and worth.

A new sense of community among the nations has been called forth with an accompanying sense of mutual responsibility and obligation.

All the world feels, too, a new regard for world opinion and for world judgment which will find formal expression in the League of Nations.

In all this Canada, of course, shares with the world; she is part of the new world in a sense very real and with deep significance.

CANADA is now a nation among the nations, standing upon her own feet, speaking with her own voice, making her own bargains, determining her own destiny. This we may say boldly, fearing not at all for her empire relations, which will take care of themselves. Canada may, and should, say out loud that she has stepped upon the world stage and that she expects to play her part as best she can. This means that she must prepare herself to play her part with credit to herself and with advantage to all associated with her.

Her primary need here is a first hand knowledge of those nations with which she must now mingle, of their material resources, of their trade and manufactures, of their industrial conditions, of their political ideals, of their standard of ethics. Canada should appoint her own agents in association with the British Consulate staff or to act independently if that seems better, in every country with which she thinks it worth while to establish connection.

Further, Canada must prepare herself to assume her obligations as a member in the world League of Nations. These obligations will be in proportion to her status in the League and to her relative strength. Responsibility goes with strength and

with privilege. Hence, whatever share of the burden of maintaining and developing civilization of this new world falls to Canada's lot, Canada will not hesitate to assume it. The part which Canada played in the great tragedy of the world war gave her a place among world nations. She cannot shrink from the spotlight nor can she hesitate to respond to her cue.

Canada is New in Her Imperial Relations

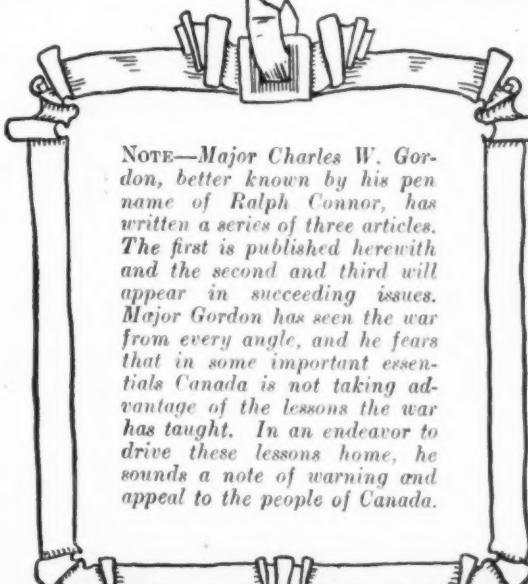
THERE is a New Canada in the Empire. Moving at her own command her army took its place in the battle line for world freedom and justice. In that battle line her soldiers won for her a new place in the esteem and confidence of the Empire. The full recognition of this new place was affirmed by the invitation given to her Premier to take his seat with other Imperial statesmen in the war cabinet of the Empire, and very especially by the assigning of a place to delegates from Canada at the Peace Conference and by the affixing of the names of these delegates as signatories to the peace treaty.

Apart altogether, however, from this formal recognition of Canada's new status in the Empire there was on the part of the whole body of the people of the Motherland such generous and universal acclaim of Canada's contribution to the victory of the Allies as to lift her to a new position in the affection and esteem of the British peoples.

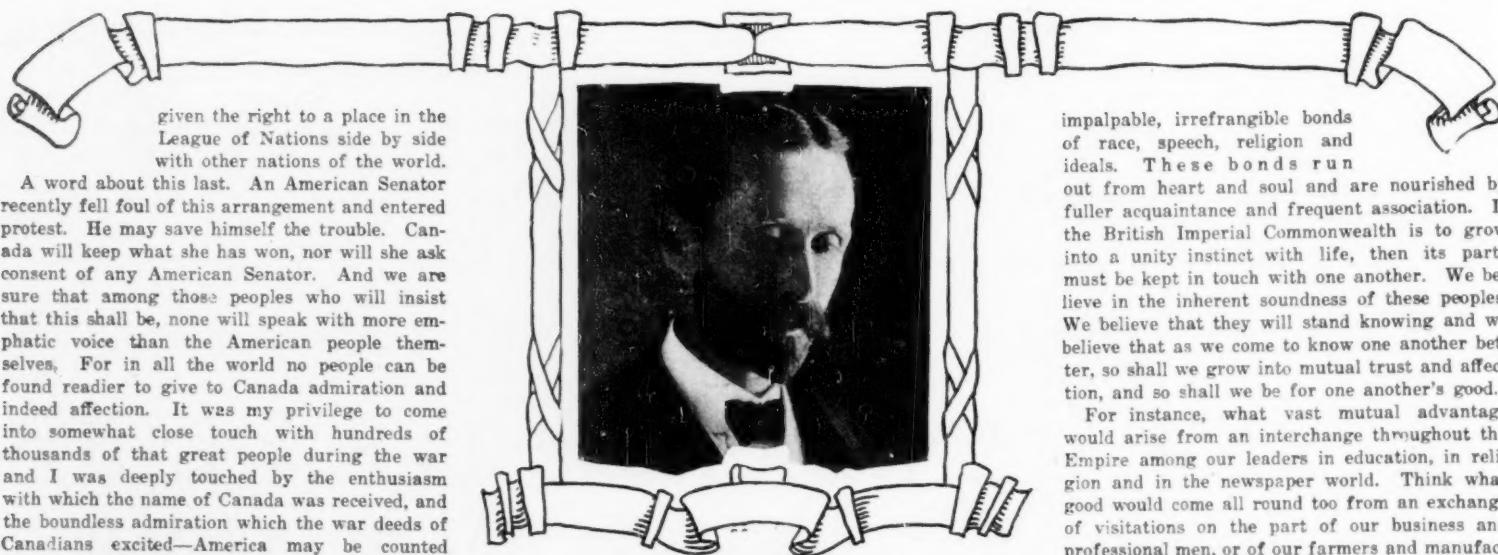
In pre-war days Canada had somewhat insistently asserted her autonomy in all her domestic affairs, an assertion cordially accepted by the Imperial Government; but now she has won the right to a status of greater dignity and authority in the British Imperial Commonwealth of which she forms a part, a status which lifts her to a plane of equality with the Motherland. Not only is Canada accorded the right to independent action in her domestic affairs, not only must her voice be heard in conversations with any foreign power which affects her interests, but without her counsel and agreement the British Imperial Commonwealth can enter into no treaty with a foreign power, can take no action which will involve the Commonwealth. True the great war was undertaken by the Home Government without consultation with the overseas Dominions, and by a happy fortune the action of the Home Government met with the instant and strong approval of these Dominions. But who can say if such agreement can always be counted on? Happily the terms of the League of Nations are such that full time and opportunity for such consultation will be given; and such consultation will take place. For henceforth the Common Council of the British Imperial Commonwealth will determine the foreign policy and the world action of the Commonwealth.

Canada Takes Her Place

AS a result then of the Great War, Canada has become new in her Imperial relations, and she occupies a new place in the regard and respect of the Motherland and of her sister nations in the Commonwealth. She has taken her place on equal terms in the Imperial Cabinet and she has been



NOTE—Major Charles W. Gordon, better known by his pen name of Ralph Connor, has written a series of three articles. The first is published herewith and the second and third will appear in succeeding issues. Major Gordon has seen the war from every angle, and he fears that in some important essentials Canada is not taking advantage of the lessons the war has taught. In an endeavor to drive these lessons home, he sounds a note of warning and appeal to the people of Canada.



given the right to a place in the League of Nations side by side with other nations of the world.

A word about this last. An American Senator recently fell foul of this arrangement and entered protest. He may save himself the trouble. Canada will keep what she has won, nor will she ask consent of any American Senator. And we are sure that among those peoples who will insist that this shall be, none will speak with more emphatic voice than the American people themselves. For in all the world no people can be found readier to give to Canada admiration and indeed affection. It was my privilege to come into somewhat close touch with hundreds of thousands of that great people during the war and I was deeply touched by the enthusiasm with which the name of Canada was received, and the boundless admiration which the war deeds of Canadians excited—America may be counted upon to be found ever among Canada's friends, never among her foes.

Canada Needs Three Things

IN view of this new Imperial relation what does Canada need? Three things. First, representation in the Common Council of the British Imperial Commonwealth by men of the highest character, and of trained intelligence, who will worthily maintain the honor of their country and will promote its interests and at the same time serve to make the Common Council a source of strength and wise guidance to the Commonwealth.

Secondly, Canada must establish agencies for the developing of trade relations with the nations who

are members in the Commonwealth. A central clearing house in London has been proposed for the various parts of the Empire. This is good, but inadequate. Canada must appear through capable, energetic agents in every market in the Empire, whose function shall be the establishing and developing of Canada's trade.

Thirdly, and most important of all, there is needed a plan and method by which mutual acquaintance shall be promoted throughout the Empire. For, after all, the bonds that held the Empire as one through the stress and strain of war, were not those woven by the statesman or the trader, but were those invisible,

impalpable, irrefrangible bonds of race, speech, religion and ideals. These bonds run out from heart and soul and are nourished by fuller acquaintance and frequent association. If the British Imperial Commonwealth is to grow into a unity instinct with life, then its parts must be kept in touch with one another. We believe in the inherent soundness of these peoples. We believe that they will stand knowing and we believe that as we come to know one another better, so shall we grow into mutual trust and affection, and so shall we be for one another's good.

For instance, what vast mutual advantage would arise from an interchange throughout the Empire among our leaders in education, in religion and in the newspaper world. Think what good would come all round too from an exchange of visitations on the part of our business and professional men, or of our farmers and manufacturers with those of our sister nations in the Empire!

It would be a sound and profitable investment of public funds if a ship should be chartered annually and sent on a voyage of business and of joy round the seven seas, leaving greetings and gathering knowledge. This will not be done immediately, I fear, but, howsoever it be done, we of the British Imperial Commonwealth must find ways of better acquaintance for our mutual good and for the welding of the Commonwealth into a solid unity.

Next I shall say somewhat of the new spirit of the new Canada, her new problems, industrial, social and religious, and their solution.

The OUTLAW

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Author of "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," "Songs of a Sourdough," etc.

*A wild and woeful race he ran
Of lust and sin by land and sea,
Until abhorred of God and man
They swung him from the gallows tree.
And then he climbed the Starry Stair,
And, dumb and naked and alone,
With head unbowed and brazen glare,
He stood before the Judgment Throne.*

*The Keeper of the Records spoke:
"This man, O Lord, has mocked Thy Name.
The weak have wept beneath his yoke,
The strong have fled before his flame.
The blood of babes is on his sword,
His life is evil to the brim:
Look down and doom this wretch, O Lord!
Lo! there is none will plead for him."*

*The golden trumpets blew a blast
That echoed in the crypts of Hell,
For there was judgment to be passed,
And lips were hushed, and silence fell.
The man was mute; he made no stir,
Erect before the Judgment Seat.
Then all at once a mongrel cur
Crept out and cowered and licked his feet.*

*It licked his feet with whining cry.
Come Heav'n, come Hell, what did it care?
It leapt, it tried to catch his eye;
Its master, yea, its God, was there.
Then as a thrill of wonder sped
Through throngs of shining seraphim,
The Judge of All looked down and said:
"Lo! here is ONE who pleads for him.*

*"And who shall love of these the least,
And who by word or look or deed
Shall pity show to bird or beast,
By Me shall have a friend in need.
Aye, though his sin be black as night,
And though he stand mid men alone,
He shall be softened in My sight
And find a pleader by My Throne.*

*"So let this man to glory win;
From life to life salvation glean,
By pain and sacrifice and sin
Until he stand before me—clean.
For he who loves the least of these—
And here I say and here repeat—
Shall win himself an angel's pleas
For Mercy at My Judgment Seat."*

MEN and MONEY

A Story With a Purpose

By

NELLIE L. McCLUNG

*Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny,"
"In Times Like These," etc.*

Illustrated by
E. J. DINSMORE

In a certain small prairie town in Western Canada, twenty-five years ago, two houses were built side by side. You will perhaps remember them when I tell you that they stood on thirty-three foot lots and were painted a stone color with brown trimmings. Each had a door and a large window in the front, with a small verandah, over which were two small windows; each had a gray roof and lean-to kitchen, and the houses were divided from each other by a stone colored and brown fence, painted with what was left over from the houses.

You do not need to be told that the same man had built them, owned and rented them, and you know he was a dull fellow, without imagination, or he would have put a dab of red paint somewhere in the trimming of one, and green in the other, or an extra gable in one, or another sort of kitchen, or put the chimney or a window in a different place or made some change to break the spell. But he did not do any of these things because he had simply built them to rent, and renters are expected to be glad of anything to live in, and not to expect too much for twelve dollars and fifty cents per month, strictly in advance.

The front door opened into a small hall, whose meagre space was partially taken up by a gray painted stairway, and which afforded the occasional caller a full view of the inward workings of the kitchen, unless the door at the other end was kept shut; but the careful housewife overcame all danger of such exposure by hanging curtains over the door space. The living-room was to the right as you came in the front door, and the dining-room was separated from it by an archway, and more curtains. The dining-room had one window, whose upper portion contained squares of red, blue, and amber colored glass; the large window in the front room followed the same design. The walls were plastered, and the floors were of fir.

By these peculiarities, I am sure you will know the houses I mean.

Well, as I said, there were two of them side by side, and by a curious coincidence, they received their occupants the same day, and both mistresses were brides. William Brown, book-keeper for an implement firm, who had gone East and married Stella Morrow of Peterboro, and Herbert S. Wilson, banker, who had married Miss Summers, one of the teachers, were the tenants, and the people of the small town called that street "Honeymoon Avenue."

When the observant ladies of the Reception Committee of the Ladies' Aid called on the two brides, which they did in due course, they were unable to decide who had the best furniture. Mrs. Wilson had a green carpet and green chenille portieres; Mrs. Brown's were dull blue; Mrs. Wilson's china was the tea rose design, Mrs. Brown's was the gold clover leaf; Mrs. Wilson had house plants; Mrs. Brown had a bird; Mrs. Wilson had a silk eiderdown on her spare room bed, Mrs. Brown had a crocheted bedspread which her grandmother had made.

After careful discussion, the visitors of the Reception Committee were unable to institute a comparison, which should be abundant proof that the house of Wilson and the house of Brown had got away to a fair start.

At the end of the first year, the equality which had existed between the two families, was at an end, for there came into the Brown home a small, pink, blue-eyed infant, who constantly mistook the night for day, and persisted in wanting everyone to stand at attention.

Mrs. Wilson, who ran in the first

handsome Turkish rug in their living-room; the Browns had a cradle in theirs; the Wilsons had Japanese grass mats and swinging chairs on their verandah, the Browns had a baby carriage on theirs. But there was no envy on either side of the mud brown palings which divided the two houses; everybody was satisfied with what they had. Sometimes, indeed, when young John Brown, dreaming of wolves, bears and kidnappers, awakened with loud wailings in the middle of the night, the Wilsons, hearing him, were sorry for their neighbors and were very glad that the quiet and calm of their own lives had not been disturbed by one of these overbearing young things who know nothing of that unwritten law regarding the right of others to undisturbed sleep at nights.

Young John Brown awakened regularly at the hour of five each morning, and insisted upon his parents doing likewise. Perhaps it was the spirit of his in-



"We've got too many flowers," he said, grumbly.

afternoon to see him, presented him with a handsome garment, replete with blue bows, which she had bought the week before at a church bazaar, because, as she explained to her husband, "it was so hard to get out without buying something." It was really a very handsome present for the young barbarian, who mistook it for something of an edible nature, and even the first time it was put on him, chewed one of the dainty blue bows into shapeless squadness. But this misdemeanor did not decrease his mother's admiration.

There were times, of course, in the first six months, when she wished he was not quite so imperative, and she often wondered how he could tell when she had gone down cellar for the vegetables for dinner, and why he raised such a piercing wail every time she went out of the room. But she always rushed to him with breathless haste, fully expecting to find that some evil had befallen him. When she reached his crib and found that he was still intact, her thankfulness always drove out her indignation, and when he flashed his blue-eyed, two-toothed, dimpled smile at her, she forgave him freely, and marked his "board and keep bill" paid to date.

The observant caller would not have any difficulty in deciding which house had the best furniture, after the first year. The Wilsons now had a new and

distrustful grandmother, the one who had made the crocheted quilt, which had been inherited by him, for he loathed late sleeping, and saw to it that both his parents began the day bright and early. Having accomplished this by the simple and unaided method of the human voice, young John settled down to a calm and refreshing sleep, during which time his mother, on tiptoe, hurried through her work, to be ready to take him out when he awoke.

Her neighbor joined a literary club that winter, and studied Maeterlinck, and Matthew Arnold, fragments of which she passed on to young John's mother,—who said when the baby was old enough to take with her, she would be able to attend the meetings too. But the first time she took him to church, he tried to usurp the attention which, by all laws of fair play, belongs to the minister, and so had to be taken out in disgrace.

John's father saw in his bounding energy large possibilities of future greatness.

"Notice the shape of his head, Stella," he often said, "it is a perfectly rounded head, indicating a well-balanced disposition,—see the full forehead, with observation and reasoning equally full—veneration and conscientiousness especially large. This boy will never shirk his duty:—Never mind, Stella, even if you can't get out to the Browning Club, or whatever it is,

you're doing something when you are bringing up young John Brown. You'll have more to show for your time than the members of the Club, in the spring."

"Of course I will," John's mother said happily—"I expect John will be walking then, and won't I be proud when he can step out with me in the afternoon, in his blue suit and white straw hat, and is able to pass the time of day with the neighbors. He tries to say things now, and I think that's very smart for a baby only ten months old."

"He's a wonder," declared Mr. Brown, with conviction.

WHEN John passed his first birthday, and began to walk on his fat, uncertain little legs, he had his first photograph taken, and the friends on both sides of the house were remembered in the distribution. Most of them wrote back, with strongly expressed admiration; some with faint words of praise, and one unhappy aunt sent not a word, and was struck off Mrs. Brown's correspondence list forthwith. Mrs. Brown was too amiable a woman to be resentful even of such neglect, but she considered that any one who was not moved with admiration on beholding such a beautiful child's face, was too dull to bother with.

"When I go East, I'll go to see Aunt Grace, and ask for the picture. Evidently it is of no use to her," said Mrs. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown's good opinion of their son was further enhanced, when, soon after his first birthday, he began to talk. Just what he was saying seemed to be unknown, except to the immediate family. But it was plain as day to them. When asked what the kitty says, and what the cow says, and what the pig says, the answers he gave were strikingly similar in each case, but outsiders are often dull in such matters.

At sixteen months, he had learned one unmistakable trick—he saluted and responded when his name was called. "John Brown," called his father, when he entered the front door, and John Brown, in whatever part of the house he happened to be, struggled to his feet, and placing his heels together, stood very straight, and raising one fat hand, answered:

"Present."

At least his parents said that he said "present," and it certainly sounded as much like that as anything else.

His next trick was to tell, with unfailing accuracy, where his papa's boy was, by patting his own blonde head, and giving utterance to an animated whirl of sounds, which seemed like a succession of "da's," but which his parents had no difficulty in understanding. What the child said was, "Right here, right here!"

The Wilsons were brought over to hear John's tricks, and although he did them beautifully, and they laughed in apparent enjoyment, there was a slight lack of heartiness about their applause, and if John had been a real actor, he would have known that his audience was not in full accord with him, and that for some reason he had failed to put it over; but John did not care anything about their applause anyway—he had two devoted slaves on the front seats, and he did not look past them.

When the Wilsons went home, they laughed a little about John's tricks. "The Browns are nutty over that kid," said Mr. Wilson—"they make me tired sometimes."

His wife suddenly went serious. "It's nice to be silly—sometimes," she said wistfully. "I often wonder . . . and wish—"

"I don't see it," he said, "raising a squalling kid does not appeal to me—it is too much like work—if you want to, you can adopt a half-grown one—past the hawling age—I can't see myself parading up and down in my nightshirt, singing 'Beulah Land' the way Brown did last summer. Echoes of that coming across the fence was enough for me. A kid costs too much time, sleep, and money, and I tell you, May, they're not worth it—Now that's the straight truth! Look at my father and mother—they raised eight, and my mother was an old woman, with a bonnet, at forty. She never had a good time—she just slaved for us kids. Every last one of us now are married and gone, and the two old folks are there alone. We write at Christmas, and send a shawl and a pair of gaiters, that's all the communication there is between us—it isn't fair, but what can we do? I can't talk to my mother for five minutes—we belong to different worlds—She couldn't raise kids and read the newspapers too, and she dropped behind. Maybe she doesn't know it, but I do. It's nobody's fault, I guess—but it's uncomfortable, and I can't see the sense of raising a family, and losing all the fun in life."

They had argued the question before, and always to the same conclusion.

That afternoon when Mrs. Wilson was going down town for a hair-shampoo and manicure, and saw her neighbor hanging out a washing, with young John holding on to her skirts and clamoring loudly for attention, she rejoiced in her freedom, and the pleasant life she had. Bert was right, children were too much trouble!

The next summer, John had a little brother, an

month, and we'll have garden stuff to sell, and our clothes will do for another year. We've enough left from the Insurance money you borrowed, to pay the nurse and our own doctor, and the bill at the drug-store, so we start even again—that's not so bad."

THE two families did not see so much of each other in the years that followed, for the Wilsons moved into the big house which they built on another, and more fashionable, street, and sometimes months and months passed without the women seeing each other. The men met occasionally at the Business Men's Luncheons which were given once a week, and always regarded each other with real friendliness. Mr. Wilson, in speaking of his old neighbor, said to his wife:

"I like Brown—but the stories he tells about his kids certainly make me tired. The man doesn't notice that he's shabby himself, and getting into a groove. He works in his garden as long as he can see, and then gets up early and goes at it again. But he's bubbling over with enthusiasm all the time about the kids, and showed me their school reports. The kids are hustlers all

right, and young John works in the printing office after school and is earning a set of books that way. The other fellow keeps chickens and has bought a bicycle. You'd think it was an automobile, to hear Brown talk about it. The man's simply dippy over those two youngsters."

"Well, I don't wonder," said Mrs. Wilson, "they're handsome and clever, and the most beautifully mannered children in town, everyone says. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will realize all their own ambition, in the boys, and that's something. They see their own dreams coming true, and that makes labor sweet and satisfying."

"But they never have a trip or any fun," said her husband.

"They get their fun at home—and that's the best place," she said. "Teas and dances and clothes don't satisfy every woman, you know, Bert. Some of them have deeper ambitions than just to be well-dressed and able to play cards . . . I sometimes envy the Browns. . . ."

"They're welcome to the kids,—so far as I am concerned," he said shortly. "It's cost poor Brown all his salary to raise those kids so far, and now comes the most expensive time, for they have to be educated. He never takes a holiday—he does curl, but he never goes away for a bonspiel."

"But they seem happy," Mrs. Wilson urged; "there aren't two people in town who stick together like the Browns—Don't you remember that Sunday afternoon we saw them out walking with the boys? I thought they all looked so contented and happy, and the boys are such handsome youngsters—They may be poor, Bert, but they've something to show for their time."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders irritably.

"I'll tell you what they have," he said. "They have a small six-roomed house, on a poor street, in need of repairs, five thousand dollars Life Insurance, and that's all they have in the world. His salary just covers expenses—he'll borrow on his insurance again to send the boys to college. He'll skimp and save and work to the end of his days. He'll never take his nose from the grindstone, and she's the same!"

"The boys represent their life work," said Mrs. Wilson persistently. "They haven't got their money in the bank, the way we have; they have it in the boys—the way we haven't. They've worked to better advantage than we have."

"I don't see it," he said, and he went out of the room with every indication of impatience.

ONE morning at breakfast a few weeks later, Mrs. Wilson said to her husband:

"Did you notice the school report this month?"

"No," he answered tartly—"why should I?"

"There's no reason," she said quietly, "and no reason for my noticing it, only that I always do read it. Did you ever have a sore nail, which, somehow—you like to hurt? I don't know why.—Well, I read the school report for some such reason as that—and it always hurts."

A long silence fell upon them. What was the use of going over all the arguments again?

Before he left, he said more gently: "What were you going to tell me about the school report?"

"Nothing,"—she answered—"except that the Brown boys are ahead again. John has passed his entrance, with honors, and Tom is one year behind. Both names are the first on the lists."

"That's because 'B' is the second letter in the alphabet, I guess," said Mr. Wilson. "Well, I'm glad you

NOTE.—*There is a purpose in this story by Mrs. McClung. It is designed to show the need for more recognition of the mothers who gave their sons that the world might be saved. Every Canadian should read it. In addition it is a splendid story, one of the best that Mrs. McClung has written.*

exact duplicate of himself, blue-eyed, dimpled and imperious. In the hot nights, when the windows were open, the piping wail of the new baby often broke into the nightly stillness of the street. These midnight disturbances helped to decide the Wilsons to make a visit to the Coast, though they had a feeling of real pity for their neighbors left behind to struggle with the heat and the two young children.

"Maybe they like it," said Mr. Wilson, when his wife was saying that some way she felt mean about leaving her neighbor, "some people do—it is a real instinct with some people to care for kids—but I must say it's not so with me—and you can't do them any good by staying—you don't know how to mind a kid anyway."

"She didn't know, either," persisted Mrs. Wilson—"but she's learning—I could learn too—if I needed to. I wouldn't be afraid to try it"—

Then she added quickly—"But I am glad I don't need to learn just now."

That winter, the baby, whose name was Tom, had a serious illness, requiring a trained nurse and a specialist. For a few days it looked as if he had decided to give up the journey on which he had started out so joyously six months before. His dimpled face, now shrunken and wrinkled like an old man's, haunted his father as he went about his work—it was too cruel, that anything so little and so sweet should suffer pain.

"Brown walks like an old man," Mr. Wilson told his wife that day as they sat at lunch in the hotel. They had been out late at a dance the night before, and she had phoned to his office that she did not feel like cooking, and suggesting that they "eat out."

"I guess it would be a relief if the little kid did pass out. They can't afford nurses and doctors' bills like this. Brown was in to-day to see how much he could borrow on his Life Insurance, and I gathered from what he said, they are pretty well up against it!"

Then they talked of other things.

But young Tom Brown did not die. There came a day when the troubled look went out of his tired eyes, and he knew his mother when she bent over him.

When Brown came home to dinner, he did not get a chance to make his usual inquiry, "Well—how is he?" for his wife was waiting at the door, with the first real smile that he had seen for months.

"Billy," she cried—"Oh, Billy, he's better—he's going to get well!"

And then, quite without warning, she, Stella Brown, the brave, patient, fearless one, buried her head on his shoulder and cried, and cried.

Softly stroking her pretty hair, he noticed for the first time that it had in it streaks of gray.

IT was a hard pull for the Browns to recover from the financial depression following the baby's illness. The specialist, who had been twice to see the child, was able by that occult gift which many specialists possess, to divine the amount of their savings, and make his fee cover it exactly.

"I wonder how he knew how much we had," said Billy Brown reflectively, as he wrote the check which signed away all their savings for the last six years.

"That's part of their course at college," said his wife gaily. "Never mind, Billy, we have the boys to show for our time, and we're still young and strong. We'll start another savings account on the first of the

told me—I'll know enough to keep out of Brown's way for a few days."

He said it laughingly, but his wife's eyes were very listless and weary as she sat leaning her head on her hands.

She was still sitting there, when the maid came to clear away the breakfast dishes.

TH E Browns, like other people, had dissensions and mutinies at times within their ranks. No four healthy people ever lived together in perfect harmony for an indefinite period, and the number could be lowered again, and yet again, without upsetting the truth of the statement.

To try to bring about harmony, Mrs. Brown had made it the rule to have Saturday afternoon a free time for the boys, but sometimes, by failing to do the work on Saturday morning, Saturday afternoon had to be broken into by unfinished business, and this was the cause of the frown which hung heavily on Tom's face, as he put strings on the sweet peas in front of the house.

"We've got too many flowers," he said, grumbly, "they always need to have something done to them. I like flowers that just grow, and look out for themselves—without bother to any one. Flowers aint supposed to be a worry to anyone—and spoil all his fun. If we hadn't any, I'd have more fun."

Mrs. Brown was cleaning the veranda, and his remarks were addressed to her.

"That's so, Tom," she agreed, "and if we didn't have the veranda—I wouldn't need to clean it, and if we didn't have any clothes I wouldn't need to wash them, and if we didn't have anything to eat, I wouldn't need to cook, and then I wouldn't have to wash the dishes. We're certainly in hard luck having so many things, you and I."

Tom worked on in silence, thinking of what she had said, but his heart was with the gopher hunt.

"There are lots of the boys who never have a thing to do. Joe Peters has no cow to feed, or hens to look after, and they never bother with flowers. They just go out riding in the car every night, and I wish we were like them. The boys don't even need to go to school if there's anything else they want to do. Their house doesn't look nice, but they sure have fun."

Just then, the afternoon mail came in, and in it there came a letter to Mrs. Brown from home. It was from her mother, and, as usual, she seized it with delight.

"Dear Stella," it began, "we had a family gathering to-day, and we had every member of the family but you, and so we have decided that we really must have you at the next one. You have been gone for fourteen years now, and you have not been home even once, and now we want you to come to us for at least a month. Your boys are big enough to leave now, and we know that Billy has always wanted you to have a holiday, but you are so conscientious about doing your duty to the boys, that you forgot to do your duty to yourself."

"Now let me tell you what we have to offer in the way of inducement.

"We will all be here; father is very well this summer, and greatly enjoying his new Ford. He will take you all over to see the friends. The brothers and sisters are all wanting you, dear Stella, and they are full of plans for giving you a great time. The corn will be ready then, and I hear talk of a great corn-bake in the maple-bush, the first night you are here. The woods will be beautiful in September when the maples and beeches begin to turn."

Mrs. Brown had sat on the veranda step, to read her letter, and at this point in the reading, a cry broke from her.

Tom ran to her at once—

"Mother," he cried, in alarm—"what is it?"

Never in his life, had he seen his mother cry!

She was herself again in a minute.

"It's nothing at all, Tom," she smiled—"only I just got homesick for a minute. Your grandmother wants me to come back home, and of course, I can't, because it would take too much money; but I got lonesome for a moment, and I wanted to see the apple-trees and the plums that I planted, and I wanted to see the milk-house with the stream running through it, and the hollyhocks and hydrangeas, and I wanted most of all to see mother and father and all of them. But I couldn't leave you and John and Daddy here all alone, even if we had the money, which we haven't, but we'll have lots of it when you and John are through school, and then we'll all go and see the old folks, and we'll stay a year, and motor all over Ontario in our Studebaker—and—"

The tears were still hanging around his mother's

gray eyes, and Tom could feel them, although they were not visible.

HE went back to the sweet peas, and soon had them all provided with good supports.

When he came into the house, his mother, shelling peas for dinner, was singing as usual.

"Mother," he said cheerfully, "is there anything else I can do? I don't mind work—I'd rather work, and I'm not going out with Joe Peters at all this afternoon—I want to stay with you—I'm sorry you can't go—but I'll hurry up with school—and we'll soon have lots of things."

"We have lots of things now, Tom," his mother laughed happily. "We have health, and each other—and lots to eat and enough clothes, and a good school for the boys, and I'm very happy. When we go home, we'll all go, I couldn't go away for a month and leave you two boys. I would be thinking all the time that your knees were out, and you had forgotten to wash behind your ears, and had gotten into poison ivy, or something, O! I am not homesick now, Tom, I am just thinking what a great time we will have when we all go back home to see our folks and your Daddy's people, and how proud I will be to show off my two boys."

JOHN and Tom Brown went through all the grades in the Public School, and when they entered the High School, their record was something of a triumphal progress. They were able to take their matriculation from the High School, and then came the first real break in the family, when the boys went to the city to begin their college work. John was ready one year ahead of Tom, but he taught a year to help the family finances, and to let his brother catch up to him. The city was only fifty miles away, and the boys came home each week-end, on their bicycles, in the summer time.

IN May, 1914, when the University reports came out, it was found that the one hundred dollar scholarship had been awarded to John Brown, and Tom had taken the second one of sixty dollars. Both boys were at home when the reports were published, and the little house, in need of repairs, fairly throbbed with delight. Mr. Brown brought the

"Raising a squalid kid doesn't appeal to me," said Wilson.



paper home at noon, and laid it on the table before his wife. The headline told the story.

"Brown brothers take first and second scholarship for proficiency," it said.

"The returns are beginning to come in, Mother," said John, with a smile, as he kissed her.

Mrs. Brown's voice was tremulous with happiness.

"Boys," she said, "the returns have always come in. I got my reward every time either of you gave me a smile—or a hug; and every time I heard you laugh,

every time I saw my boys learning how to do their part in life—I was repaid a hundred times. Your father and I have had a great time raising you two big fellows—you've kept us young, and well, and happy, and now you're bringing our rosiest dreams to pass. Talk about returns? Here!" And she kissed both boys and put the loudest kiss of all on her husband's bald head.

"Billy—old man—what sort of a time have we had—raising these two boys?"

"The very best," he cried, "the very best!"

That was in May, 1914.

IN August came the war!

At first no one believed that a real war had come; the time for that had gone by. It would be settled. The little groups of men who gathered on the street corners were unanimous in predicting that it would all be over by Christmas.

Every day, Billy Brown brought the paper home, when he came for lunch, and it was an excited group that read the war news, and traced on the new war-map, which an enterprising newspaper had sent out, the places mentioned in the reports.

When the neighbors light-heartedly discussed the war, predicting its early and successful ending, Mrs. Brown was silent and absorbed. One awful possibility held her heart in its cruel grip, and darkened her days with fear.

They might have to go!

There was no thought of conscription by the State, but there is a more inexorable law than was ever written down in cold type, and it was that law which was now driving the gladness and joy from the heart of many a man and woman.

It is the law of conscience—the conscription of conviction.

Sometimes, it comforted and re-assured her to watch the men who walked the streets, the men who were older than her boys, and yet unencumbered with family cares, and apparently idle. Surely they would go before there was a call for boys at school. She tried to think of the thousands and thousands who, all over the British Empire, were hastening, at the call. Hers would not be needed. Indeed, she said to herself, there would not be training schools enough to train those who were offering themselves; there would not be a call for men, when there were no facilities for training them.

And besides, it would soon be over!

The boys went back to college when the Fall term opened, but their week-end visits had lost all their joyousness. They talked of nothing but the war! Recruiting officers had come to the college, and urged every boy over eighteen to enlist.

"Why don't they go to the bars and pool-rooms?" Mrs. Brown cried, indignantly. "Why do they not make their speeches to the idle men on the street corners"

"This isn't a job for pool-room loafers, Stella," said Billy Brown, gravely, "this is going to take the best we have, and I'm afraid—all we have."

This was the first time he had admitted his fear that the war would be a long one, and there was something about his words that fell on her heart like the clay on a coffin.

The thing she feared, had come—Billy had admitted it—

But it was like her not to cry out or complain. There was no outward manifestation of the storm which swept over her soul, except that as the days went on, her face seemed to shrink and wither.

THE Brown boys enlisted in December, 1914, and went to Montreal for their training.

The morning they left, the station was packed with people. Six other boys went with them, all under twenty-three years of age.

Some of the neighbors said they thought it queer of Mrs. Brown to go to the station. The neighbor who

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MY MEMORIES and MISERIES

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Author of "The Hohenzollerns in America," "Further Foolishness," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERY'S



"You licked me at Upper Canada College."

FOR ten years I was a schoolmaster. Just thirty years ago I was appointed on to the staff of a great Canadian school. It took me ten years to get off it. Being appointed to the position of a teacher is just as if Fate passed a hook through one's braces and hung one up against the wall. It is hard to get down again.

From those ten years I carried away nothing in money and little in experience; indeed, no other asset whatever, unless it be, here and there, a pleasant memory or two and the gratitude of my former pupils. There was nothing really in my case for them to be grateful about. They got nothing from me in the way of intellectual food, but a lean and perfunctory banquet; and anything that I gave them in the way of sound moral benefit I gave gladly and never missed.

But school boys have a way of being grateful. It is the decent thing about them. A school boy, while he is at school, regards his masters as a mixed assortment of tyrants and freaks. He plans vaguely that at some future time in life he will "get even" with them. I remember well, for instance, at the school where I used to teach, a little Chilian boy who kept a stiletto in his trunk with which he intended to kill the second mathematical master.

BUT somehow a schoolboy is no sooner done with his school and out in the business of life, than a soft haze of retrospect suffuses a new color over all that he has left behind. There is a mellow sound in the tones of the school bell that he never heard in his six years of attendance. There is a warmth in the color of the old red bricks that he never saw before; and such a charm and such a sadness in the brook or in the elm trees beside the school playground that he will stand beside them with a bowed and reverent head as in the silence of a cathedral. I have seen an "Old Boy" gaze into the open door of an empty class room and ask, "And those are the same old benches?" with a depth of meaning in his voice. He has been out of school perhaps five years and the benches already seem to him infinitely old. This, by the way, is the moment and this the mood in which the "Old Boy" may be touched for a subscription to the funds of the school. This is the way in fact, in which the sagacious head master does it. The foolish head master, who has not yet learned his business, takes the "Old Boy" round and shows him all the new things, the fine new swimming pool built since his day and the new gymnasium with up-to-date patent apparatus. But this is all wrong. There is nothing in it for the "Old Boy" but boredom. The wise head master takes him by the sleeve and says "Come"; he leads him out to a deserted corner of the playground and shows him an

old tree behind an ash house and the old boy no sooner sees it than he says:

"Why, Great Caesar! that's the same old tree that Jack McEwen and I used to climb up to hook out of bounds on Saturday night! Old Jimmy caught us at it one night and licked us both. And look here, here's my name cut on the boarding at the back of the ash house. See? They used to fine us five cents a letter if they found it. Well, Well!"

The "Old Boy" is deep in his reminiscences examining the board fence, the tree and the ash house.

The wise head master does not interrupt him. He does not say that he knew all along that the "Old Boy's" name was cut there and that that's why he brought him to the spot. Least of all does he tell him that the boys still "hook out of bounds" by this means and that he licked two of them for it last Saturday night. No, no, retrospect is too sacred for that. Let the "Old Boy" have his fill of it and when he is quite down and out with the burden of it, then as they walk back to the school building, the head master may pick a donation from him that falls like a ripe thimbleberry.

AND most of all, by the queer contrariety of things, does this kindly retrospect envelop the person of the teachers. They are transported in the alchemy of time into a group of profound scholars, noble benefactors through whose teaching, had it been listened to,



"I've just given Jimmy fifty dollars."

one might have been lifted into higher things. Boys who never listened to a Latin lesson in their lives look back to the memory of their Latin teacher as the one great man that they have known. In the days when he taught them they had no other idea than to put mud in his ink or to place a bent pin upon his chair. Yet they say now that he was the greatest scholar in the world and that if they'd only listened to him they would have got more out of his lessons than from any man that ever taught. He wasn't and they wouldn't—but it is some small consolation to those who have been schoolmasters to know that after it is too late this reward at least is coming to them.

Hence it comes about that even so indifferent a vessel as I should reap my share of schoolboy gratitude. Again and again it happens to me that some unknown man, well on in middle life, accosts me with a beaming face and says: "You don't remember me. You licked me at Upper Canada College," and we shake hands with a warmth and heartiness as if I had been his earliest benefactor. Very often if I am at an evening reception or anything of the sort, my hostess says, "Oh, there is a man here so anxious to meet you," and I know at once why. Forward he comes, eagerly pushing his way among the people to seize my hand. "Do you remember me?" he says. "You licked me at Upper Canada College." Sometimes I anticipate the greeting. As soon as the stranger grasps my hand and says, "Do you remember me?" I break in and say, "Why, let me see, surely I licked you at Upper Canada College." In such a case the man's delight is beyond all bounds. Can I lunch with him at his Club? Can I dine at his home? He wants his wife to see me. He has so often told her about having been licked by me that she too will be delighted.

I DO not like to think that I was in any way brutal or harsh, beyond the practice of my time, in beating the boys I taught. Looking back on it, the whole practice of licking and being licked, seems to me mediaeval and out of date. Yet I do know that there are, apparently, boys that I have licked in all quarters of the globe. I get messages from them. A man says to me, "By the way, when I was out in Sumatra there was a man there that said he knew you. He said you licked him at Upper Canada College. He said he often thought of you." I have licked, I believe, two Generals of the Canadian Army, three Cabinet Ministers, and more Colonels and Mayors than I care to count. Indeed all the boys that I have licked seem to be doing well.

I am stating here what is only simple fact, not exaggerated a bit. Any schoolmaster and every "Old Boy" will recognize it at once; and indeed I can vouch for the truth of this feeling on the part of the "Old Boys" all the better in that I have felt it myself. I always read Ralph Connor's books with great interest for their own sake, but still more because, thirty-two years ago, the author "licked me at Upper Canada College." I have never seen him since, but I often say to people from Winnipeg, "If you ever meet Ralph Connor—he's Major Charles Gordon, you know—tell him that I was asking about him and would like to meet him. He licked me at Upper Canada College."

But enough of "licking." It is, I repeat, to me nowadays a painful and a disagreeable subject. I can hardly understand how we could have done it. I am glad to believe that at the present time it has passed or is passing out of use. I understand that it is being largely replaced by "moral suasion." This, I am sure, is a great deal better. But when I was a teacher moral suasion was just beginning at Upper Canada College. In fact I saw it tried only once. The man who tried it was a tall, gloomy-looking person, a university graduate in psychology. He is now a well-known Toronto lawyer, so I must not name him. He came to the school only as a temporary substitute for an absent teacher. He was offered a cane by the College janitor whose business it was to hand them round. But he refused it. He said that a moral appeal was better: he said that psychologically it set up an inhibition stronger than the physical. The first day that he taught—it was away up in a little room at the top

As a SCHOOLMASTER

of the old college building on King street—the boys merely threw paper wads at him and put bent pins on his seat. The next day they put hot bees-wax on his clothes and the day after that they brought screw drivers and unscrewed the little round seats of the class room and rolled them down the stairs. After that day the philosopher did not come back, but he has since written, I believe, a book called "Psychic Factors in Education"; which is very highly thought of.

BUT the opinion of the "Old Boy" about his teachers is only a part of his illusionment. The same peculiar haze of retrospect hangs about the size and shape and kind of boys who went to school when he was young as compared with the boys of to-day.

"How small they are!" is always the exclamation of the "Old Boy" when he looks over the rows and rows of boys sitting in the assembly hall. "Why, when I went to school the boys were ever so much bigger."

After which he goes on to relate that when he first entered the school as a youngster (the period apparently of maximum size and growth), the boys in the sixth form had whiskers! These whiskers of the sixth form are a persistent and perennial school tradition that never dies. I have traced them, on personal record from eye-witnesses, all the way from 1829 when the college was founded until to-day. I remember well, during my time as a schoolmaster, receiving one day a parent, an "Old Boy" who came accompanied by a bright little son of twelve whom he was to enter at the school. The boy was sent to play about with some new acquaintances while I talked with his father.

"The old school," he said in the course of our talk, "is greatly changed, very much altered. For one thing the boys are very much younger than they were in my time. Why, when I entered the school—though you will hardly believe it—the boys in the sixth form had whiskers!"

I had hardly finished expressing my astonishment and appreciation when the little son came back and went up to his father's side and started whispering to him. "Say, dad," he said, "there are some awfully big boys in this school. I saw out there in the hall some boys in the sixth form with whiskers."

From which I deduced that what is whiskers to the eye of youth fades into fluff before the disillusioned eye of age. Nor is there need to widen the application or to draw the moral.

THE parents of the boys at school naturally fill a broad page in the schoolmaster's life and are responsible for many of his sorrows. There are all kinds and classes of them. Most acceptable to the schoolmaster is the old-fashioned type of British father who enters his boy at the school and says:

"Now I want this boy well thrashed if he doesn't behave himself. If you have any trouble with him let me know and I'll come and thrash him myself. He's to have a shilling a week pocket money and if he spends more than that let me know and I'll stop his money altogether." Brutal though this speech sounds, the real effect of it is to create a strong prejudice in the little boy's favor and when his father curtly says, "Good-bye, Jack," and he answers, "Good-bye, father," in a trembling voice, the schoolmaster would be a hound indeed who could be unkind to him.

But very different is the case of the up-to-date parent. "Now I've just given Jimmy fifty dollars," he says to the schoolmaster with the same tone as he would to an inferior clerk in his office, "and I've explained to him that when he wants more he's to tell you to go to the bank and draw for him what he needs." After which he goes on to explain that Jimmy is a boy of very peculiar disposition, requiring the greatest nicety of treatment; that they find if he gets in tempers the best way is to humor him and presently he'll come round. Jimmy, it appears can be led, if led

gently, but never driven. During all of which time the schoolmaster, insulted by being treated as an underling, (for the iron bites deep into the soul of every one of them), has already fixed his eye on the undisciplined young pup called Jimmy with a view to trying out the problem of seeing whether he can't be driven after all.

BUT the greatest nuisance of all to the schoolmaster is the parent who does his boy's home exercises and works his boy's sums. I suppose they mean well by it. But it is a disastrous thing to do for any child. Whenever I found myself correcting exercises that had obviously been done for the boys in their homes I used to say to them quite grandly:

"Paul, tell your father that he must use the ablative after pro."

"Yes, sir," says the boy.

"And Edward, you tell your grandmother that her use of the dative case simply won't do. She's getting along nicely and I'm well satisfied with the way she's doing, but I cannot have her using the dative right and left on every occasion. Tell her it won't do."

"Yes, sir," says little Edward.

I remember one case in particular of a parent who did not do the boy's exercise but, after letting the boy do it himself, wrote across the face of it a withering comment addressed to me and reading: "From this exercise you can see that my boy, after six months of your teaching, is completely ignorant. How do you account for it?"

I sent the exercise back to him with the added note: "I think it must be hereditary."

IN the whole round of the school year, there was, as I remember it, but one bright spot—the arrival of the summer holidays. Somehow as the day draws near for the school to break up for holidays, a certain touch of something human pervades the place. The masters lounge round in cricket flannels smoking cigarettes almost in the corridors of the school itself. The boys shout at the play in the long June evenings. At the hour when, on the murky winter nights, the bell rang for night study, the sun is still shining upon the playground and the cricket match between House and House is being played out between daylight and dark. The masters—good fellows that they are—have cancelled evening study to watch the game. The headmaster is there himself. He is smoking a briar-wood pipe and wearing his mortar-board sideways. There is wonderful greenness in the new grass of the playground and a wonderful fragrance in the evening air. It is the last day of school but one. Life is sweet indeed in the anticipation of this summer evening.

If every day in the life of a school could be the last day but one, there would be little fault to find with it.



Jimmy can be led, if led gently.



A LITTLE BIT *of* CHICKENFEED

By ALLEN C. SHORE

Who wrote "The Beluchistan League," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



ON the door of the office ran the seductive legend, "John P. Barndyke. Mines and Investments." Mr. Barndyke, within, looked like both. There was profundity, amplitude, solidity, financial responsibility, all over him, from the summit of his pinkly bald head, down to his pearl spats and glistening shoes. The triple-chinned massiveness of face, the wrinkleless convexity of white waistcoat, resembling the sail of a yacht in a fresh breeze, proclaimed him anything but a man of straw.

He had air and manner matching his appearance, amiably bluff, or bullyingly dictatorial, according to the situation and standing of the person with whom he had to deal. This morning he was perturbed, and, from the nervous fingering of papers on the desk before him, one might suppose he was diligently searching for his accustomed ease, as one might look for a mislaid eyeglass. Standing near the desk, uncomfortably near, was Steve Forbes of the Caribou country, tall and lean, with "frontierman" stamped all over him, despite city clothes that sat on him awkwardly. The brown face was strong, the mouth pleasant yet firm, the eyes kindly, with capacity for humor in them, though they did not show it just now. There was a slight stoop in the stalwart shoulders, and he walked with the straddling gait of a man who has lived much in the saddle. He now leaned an elbow on the top of the desk and looked down on the ornately prosperous man in the revolving chair, as one might regard a strangely unpleasant beast.

"What it amounts to, Barndyke, when you get down to square man's talk, is that you mean to throw me." Steve spoke with unangered deliberateness.

"Not at all! Not at all!" blustered the other. "If you choose to build castles on imagination, and they fall, don't blame me, blame yourself."

"Barndyke!" replied Steve. "Among the kind of men I mix with, you'd only be good for fox bait. You know my option runs out on the sixth, and to-day is the first. You've kept me playing round this month past, expecting you to keep your word."

"If you knew anything about business, you'd know better than to expect any man to put up good money on a mine gamble like yours," said Barndyke. "I've looked into it, of course, as I've looked into scores of others, but it's doubtful whether you have anything of value. If it's as good, or half as good, as you claim, the street out there is jammed with men crazy to get on to such things."

"You're a cloven-footed liar!" drawled the calm voice. "I know now why Kelson, your spy, has been ferreting round my prospect and the adjoining properties, in my absence, and what he's doing round this town now. He's been too anxious to dodge me for

honesty. I showed you what I had, believing your word, and you promised to find the hundred thousand to swing the deal. I gave you what you asked for your services, and you've tricked me with fine talk to keep me from going elsewhere. You'd have fooled me along to the minute the option died, if I hadn't forced a show-down. It isn't because you doubt what I've got that you're playing Judas, but because you know how good it is, and want it all, what I've slaved for and fought for, in sun and cold, poverty and hunger, all these years. I've got to raise a hundred thousand dollars between this and three o'clock of the sixth. I've less than twenty-five dollars in the world, and I don't know a soul in Toronto, but I'll get it. You take notice, Barndyke, I'll get it!" And the hard fist smashed down on the desk to the agitation of Mr. Barndyke's sensitive nerves. "It takes more than a measly coyote or sneaking wolf to scare me off my holding."

OUTSIDE the office Steve paused for reflection. Then he headed for the Trust Company who were agents for the property. Doubtless Barndyke had shut that door; but he'd find out. The manager, from whom he asked a month's extension, if necessary, was sympathetic, but he made it clear that what was asked was impossible. Another option had been granted to run from three o'clock of the sixth, should the first fall through.

"Party of the name of Barndyke?" enquired Steve. "It isn't my business to tell," answered the manager. "But I've known worse guessers."

Steve considered a moment. There was something of the miner's fatalism in him, and the stoicism that goes with it. It wasn't the first time he had seen golden promise develop into leaden fulfilment, rosy dawn fade to gray noon. Nor, said the buoyant spirit of the man, would it be the first time he had seen gray noon be the sombre forerunner of a brilliant, glory-filled sunset. After all, it is the end, the balancing, that counts. The big office clock boomed the hour of three. It seemed to Steve like the ring count. Then he laughed and straightened his shoulders.

"One! Two! Three!" he repeated with a grin. "That aint 'Ten!' and you're Out!" Here's where we stall for the bell and come up smiling again for some more of the same, and maybe a slice of different."

"Go to it, son!" said the manager, who had sized up the situation. "You look like the kind that takes a mighty lot of stopping."

STEVE stepped out into the street again. He wanted air and exercise. His mind worked best when his body was in motion, so he started to walk. Where he went that afternoon he never knew, but it was nearly nine o'clock when he found himself, footsore and hungry, but with the devil distanced, at the head of University Ave. For a month he had been loafing round the streets waiting, and had found the job harder work than the stiffest backaching task he had ever done. That was ended now. He was prospector again in a strange, new country, facing the toughest prospect of his life. How he was going to tackle it, he did not know, and, to-night, he didn't much care. He had a hunch that he was going to do it. He wondered what would happen if he marched through the money district announcing to the world that he had one of the richest silver mines since Potosi, and demanding a hundred thousand dollars.

The idea tickled him so much that he burst into laughter, to the amazement of passers-by. Then they saw the bronzed face under the broad Stetson, and laughed too, as one laughs at the mirth of children and grown-ups who retain the childlike mind and heart.

When he reached Queen's Park he hesitated a moment between hunger and weariness. He'd sit awhile and reflect on men and women and things in this vast, sweltering babel. Most of the benches were filled, but he found one, a little apart from the rest, with only

two occupants. At each end sat a woman. One was young, and his swift glance brought away the impression of the most perfectly satisfactory face he had ever seen. He came from a comparatively womanless district, and the greatest charm of cities to him was in their multitudes of pretty faces. There was nothing blasé about Steve Forbes, and he had known camps and bonanza cities, with their womankind. He cherished the wholesome man's belief that the good among man and womankind formed the vast majority, and that in the bad was an amazing lot of good. He had the simple, clean mind from which springs the fine flower of chivalry and reverence for woman. The face of the girl was not prettier than many he had seen, but it was quite different; he didn't know how or why. Rather pale, and, he thought, tired and anxious. He liked the way her hair framed the brow and temples, the large eyes, the grave, oval face. He wondered why she was seated, alone, in a public park, at that hour. He glanced at her again, and felt happier.

The other woman was elderly, with a sharp, rather severe face and plainly dressed. She wore a wide-brimmed straw hat, that even his inexperience in such matters, told him was of the cheapest. Neither woman knew much of the world's luck, he guessed, and he thought with some self-contempt of his own anxiety during the afternoon because of Barndyke's treachery. To a man the whole world was open, and strength and courage could hew a path through the densest jungle; how different to a woman, young and pretty or old and feeble!

"You don't mind me sitting down here, Ma'am, and you, Miss?" he asked. "I'm plumb tired, and these legs of mine aint used to pavement pounding."

THE girl shot a quick glance at him, and his wholesomeness seemed to satisfy her. She gave a little nod. The other scrutinized him more leisurely, and a dry smile passed over her face.

"They're long enough in all conscience," she said, looking critically at the outstretched legs.

"A few more days like this'll shorten 'em, Mother," he said. "Guess I walked an inch off 'em this afternoon. Terrible place, this city, to wear folks. Look



at all that!" And he nodded to the miscellaneous humanity crowded on the benches. Then he remembered that perhaps these women knew all about it, and rebuked his thoughtless tongue.

"You don't mind me speaking to you, Mother, and little sister?" he continued. "I know it's reckoned next door to murder in cities to talk to folks you don't know. Just fancy you're in my country where human beings are glad to talk."

"And where may that be?" asked the woman.

"All the way from Labrador to Vancouver, and from the Lakes to the Arctic Circle, mostly where humans are the rarest animals," he laughed. "I carry my skyscraper with me and plant it in the woods, by the lake shore, or up on the mountain side, with God's sun and stars, trees, winds, and wild things for my neighbors."

"What do you leave them for at this time of the year, when the wilds must be at their best?" asked the frankly inquisitive woman.

"Mother, you make me homesick," he replied. "I'm just aching for the open hillside, the soft velvet sky, the stars shining to do you a kindness, the lake below rippling black and silver, and the wind, that comes without the tang of the devil's limekiln, singing among the trees. We've most things there but money, and I'm here on the still hunt for a hundred thousand dollars, so if you hear the next day or two of a wild man standing some fat banker on his head and shaking that much out of his pockets, you'll know it was Steve Forbes who did it."

Thus they chatted for some time, the dry, tart humor of the woman feeding and drawing out the miner's loquacity, the girl listening amusedly, and now and again joining in the conversation. Weariness passed from Steve, and hunger was uppermost.

"Guess it's about time I had my supper," he said. "I wish, Mother, you and little sister here would come and have some supper with me. Toronto swatted me pretty hard this afternoon, so I guess it's trying to be good to me now. I've a sort of fancy we are going to bring luck to each other."

The woman looked across at the girl.

"What do you say, my dear?" she asked. "Shall we represent Toronto to the stranger within our gates?"

THE girl nodded, her eyes dancing with mirth, and the three of them went to a near-by restaurant. The meal was a very pleasant one. Steve was in high spirits, and an easy prey to the bantering inquisitiveness of the keen-faced woman. When the odd little party broke up, the elder woman went along the Avenue. Some distance up, she paused under a lamp to look at the folded paper she had seen the man slip into her jacket pocket. She took out of it a five dollar bill.

"A little bit of chickenfeed!" she chuckled, then called a taxi and drove away.

Steve stood on the pavement and watched the girl go. Then as the slim, graceful figure was passing out of sight, he did a most reprehensible thing. Reflecting swiftly that exceptional situations demand extraordinary measures, he started off in pursuit. To let the girl walk thus out of his life would be foolish and worse—like throwing away luck that had just come to him. There was rebuke in her eyes when she saw him, not very severe, perhaps, for they had become rather friendly; but it was still rebuke.

"I'd rather you'd be angry with me to-night, than be mad with myself for ever after," he said apologetically. "I didn't mean to follow you

at first, but then I felt how crazy it was to find a friend and lose her right away."

It sounded reasonable enough after all, and he was different from city men, the girl reflected. She came from the country herself. So she gave him the benefit of extenuating circumstances, and, so great was her interest in his quest, that she said he might call later and let her know the result of his money hunt.

WHEN she reached her room in the apartment house, she lit the gas and sat down on the bed to reflect upon the one adventurous evening in a rather placid life. A few hours before Mary Andrews had been decidedly gloomy. Two weeks earlier, the economical pruning of staffs in the department store where she worked had cast her adrift, and she had learned how fierce competition can be for mere bread. She had been ambitious and had left the duller native northland for the city. Sometimes she regretted it. If life there had not been so vivid and exciting it had charm and compensations of its own. If the prizes in the lottery were not so splendid there, the heart-breaking blanks were much fewer. Existence rarely resolved itself into a razor-edge fight for subsistence.

Oddly enough, it was not the man she thought about now, but the woman she had met that afternoon. Her eyes and ears were keener than the miner's; she knew that their companion was no woman of the people in hard luck, and wondered if she would soon see her again. The strange woman had asked for her address, and had promised to call upon her. She had a curious sense of protecting friendship as she recalled the keen, powerful face, and the half-veiled interest in the piercing eyes.

When she slept that night, she dreamed of the green fields yellowing to harvest, the maple grove about the old home, the orchard, fruit laden, sloping to the singing river, the cool, scented night winds blowing, and across the stage of dreams flitted the big bronzed miner who had called her "little sister," and the woman he had called "Mother." The mere names comforted her tired spirit. When she arose to the new day she felt a fresh gladness. She was glad she had resisted the temptation of the few hundreds to sell the old home.

Like most people of the Celtic strain, she believed secretly in signs, omens, and dreams, in an unseen but ever-present hand that moves a piece here, another there, and with unfathomable wisdom and skill works out far-seeing plans, by mysterious and inexplicable combinations, to ultimate, splendid triumph. Perhaps! Perhaps! Then she laughed—an excellent way in which to begin.

A GRAY sky over head, her yacht the *Xantippe* plunging through gray-green seas, the wind whistling through the ropes and stays of her rigging, and whipping the spray in clouds across the deck; such was the natural background to any true portrait of Miss Pandora Fulcher. In the stern gray-grimness of her appearance—piercing black eyes, strongly arched nose, Indian-hued face—the spaciousness of mind and heart, the seeming capriciousness of mood, sweeping wrathes and splendid generosity, she revealed her kinship to the sea. Ashore, there was always about her something of the alien air which sailors have on land.

As she passed into the dingy street, a casual glance would have left one with the impression of a highly militant female suffragist or inexpugnable book canasser, rather than the mistress of millions, whose ten thousand workpeople at Fulcherville produced dress fabrics that rivaled the daintiest put forth by the looms of England and France. Nearer approach showed the poise, the self-assuredness, and those instinctive subtleties of manner that proclaim the grande dame. Of restless energy, she was an early riser. When a task had to be done she never dallied with it. Adventure was to her the very breath of life; chance, coincidence, unexpectedness, the avenues to much of its interest and charm.

Mary Andrews was at home, preparing to go out on the work hunt, when her acquaintance of the night before arrived.

"Pity we have not our cowboy friend with us," said the visitor as she made herself comfortable in Mary's armchair. "I suppose you have seen him since I did?"

The girl colored in slight confusion.

"I was sure of it," laughed the lady. "He had the lonely look in his eyes when I came away. Well, he looked a clean, wholesome boy. Brought you home, of course? I shouldn't be surprised to hear he made love to you."

The girl laughed and shook her head.

"He will then," declared the visitor with conviction. "He's that kind of a man. I don't mean one of the mushy sort, but he's pretty green, and looks what he thinks. I'm an old maid, and lookers-on see most of the game. Why, bless my soul! What have you got on the wall up there?" And she stared at a large photograph.

"That is a view of Fulcherville and the mills there," said Mary. "My mother used to live there."

The lady sprang up, took the girl by the shoulders, and searched her face eagerly.

"I know now why your face haunted me all night," she said. "You are Alice Maynard's girl?"

"Yes, Alice Maynard was my mother," said Mary with amazement.

"I knew it. My instinct where Fulcherville is concerned never fails. You don't know me, I suppose?" she asked. "Your mother did. I am Pandora Fulcher."

Mary looked part of the awe she felt upon hearing that august name which her mother had always spoken almost with reverence.

"Your mother, my dear, was one of my pet girls," said Miss Pandora. "But in the name of the great Hornspoon, what are you doing down here in Toronto, and alone? Why didn't you come to see me, knowing I was your mother's friend? I ought to shake you, rambling all over this God-forsaken city, seeking work of strangers when I'd have been happy to find a comfortable place for you. I wonder how it is that the people I'd love to help keep away from me? Think I'm an ill-tempered old crank, I suppose, because I've no wisp of a man tied to my apron strings, and a raft of children of my own. Bah!"

"I think you did enough for us, Miss Fulcher," replied the girl. "I can't forget that we, that I, owe you five hundred dollars yet. I hope one day to sell the farm and pay back what you lent mother when we were in trouble. So far I've never been able to do more than pay the interest."

"You've been paying interest!" cried Miss Pandora. "In the name of all the Shylocks in Jewry, to whom?"

"To your cashier at the mills," the girl replied.

"And I never knew it," mourned Miss Pandora. "It's the very devil to have other folks do your work. The sharks! When I sent the money to your mother in her trouble I meant it as a gift. No wonder you kept away from me. Well, we'll see about that later."

They sat and talked for hours, and when Miss Fulcher left, Mary Andrews knew that her present troubles were over.

On her return to her house on St. George Street, the old brownstone Fulcher mansion, Miss Pandora had as guest at luncheon Mr. Richard Ambler, relative, friend, legal adviser, and sportsman. Her relatives, as a rule, she detested. Flatteries spoken or acted, she despised. Young Dick Ambler treated his cousin of nearly sixty as if she were his man chum of eight and twenty; he was more candidly plain-spoken to her than if she had not a dollar, and she thought him just the kind of a boy she would have liked her son to be had she condescended to marriage. She regaled him with the story of the girl and the cowboy, as she persisted in calling Steve Forbes, who addressed her as "Mother," took her out to supper in a bawdry, and slipped a five-dollar bill into her pocket when he thought she wasn't looking.

"I wonder if he's succeeded in standing his fat

That Mr. Barndyke was plump and solemnly attired formed an additional two-pronged indictment.



banker on his head yet?" she mused pensively. "There might be something in his story. There was the man who tried to sell sovereigns on London Bridge for pennies, and couldn't trade. If he'd tried to sell pennies for sovereigns, he probably would have done a land office business. It's the fake that catches the man who won't look at an honest thing. I suppose it's the Lord's provision for the sharks, they've got to feed on something. What was it the Tichborne claimant said in London? 'The Lord sends them as has money and no brains for them as has brains and no money.' Guess he wasn't far wrong."

Dick looked over at her with a smile. The gruffest, sharpest-tongued woman in all creation, and the most tender hearted. She took out the five-dollar bill, and smoothed it on the table.

"The boy is staying at the National, and his name is Steve Forbes. I pumped that much out of him while we were eating fried eggs and the most damnable bacon that ever was intended for briny shoe leather," she said. "I wish you'd look him up, Dick. Perhaps you could steer him against the right people. We've got to live up to this little bit of chickenfeed, and what the fivespot represents. The boy took me for a tired-out old charwoman or office cleaner in hard luck. That eleven cent hat I wore was worth the money it cost, though it's an awful trial to the stylish ladies I've got in the kitchen downstairs."

"I'll drop in on the cowboy as I go downtown," said Dick. "If the man's strike is good enough to draw the vultures, it might be worth while."

At this moment a servant entered with a card.

"John P. Barndyke. Mines and Investments," she read aloud frowningly. "Why, Morgan, you'll be bringing up mousetrap merchants and toasting-fork inventors next," she said to the man.

"Beg pardon, Miss Fulcher, but 'e looks quite a gentleman," said Morgan deferentially.

"He does, does he? That makes it all the more suspicious," she remarked drily.

"Seems to be running into the mine zone, Aunt Pandy," said Dick. He always called his cousin Aunt. "Perhaps Heaven has sent your visitor to help out with your cowboy person."

"Heaven has nothing to do with Mines and Investments," replied Miss Pandora dogmatically.

"Well bye-bye, old dear," said Dick. "I'll call up and let you know the result of my interview with the five-spot disseminator."

MR. BARNDYKE'S card had not prejudiced Miss Fulcher in his favor. Mines she regarded as devilish agencies, invented for the purposes of commercial piracy. Investments were to her the grimy-handed ministers of fraud. That Mr. Barndyke was plump and Solomonically attired, formed an additional two-pronged indictment against him.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Fulcher," he began. "Had I known your legal representative, I should not have troubled you personally. I am about to acquire property in Caribou County, a rather picturesque spot in the northern wildernesses, with excellent shooting and fishing. I find that a portion of the property, known as Andrews Farm, is encumbered with a mortgage in your favor for five hundred dollars. I am prepared to purchase it from you, if you are desirous of selling."

"If you are buying the property why trouble about purchasing the mortgage?" she asked abruptly. "All you'll have to do then will be to pay me off, and have done with it, with or without my consent."

"Precisely," he replied, rather abashed. "I hope I may succeed in my endeavor to purchase, but it occurred to me that as an investment the mortgage can-



"I know now why your face haunted me all night," she said.

T.M. BRINKERHOFF

not be very desirable to you, and you might wish to be rid of it."

"Philanthropic inducements never appeal to me," answered Miss Pandora tartly. "The owner of the place is, as you probably know, a young working-girl who might find it difficult to raise five hundred dollars. In that event I suppose you would foreclose on her. The mortgage is not for sale at any price."

SHE rang the bell and Mr. Barndyke vanished, much crestfallen. Ordering her car to be brought round, she drove downtown to the offices of Mr. Ambler. He had been to see Forbes, who was to call upon him later in the afternoon.

"He claims," said Dick, "to have found rich silver veins in the Caribou district. A man named Barn-dyke—"

Miss Pandora chuckled aloud, her eyes dancing with glee. He looked at her enquiringly.

"Never mind, Dicky, old top, it's only one of my spasms. Go ahead!" she explained. "What about the man named Barndyke?"

A grin overspread Dick's countenance.

"Wasn't that the chap's name who called at luncheon to-day?" he asked.

"Don't be inquisitive, Dick, fire away," she replied impatiently.

"Well, this fellow, shark evidently, became interested in Forbes' property, agreed to find the hundred thousand to swing the option held by your cowboy, that expires on the sixth. Steve showed him everything, and yesterday the man backed out. He has secretly bought a second option on the land, believing that Forbes, an unknown man without friends, cannot come to time. He means to grab the strike. A hundred thousand is needed to cinch the property, then Steve wants to purchase or make terms with the owner of an adjoining place called Andrews Farm, into which the veins run. He's on the track of the owner, some woman living here in Toronto, and he's half scared to death lest the Barndyke man finds her first."

"Dick!" said Miss Fulcher. "Get hold of a couple of first-class mining engineers, and start with them and Forbes for the Caribou to-night. If their report is all right I'll take a flyer in a mine for the first time

in my life. That boy's chickenfeed burns my pocket, and if there's a good thing afloat, I might as well do the salvaging as a mining shark. As for the Andrews girl, I've found her." And she told him of her call on the girl and of Barndyke's proposal. "Remember, though, I'm to be kept out of this. You're acting for a silent client."

ON the morning of the sixth, Ambler's party returned. Forbes had made a great find, the veins had been uncovered in places and traced, and the optioned property, together with the Andrews Farm would, in the experts' opinions, prove one of the most sensational strikes the northland had known.

"Well, what's the verdict?" asked Steve, smiling but anxious as he strolled into Ambler's office at noon.

"Stick your fist to this agreement, Forbes," said Dick in reply. "Read it first! We might be Barndyking you, for all you know. All right, eh?"

"Right as rain. You're treating me mighty white, Mr. Ambler," answered Steve.

"There are other kinds of fish in Toronto waters besides sharks," laughed Ambler. "Now for the Trust Company."

Steve's friend, the manager, received them, and the provisional papers were carefully examined by Ambler.

"Here's your dough, Forbes," said Dick. "Pay up and smile." The manager looked at the signature on the cheque and whistled.

"You get the big fish when you go anglin', son," he said. "Good luck to you, my boy. You came round fine after the knockdown swipe, and I'm damn glad."

Steve walked on the clouds to Ambler's office. There were clients in the private sanctum, so they stepped into the empty waiting-room.

"Well, that's all fixed," said the lawyer. "Pretty much of a rush job, but now, what about that Andrews Farm? We've been at work and found the girl. She has no idea of the value of her property. I daresay she's only expected a thousand or so for it, and if she's awkward we've got hold of the mortgage on the place and can foreclose on her and fix things our way cheaply."

Steve looked at his new friend in bewilderment, and the smile died off his face. He had taken a great liking to Ambler, but he was gravely silent for some moments.

"Mr. Ambler," he said at length. "You'll have to excuse me. I don't know much about business and city ways, but it seems to me that white's white, and black's black, city or country. I ain't so all-fired fond of money that I can pick up any kind. When I go in for stealing I'll just pack guns and hold up men. I'm no hand at robbing women and girls, and I'm damned if I'm going to learn now."

"What the devil are you going to do then, Steve, give half that stuff away as soon as your hand is on it?" asked Dick.

"You say you've found the girl," replied Steve stolidly. "I'm no Barndyke. Bring her here and show her what she's got. If she wants to come in we'll take

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The IDLE HANDS at OTTAWA

By J. K. MUNRO

Who Wrote "The New Book," "The Power of the West," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU SKUCE

THE Union Government has weathered another crisis. That is part of its regular sessional program. At the spring gathering the farmers caucused and caucused till the country sat up expecting to see them carve all traces of tariff out of the Budget. The cry of "Crisis" filled the air and friends of the U. G. were making wreaths to lay on its coffin. Then the vote came and the usual majority was in its usual place and the Union ship sailed serenely on towards that harbor which is labelled 1923.

But no ship sails a long voyage without meeting an

obstacle and shorts to the shortcomings of the Government and, by meeting late and adjourning early, they managed never to entirely run out of conversation. It was the most mournfully dull session in all political history. But the members stood it like heroes, each man "seen his duty and done it," and all returned home carrying the fruits of patriotism in the shape of a \$2,500.00 check.

The Old Satan at Work

BUT the same old Satan who finds mischief for idle hands to do was on hand and working. Into the peaceful and patriotic gathering came rumors that the Unionist Party was drifting Torywards and a vague unrest came into the systems of the forty-four Liberals who wear Union as part of their political identification and who gave up their old affiliations for their country's good, seats in Parliament, the accompanying indemnities and other perquisites.

Then the Montreal press, or rather the English section of it, veered round and favored a return to the policy of Sir John A. Macdonald, his heirs and assigns. And the air grew thicker while the political barometer continued to fall when a leading French paper openly declared that the

country's salvation seemed to lie in a presumably high protection party under the joint leadership of Sir Thomas White and Sir Lomer Gouin.

But things are never so bad but what they can get worse. This was proved once more when Sir Robert Borden fell ill and rumors came from his bedside that he was working on a platform on which the structure of the new Union Party was to be raised.



occasional squall. To an old sailor it may simply be a puff of wind. But to the land lubber it looks like sure death and a watery grave. So at the little "Indemnity Session" there was further cry of crisis. This session was presumably called to approve the Peace Treaty. It could have attended to that little chore in the same time it took another Parliament to approve the declaration of war—about five days. As a matter of fact the Treaty was approved and the result cabled to England in just about that length of time. But you'll remember that in the spring session, when members were shying at the Budget and pretending they wouldn't stay put there was a promise of some kind of increased indemnity. Well, the increase did not come along. But an all-wise and discerning Government provided something just as good—viz., and to wit—a special session with an extra indemnity of \$2,500.00.

Now be it understood that our Union statesmen, the common or garden variety of M.P., are paid by the session. But in order to count as a full session the House must sit for thirty-one days. If it sits for less than that time, members are paid at the rate of \$20.00 per diem. Consequently if the members "worked" for thirty days they would get just \$600.00, while working for thirty-one days brings this well-earned reward up to \$2,500.00. Under such circumstances patriotism requires that any special session worthy of the name shall sit for the full period of thirty-one days. This one did its full duty. It was hard work but the members were equal to it. On many days there was no Government business, but the members crammed the order paper with resolutions on everything from

the shortcoming of the Government and, by meeting late and adjourning early, they managed never to entirely run out of conversation. It was the most mournfully dull session in all political history. But the members stood it like heroes, each man "seen his duty and done it," and all returned home carrying the fruits of patriotism in the shape of a \$2,500.00 check.



CARRYING THE FRUITS OF PATRIOTISM IN THE FORM OF A CHEQUE.

It was right here that murmurings gave place to action. Just who raised the ringing call for all good Unionists to get together is a dark secret. But as Hon. Wesley Rowell and Hon. Arthur Sifton are the Liberal members of the Cabinet who are opposed to the immediate formation of a permanent Union Party there is a rough guess that at least part of the blame can be laid at their doors. Anyway the caucus was called. It met and was attended by the Liberal Unionists, the farmers, with the exception of Messrs. Crerar and Nieburg, and even Johnston of Lost Mountain, the wanred boy of the House. He is a versatile chap, this man Johnston. He sits with the Unionists, voted with the Grain Growers and attended the Grit Convention in August. Yes, they were all there. As usual they were unanimous on the only thing any

faction of this Parliament can agree about. They didn't want any election, so they just talked. And when it was all over a statement was issued that was a work of art. It is said to have been the handiwork of Hon. Arthur Sifton and carries traces of his rather saturnine vein of humor.

They were Unionists according to this statement. They would remain Unionists. They approved the Government war policy. Also they had hopes. These hopes were to the effect that the Government would produce a progressive policy that would fit the after-war needs of the country. It was, in short, a notice to the Government to get busy but to remember that enough of its followers were Liberal to wreck any Government that did not give their views due consideration.



BUT if one kind of notice was served on the Government, another was given to the old Tories, something over 100 strong, who form the major part of the Unionist following. They figured it out that the Liberal Unionist caucus had taken the Union out of the Unionist Government. Moreover, they had a suspicion that the new Borden Platform had been submitted to this sub-caucus of the party.

The fact that Wesley Rowell protested that the foundation of a Union Party had not even been discussed changed the suspicion to a certainty. Then they began to analyze the Cabinet, and they came to the conclusion that whereas over two-thirds of the Unionist following was Tory, about two-thirds of the governing was being done by Liberals. To be sure there were enough Tory members to make a showing. But when they sized up Doherty, Foster, Meighen, Kemp and that hustling chore boy, John Reid, and put them up against a wily trio like Calder, Sifton and Rowell, even if you didn't count Mewburn Ballantyne and

worthy of mention. It called for tariff for revenue. Also it declared for taxation of incomes to the bearable limit.

Now both of these planks are a bit "gritty." They suggest that Sir Robert had help in formulating his policy and that he wrote with the soft voice of Hon. James Calder soothing his shattered nerves, while the deadly sweet accents of Wesley Rowell carried consolation to his troubled soul.

But for the present the crisis is passed. Another session will bring other clouds in the sky, other rocks in the sea. But the hand at the helm will steer the

Union ship safely past them, for no one knows better than he that the strength of the Unionist Government lies in doing nothing. And no one does nothing better than Sir Robert Borden.

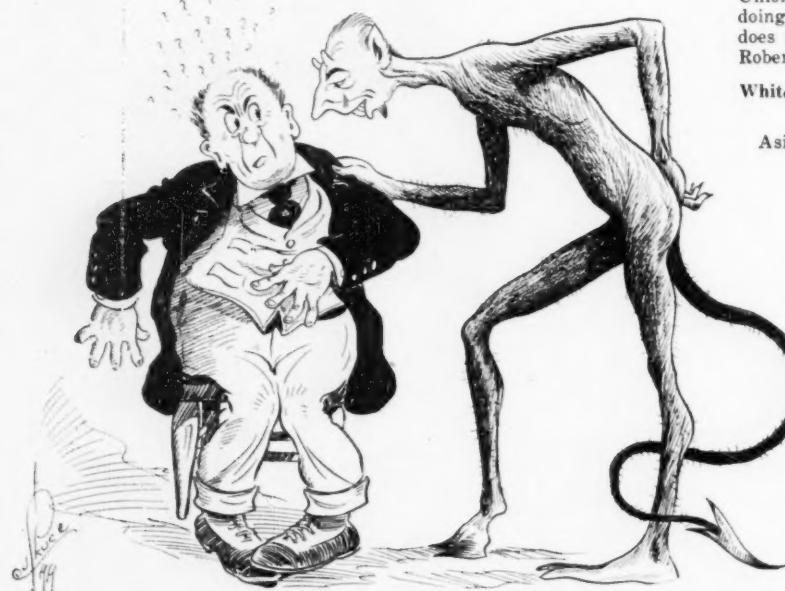
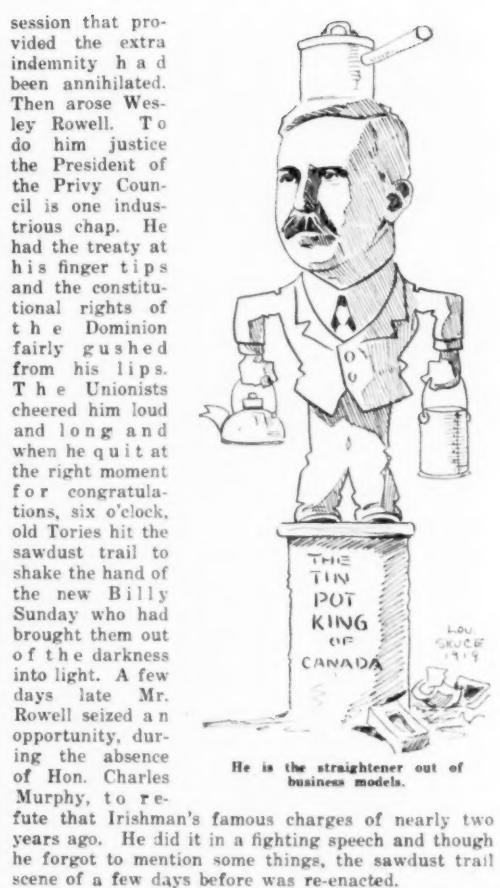
White and Rowell in Lime-light

Aside from the "crisis," the two features of the Indemnity Session were the reception accorded Sir Thomas White and Hon. Wesley Rowell's flash into the limelight. Both were taken as matters of significance, though no one could exactly figure just what the significance really was.

Sir Thomas, who had just returned from a fishing trip, entered the House as a private member for the first time looking the picture of health and wearing the smile that captivated Grit and Tory alike, last ses-

sion. Just as he got inside the door a ripple of applause started. In a moment it spread over the Unionist benches, crossed the floor and gathered volume from the Opposition and finally broke into a cheer. It was a reception such as no private member and few Prime Ministers had ever received. It made Sir Thomas look like the biggest man in the Unionist Parliament.

It was only a few days later that Hon. Wesley Rowell flashed like a meteor across the horizon. Ernest Lapoint of Kamouraska had criticized the necessity for Canada signing the Peace Treaty. He did it well from his viewpoint, for this big Frenchman is one of the ablest debaters in the House. When he had finished there was mourning on Unionist faces. It looked as if the last excuse for calling the extra



The old Satan who finds mischief for idle hands to do.

Guthrie they figured that the Tories would be too busy watching their opponents to do much themselves. There was some comfort in an assurance that James Calder favored an immediate formation of a Unionist Party, while Sifton and Rowell were opposed to it. But not much. They couldn't be sure which way James would be facing the next time they met him.

So, deep discontent burned in Tory bosoms and found expression in sulphurous mutterings. Not many of them spoke out loud. For there are several vacant senatorships, also there are other jobs not affected by the abolition of patronage that might help out a hard winter and serve as an insurance against a chilly reception by the electorate.

Still there was a certain suspicious indignation spread over those Tories which, taken in connection with the Grit growling, furnished all the ingredients that might make for an explosion that could blow up the Union boiler and wreck the Union ship. It looked like a crisis. It listened like a crisis. And true to its grand old principles the Government met the crisis by dodging it.

Meeting the Crisis

THE Cabinet met in council. Sir Robert Borden braved the Doctor's wrath and attended. He listened to the words of his advisers. And on the morrow the caucus of the whole Unionist following—it is not yet a party, you know—was called. Sir Robert Borden entered pale and wan and evidently suffering, for it is a form of rheumatism that is troubling him. Then the caucus rose as one man and cheered. Sir Robert stated that he must take a long rest. The cheering was so loud that Sir Robert forgot to make his usual offer to retire from the leadership. Instead he told his enthusiastic followers that, under the circumstances, the time for organization of a permanent party was not yet. He had, however, under his hand and seal a platform which he thought would cure the country's ills. He would read this platform to them so that they might take it home and ponder over it during the long nights when the voice of Parliament is hushed. And Sir Robert read. There was much of that platform that might be classified as camouflage. But two planks in it are

session that provided the extra indemnity had been annihilated. Then arose Wesley Rowell. To do him justice the President of the Privy Council is one industrious chap. He had the treaty at his finger tips and the constitutional rights of the Dominion fairly gushed from his lips. The Unionists cheered him loud and long and when he quit at the right moment for congratulations, six o'clock, old Tories hit the sawdust trail to shake the hand of the new Billy Sunday who had brought them out of the darkness into light. A few days later Mr. Rowell seized an opportunity, during the absence of Hon. Charles Murphy, to refute that Irishman's famous charges of nearly two years ago. He did it in a fighting speech and though he forgot to mention some things, the sawdust trail scene of a few days before was re-enacted.

For a few days there were only two men mentioned in the corridors, Sir Thomas and Hon. Wesley. Sir Robert was absent and ill. Would he retire? Would Sir Thomas succeed him and work out an oft-promised alliance with Gouin? What was Rowell aiming at? Had he leadership dreams? Or, as some of his friends suggested, would he go out in a blaze of oratory, live down his record in retirement and come back as a member of the Government of Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King? And as yet there is no answer to any one of these questions.

With Reference to These Men

BUT, even while statesmen are peering into the future and trying to figure the lay of the Promised Land on the further shore of this sea of turmoil and uncertainty, there are a few ministers of the Crown who pursue the even tenor of their way practically untouched by the present surroundings. Do you know that there are members of this Unionist Cabinet with whom a large proportion of the members of the

House have hardly scraped bowing acquaintance? Ask an ordinary backbencher who is Postmaster-General and he will scratch his head before answering and even then he won't know whether to call it Blondin or Blond-an. Finally he may blunt out: "Oh, yes, that chap who shot holes in the British flag!"

But this means no disrespect. It simply shows that Canada's chief Postmaster is known by his past rather than his present. The fact that he has atoned for that Nationalist past by leading a French Canadian regiment to England is not overlooked, but Colonel Blondin is simply remembered by the most striking incident in his career. Nor is it that Colonel Blondin is unpopular with those who know him. He's an upstanding chap with considerable courage, both physical and moral. But he is buried in the Senate and insofar as politics go he must be judged by his past and present. A member of the Senate has no future.

However, Colonel Blondin will probably go down in history as the man who took the Post-Office out of politics. Time was when the rural mail routes and country post offices were fertile topics of parliamentary conversation. In the good old days it was a positive treat to hear Hon. Wm. Pugsley and his confreres from New Brunswick grow eloquent over the crimes of a Government that had robbed a deserving Grit of an \$8.00 a month's mail route and

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The ordinary back bencher does not know who the Postmaster-General is.



Virginia Harding

Spanish Doubloons

By CAMILLA KENYON

Illustrated by LOUIS ROGERS

SYNOPSIS:—Virginia Harding finds that her wealthy and irresponsible Aunt Jane is financing a party to go to Leeward Island, near Panama, in search of treasure, the secret of which is known only to Miss Higglesby-Browne, an Englishwoman of strong character. She sets out in pursuit and just makes the boat in time to go along. In the party she finds a handsome young Englishman named Vane and a Scotchman, Dugald Shaw, an explorer by profession, who is in charge. She tells the latter that the whole thing is a conspiracy to rob her aunt.



Cuthbert Vane

CHAPTER III—Continued

NO, it is not for me to answer, because it is not for you to ask. But since you talk of inveigling, let me give the history of my connection with the expedition. You will understand then that I had nothing to do with organizing it, but was merely engaged to do my best to carry it through to success."

"I have already heard a version of the matter from Mr. Vane."

"And you think he is in the conspiracy too?"

"Certainly not," I replied hastily. "I mean—of course, I know he told me exactly what he believes himself."

"Yes, you would take the lad's word, of course." This with a slight but significant emphasis of which he was perhaps unconscious. "Then I suppose you consider that he was inveigled too?"

"I am not required to consider Mr. Vane's status at all," I replied with dignity. "It is my aunt whom I wish to protect." And suddenly to my dismay my voice grew husky. I had to turn my head aside and blink hard at the sea. I seemed to be encountering fearful odds in my endeavor to rescue Aunt Jane.

He stood looking down at me—he was a big man, though of lesser height than the superb Cuthbert—in a way I couldn't quite understand. And what I don't understand always makes me uncomfortable.

"Very well," he said after a pause. "Maybe your opportunity will come. It would be a pity indeed if Miss Harding were to require no protecting and a young lady here with such a good will to it. But if you will take the suggestion of a man of rather broader experience than your own, you will wait until the occasion arises. It is bad generalship, really, to waste your ammunition like this."

"I dare say I am not a master of strategy," I cried, furiously at myself for my moment of weakness and at him for the suspicion of softening which had crept into his tone. "I am merely—honest. And when I see Aunt Jane hypnotized—by this Violet person!"

"And indeed I have seen no reason to think that Miss Higglesby-Browne is not a most excellent lady," interrupted Mr. Shaw stiffly. "And let me say this, Miss Harding: here we are all together whether we wish to be or no, and for six weeks or more on the island we shall see no faces but our own. Are we to be divided from the beginning by quarrels? Are maybe even the men of us to be set by the ears through the bickering of women?"

Like the flick of a whip came the certainty that he was thinking of the Honorable Cuthbert, and that I was the rock on which their David-and-Jonathan friendship might split. Otherwise I suppose Miss Higglesby-Browne and I might have clawed each other forever without interference from him.

"Really," I said with—I hope—well-simulated scorn, "since I am quite alone, against half a dozen of you, I should think you could count on putting down any rebellion on my part very easily. I repeat, I had no other object in coming along—though I was really kidnapped along—than to look after my aunt. The affairs of the party otherwise—or its personnel—do not interest me at all. As to the treasure, of course I know perfectly well that there isn't any."

And I turned my back and looked steadily out to sea. After a moment or two I heard him turn on his heel and go away. It was none too soon, for I had already begun to feel unostentatiously for my handkerchief. Anyway, I had had the last word—

The rest of my day was lonely, for the beautiful youth, probably by malevolent design, was kept busy from decks. Mr. Tubbs danced attendance on Aunt Jane and Miss Browne, so assiduously that I already began to see some of my worst fears realized. There was nothing for me to do but to retire to my berth and peruse a tattered copy of "Huckleberry Finn" which I found in the cabin.

At dinner, having the Honorable Cuthbert at my elbow, it was easier than not to ignore everyone else. The small keen eyes of Mr. Tubbs, under his lofty and polished dome of thought, watched us knowingly. You saw that he was getting ready to assume a bless-you-my-children attitude and even to take credit somehow as match-maker. He related anecdotes, in which, as an emissary of Cupid, he played a benevolent and leading role. One detected, too, a grin, ugly and unmirthful, on the unpossessing countenance of Captain Magnus. I was indifferent. The man's gaiety was intended for sat at the far end of the table. I had to wipe out the memory of my wet eyes that afternoon.

Directly dinner was at end, remorselessly he led the Honorable Cuthbert away. I retired to "Huckleberry Finn." But a face with a scar running to the eyebrow looked up at me from the pages, and I held colloquies with it in which I said all the brilliant and cutting things which had occurred to me too late.

I was thus engaged when a cry rang through the ship:

"Land ho!"

CHAPTER IV

I DROPPED my book and ran on deck. Everyone else was already there. I joined the row at the rail, indifferent, for the moment, to the fact that to display so much interest in their ridiculous island involved a descent from my pinnacle. Indeed, the chill altitude of pinnacles never agrees with me for long at a time, so that I am obliged to descend at intervals to breathe the air on the common level.

The great gleaming orb of the tropic moon was blinding as the sun. Away to the faint translucent line of the horizon rolled an infinity of shining sea. Straight ahead rose a dark conical mass. It was the mountainous shape of Leeward Island.

Everybody was craning to get a clearer view. "Hail, isle of Fortune!" exclaimed Miss Browne. I think my aunt would not have been surprised if it had begun to rain doubloons upon the deck.

"I bet we don't put it over some on them original Argonaut fellers, hey?" cried Mr. Tubbs.

Higher and higher across the skyline cut the dark crest of the island as the freighter steamed valiantly ahead. She had a manner all her own of progressing by a series of headlong lunges, followed by a nerve-racking pause before she found her equilibrium again. But she managed to wallow forward at a good gait, and the island grew clearer momentarily. Sheer and formidable from the sea rose a line of black cliffs, and above them a single peak threw its shadow far across the water. Faintly we made out the white line of the breakers foaming at the foot of the cliffs.

We coasted slowly along, looking for the mouth of the little bay. Meanwhile we had collected our belongings, and stood grouped about the deck, ready for the first thrilling plunge into adventure. My aunt and Miss Browne had tied huge green veils over their cork helmets, and were clumping about in tremendous hobnailed boots. I could not hope to rival this severely military get-up, but I had a blue linen skirt and a

white middy, and trusted that my small stock of similar garments would last out our time on the island. All the luggage I was allowed to take was in a travelling bag and a gunnysack, obligingly donated by the cook. Speaking of cooks, I found we had one of our own along, a coal-black negro with grizzled wool, and uncouth voice, and the manners of an old-school family retainer. So far as I know, his name was Cookie. I suppose he had received another once from his sponsors in baptism, but if so, it was buried in oblivion.

NOW a narrow gleaming gap appeared in the wall of cliffs, and the freighter whistled and lay to. There began a bustle at the davits, and shouts of "Lower away!" and for the first time it swept over me that we were to be put ashore in boats. Simultaneously this fact swept over Aunt Jane, and I think also over Miss Browne, for I saw her fling one wild glance around, as though in search of some impossible means of retreat. But she took the blow in a grim silence, while Aunt Jane burst out in lamentation. She would not, could not go in a boat. She had heard all her life that small boats were most unsafe. A little girl had been drowned in a lake near where she was visiting once through going in a boat. Why didn't the captain sail right up to the island as she had expected and put us ashore? Even at Panama with only a little way to go she had felt it suicidal—here it was not to be thought of.

But the preparations for this desperate step went on apace, and no one heeded Aunt Jane but Mr. Tubbs, who had hastened to succor beauty in distress, and mingled broken exhortations to courage with hints that if his opinion had been attended to all would be well.

Then Aunt Jane clutched at Mr. Shaw's coat lapel as he went by, and he stopped long enough to explain patiently that vessels of the freighter's size could not enter the bay, and that there really was no danger, and that Aunt Jane might wait if she liked till the last boat, as it would take several trips to transfer us and our baggage. I supposed of course that this would include me, and stood leaning on the rail, watching the first boat, with Mr. Shaw, Captain Magnus and the cook, fade to a dark speck on the water, when Mr. Vane appeared at my elbow.

"Ready, Miss Harding? You are to go in the next boat, with me. I asked especially."

"Oh, thanks!" I cried fervently. He would be much nicer than Mr. Tubbs to cling to as I went down—indeed, he was so tall that if it were at all a shallow place I might use him as a stepping-stone and survive. I hoped drowning men didn't gurgle very much—meanwhile Mr. Vane had disappeared over the side, and a sailor was lifting me and setting my reluctant feet on the strands of the ladder.

"Good-bye, auntie!" I cried, as I began the descent. "Don't blame yourself too much. Everybody has to go some time, you know, and they say drowning's easy."

WITH a stifled cry Aunt Jane forsook Mr. Tubbs and flew to the rail. I was already out of reach. "Oh, Virginia!" she wailed. "Oh, my dear child! If it should be the last parting!" "Give my jewelry and things to Bess's baby!" I found strength to call back. What with the wallowing of the steamer and the natural instability of rope-ladders I seemed a mere atom tossed about in a swaying, reeling universe. What will Aunt Jane do? flashed through my mind, and I wished I had waited

to see. Then the arms of the Honorable Mr. Vane received me. The strong rowers bent their backs, and the boat shot out over the mile or two of bright water between us and the island. Great slow swells lifted us. We dipped with a soothing, cradelike motion. I forgot to be afraid, in the delight of the warm wind that fanned our cheeks, of the moonbeams that on the crest of every ripple were splintered to a thousand dancing lights. I forgot fear, forgot Miss Higglesby-Browne, forgot the harshness of the Scotch character.

"Oh, glorious, glorious!" I cried to Cuthbert Vane. "Not so dusty, eh?" he came back in their ridiculous English slang. Now an American would have said *some little old moon that!* We certainly have our points of superiority.

All around the island white charging lines of breakers foamed on ragged half-seen reefs. You saw the flash of foam leaping half the height of the black cliffs. The thunder of the surf was in our ears, now rising to wild clamor, fierce, hungry, menacing, now dying to a vast broken mutter. Now our boat felt the lift of the great shoreward rollers, and sprang forward like a living thing. The other boat, empty of all but the rowers and returning from the island to the ship, passed us with a hail. We steered warily away from a wild welter of foam at the end of a long point, and shot beyond it on the heave of a great swell into quiet water. We were in the little bay under the shadow of the frowning cliffs.

At the head of the bay, a quarter of a mile away, lay a broad, white beach shining under the moon. At the edge of dark woods beyond a fire burned redly. It threw into relief the black moving shapes of men upon the sand. The waters of the cove broke upon the beach in a white lacework of foam.

STRAIGHT for the sand the sailors drove the boat. She struck it with a jar, grinding forward heavily. The men sprang overboard, wading halfway to the waist. And the arms of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane had snatched me up and were bearing me safe and dry to shore.

The sailors hauled on the boat, dragging it up the beach, and I saw the Scotchman lending them a hand. The hard dry sand was crunching under the heels of Mr. Vane. I wriggled a little and Apollo, who had grown absent-minded apparently, set me down.

Mr. Shaw approached and the two men greeted each other in their off-hand British way. As we couldn't, well, under the circumstances, maintain a fiction of mutual invisibility, Mr. Shaw, with a certain obvious hesitation, turned to me.

"Only lady passenger, eh? Hope you're not wet through. Cookie's making coffee over yonder."

"I say, Shaw," cried the beautiful youth enthusiastically, "Miss Harding's the most ripping sport, you know! Not the least nervous about the trip, I assure you."

"I was," I announced, moved to defiance by the neighborhood of Mr. Shaw. "Before we started I was so afraid that if you had listened you might have heard my teeth chattering. But I had at least the comforting thought that if I did go to my end it would not be simply in pursuit of sordid gain!"

"And indeed that was almost a waste of noble sentiment under the circumstances," answered the dour Scot, with a fleeting shadow of an enraging smile. "Such disappointingly calm weather as it is! See that Miss Harding has some coffee, Bert."

I promised myself, as I went with Mr. Vane toward the fire, that some day I would find the weapon that would penetrate the Scotchman's armor—and would use it mercilessly.

Cookie, in his white attire, and with his black shining face and ivory teeth gleaming in the ruddy firelight, looked like a converted cannibal—perhaps won from his errors by one of Mr. Vane's missionary Johnnies. He received us with unctuous warmth.

"Well, now, 'clar to goodness if it ain't the li'l lady! How come you git ashore all dry lak you is?

Yes, sah, Cookie'll git you-all some'n hot immejusly." He wafted me with stately gestures to a seat on an overturned iron kettle, and served my coffee with an air appropriate to mahogany and plate. It was something to see him wait on Cuthbert Vane. As Cookie told me later, in the course of our rapidly developing friendship, "dat young gemmun am sure one ob de quality." To indicate the certainty of Cookie's instinct, Miss Higglesby-Browne was never more to him than "dat pusson," and the cold aloofness of his manner toward her, which yet never sank to impertinence, would have done credit to a duke.

On the beach Mr. Shaw, Captain Magnus and the sailors were toiling, unloading and piling up stores. Rather laggingly, Apollo joined them. I was glad, for a heavy fatigue was stealing over me. Cookie, taking note of my sagging head, brought me some body's dunnage bag for a pillow. I felt him drawing a tarpaulin over me as I sank into bottomless depths of sleep.

I opened my eyes to the dying stars. The moon had set. Black shapes of tree and boulder loomed portentous through the ashen dimness that precedes the dawn. I heard men shouting, "Here she comes!" "Stand by to lend a hand!" In haste I scrambled up and tore for the beach. I must witness the landing of Aunt Jane.

"Where are they, where are they?" I demanded, rubbing my sleepy eyes.

"Why didn't you stay by the fire and have your nap out?" asked Mr. Shaw, in a tone which seemed to have forgotten for the moment to be frigid—perhaps because I hadn't yet waked up enough to have my quills in good pricking order.

"Nap? Do you think that for all the treasure ever buried by a pirate I would miss the spectacle of Aunt Jane and Miss Browne arriving?"

arriving? I expect it to compensate me for all I have suffered on this trip so far."

"See what it is, Bert," exclaimed the Scotchman, "to have a truly gentle and for giving nature—how it brings its own reward. I'm afraid you and I miss a great deal in life, lad."

The beautiful youth pondered this.

"I don't know," he replied; "what you say sounds quite fit and proper for the person, and all that, of course, but I fancy you are a bit out in supposing that Miss Harding is so forgiving, old man."

"I didn't know that you thought so badly of me, too!" I said timidly. I couldn't help it—the temptation was too great.



It was a beautiful island, I found.

"I? Oh, really, now, you can't think that!" Through the dusk I saw that he was flushing hotly.

"Lad," said the Scotchman in a suddenly harsh voice, "lend a hand with this rope, will you?" And in the dusk I turned away to hide my triumphant

smiles. I had found the weak spot of my foe—as Mr. Tubbs might have said, I was wise to Achilles' heel.

AND now through the dawn-twilight that lay upon the cove the boat drew near that bore Mr. Tubbs and his fair charges. I saw the three cork helmets grouped together in the stern. Then the foaming fringe of wavelets caught the boat, hurled it forward, seemed all but to engulf it. Out leaped the sailors. Out leaped Mr. Tubbs, and disappeared at once beneath the waves. Shriek and prolonged rose the shrieks of my aunt and Miss Higglesby-Browne. Valiantly Mr. Shaw and Cuthbert Vane had rushed into the deep. Each now appeared staggering up the steep, foam-swept strand under a struggling burden. Even after they were safely deposited on the sand, Miss Browne and my aunt continued to shriek.

"Save, save Mr. Tubbs!" implored Aunt Jane.

But Mr. Tubbs, overlooked by all but this thoughtful friend, had calmly saved himself. He advanced upon us dripping.

"A close call!" he sang out cheerfully. "Thought one time old Nep had got a strangle-hold all right. Thinks I, I guess there'll be something doing when Wall Street gets this news—that old H. H. is food for the finny denizens of the deep!"

"Such an event, Mr. Tubbs," pronounced Violet, who had recovered her form with surprising swiftness, "might well have sent its vibrations through the financial articles of the world!"

"It would have been most—most shocking!" quavered poor Aunt Jane with feeling. She was piteously striving to extricate herself from the folds of the green veil.

I came to her assistance. The poor plump little woman was trembling from head to foot.

"It was a most—unusual experience," she told me as I unwound her. "Probably extremely—unifying to the soul-forces and all that, as Miss Browne says, but for the moment—unsettling. Is my helmet on straight, dear? I think it is a little severe for my type of face, don't you? There was a sweet little hat in a Fifth Avenue shop—simple and yet so chic. I thought it just the thing, but Miss Browne said no, helmets were always worn—coffee? Oh, my dear child, how thankful I shall be!"

And Aunt Jane clung to me as of yore as I led her up the beach.

V

WHEN in my tender years I was taken to the matinee, usually the most thrilling feature of the spectacle to me was the scene depicted on the drop-curtain. I know not why only the decorators of drop-curtains are inspired to create landscapes of such strange enchantment, of a beauty which not alone beguiles the senses—I speak from the standpoint of the ten-year-old—but throws wide to fancy the gate of dreams. Directly I was seated—in the body—and had had my hat taken off and been told not to wriggle, I vaulted airily over the unconscious audience, over an orchestra engaged in tuning up, and was lost in the marvellous landscape of the drop-curtain. The adventures which I had there put to shame any which the raising of the curtain permitted to be seen upon the stage.

I had never hoped to recover in this prosaic world my long-lost paradise of the drop-curtain, but morning revealed it to me here on Leeward Island. Here was the feathery foliage, the gushing springs, the gorgeous flowers of that enchanted land. And here were the soft and intoxicating perfumes that I had imagined in my curtain landscape.

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THE SEARCH FOR MISSING MEN

WHEN in France, one falls into a narrow routine, and fancies one's own microscopic share in the work is the only part that really matters. Then, one day, a new phase of life knocks at your door, and your knowledge of your intricacies of the life of the Army becomes fuller and wider.

Shortly after our "Push" in the South, we had been ordered to keep the greater number of our beds vacant, and had evacuated every case fit to be moved. We were, therefore, not quite in the same rush as a few days previously when, early in the afternoon, I was called from the far end of the ward to speak to a middle-aged gentleman in a Red Cross officer's uniform.

"Good afternoon, Sister, I don't think you were in this ward when I last had occasion to come."

"I don't think so," I said, studying his face, "I have been in this ward only a few weeks."

"Then you must let me explain why I am here. I am one of the searchers for the missing and wounded, and I have quite often been here in your ward, to try and find clues of missing men from your patients."

"Of course, I have heard of your work, but I must confess I am absolutely ignorant as to how you go about it."

He paused a moment. "To put it in a few words: There is a little group of us here, and there is in every hospital area, under the Red Cross. We are all over military age, and as we cannot fight, we are giving our time and what ability we may have to do this work. We receive lists of the missing men, from our headquarters, and our business is to find them if they are alive, and bring proof positive if they are dead. We find clues more often, and more easily, in hospitals than anywhere else. You have no objection to my talking to the patients?"

"Assuredly not," I answered, noticing his keen, clever face. I felt certain he was a lawyer and so he proved to be. Later on, at various times, I met the other men, who formed the group—gentlemen of the keenest intellect, a Bishop from South Africa, a London financier, and the others—lawyers. It seemed a tremendous work to me—to find an individual, in chaotic France!

"Pte. John Graham of the S—— Regiment, missing since March 16th," we read.

And these men with their trained intellects set out to discover in which element of the sphere Pte. John Graham is hidden.

"It is a beautiful name—Searcher," I thought, and later, when I grew to know this particular searcher better, I asked him if I might not use it for his name.

"The name means so much," I explained, "To me you will always seem that—a searcher."

The "Searcher" At Work

"IS not Pte. Neil Munroe, of the H. L. I., in your ward, Sister?"

"That is Munroe in the 4th bed, with his head bandaged," I answered, leading the way.

"Is he well enough to talk to me?"

"He is well enough, but whether he talks to you or not is another story. He is a very silent man—but if you can get him to talk, it will do him no harm in the world."

The stretcher-bearers arriving for a case to be X-rayed, I went off to see to his removal, leaving Pte. Munroe and the searcher together.

Occasionally, I glanced up, hoping Munroe would not maintain his obstinate silence. It did not look like it, however, his mouth half open, his one visible eye staring vacantly in front of him—very hard and stony soil, I fear!

"Do try to give this gentle-

And Other Stories of a Canadian V.A.D.

By GERTRUDE ARNOLD



A sketch made by one of Miss Arnold's patients.

man all the help he wants, Munroe," I admonished, thinking how quickly I would have given him over for a bad job, and how wonderfully patient the "Searcher" was. Matron arriving in the ward, I left the two, to make my rounds with her.

"I would like you to allow that gentleman to come into the ward any time he chooses," she said, bowing from a distance to the searcher. "What splendid work

he is doing! What faith and patience and determination! I am afraid they would be sadly lacking in me! It would seem too like a wild goose chase."

"Have you had any satisfaction?" I asked him later, as we walked down the corridor together, he jotting down notes in a pocket book.

"Nothing at all; Munroe has a bit of the oyster in him. By the way," he said, turning around to the ward, "have you any Lancashire men here?"

"Sergeant Miller is the only one, and his leg is being massaged at present."

"I wonder," I went on hesitatingly, "if you would mind giving me an idea how you go about such an indefinite piece of work. I have seen the results, the lost found—but I have never seen the machinery at work."

"It's very simple, Sister. There's no mystery. We study the lists of the missing and the dates when they were missed. If the area is small, one searcher works by himself—sometimes two—sometimes half a dozen, as there are here, where there are so many hospitals. Lists of patients admitted are sent to us from the different hospitals. If we find one from the same regiment, as one of our missing men, we go to him, and try to find out when he last saw the missing man, and under what circumstances."

"For instance, there are two missing men from H. L. I. on my list. When I saw Munroe's name as one of your patients, coming from the same Regiment, I came to see if I could find out anything from him. Had he been able to give the slightest scrap of information, I would have sent it at once to our headquarters, and it would have been added to the file, with the missing men's names on it. Another searcher from another area will probably send another scrap of information—and so on. I am coming to-morrow to see that Sergeant from the Lancashire F——."

Curious Tales of the Missing Men

AFTER he had left, a lively discussion began among the patients—and curious indeed were the tales told of the discovery of one—and another—and another missing man. I, however, was too much occupied with my new patient of yesterday, to pay much attention to them. On his card was written:

"Pte. Henry Willis, Regiment —, London."

His head was bound up, and even one cheek covered. When I renewed the dressing, I saw that most of the hair was cropped in the C. C. S. A few tufts of red were left by the amateur barber. His body was horribly torn with barbed wire. Now, when I came to him, I found him trembling violently with a high temperature.

"How did you ever manage to get so horribly entangled in the wire?" I asked him, using means to abate the fever.

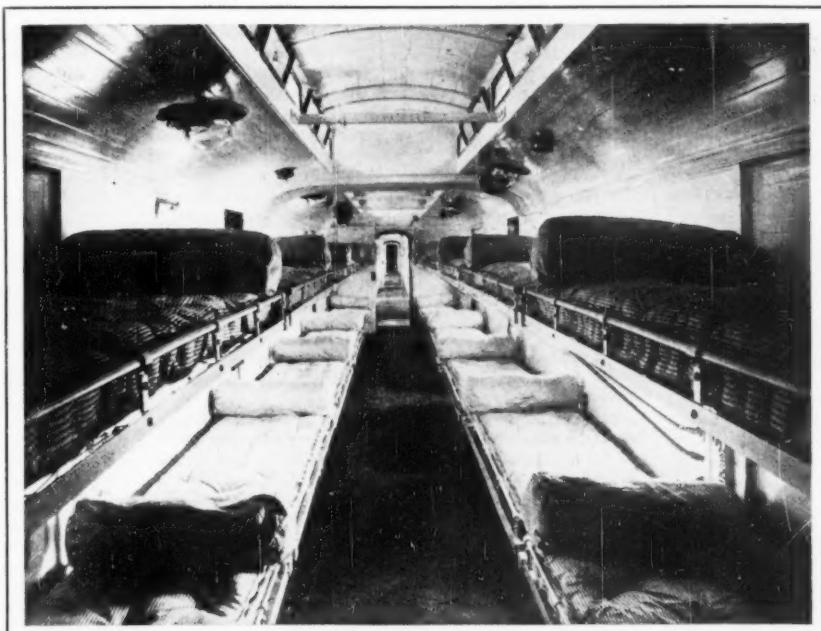
At first he did not answer at all, and when I repeated the question he spoke in such an affected, slow, extraordinary fashion that it was almost grotesque.

"Where do you come from, Willis?"

"I come from Lon-don," he said, separating each syllable from the other, in a very peculiar way.

"What a victim he will be," I thought, knowing the ways and habits of my ward. My ward possesses the characteristic which I am absolutely at a loss to destroy—it is 'mad' on imitations. For instance, when poor little Nobbs, from Edgeware Road, after the M. O. had examined him and left the ward, eagerly asked:

"H'any 'opes of 'ome, Sister?" the ward was at it in a trice, and now, the minute the door closes behind the M. O., the chorus begins:



The interior of an ambulance train similar to the one on which Miss Arnold travelled.

"H'any 'opes of 'ome, Sister?"

And when Jock, in an ecstasy of delight over his first steaming bowl of porridge, ejaculated, "Man, but I'm thinkin' this parrich is *graud!*!" it was just the same. As regularly now as the breakfast is served—like saying Grace—there is a shout of "Man! but I'm thinkin' the parrich is *graud!*!"

So, I knew how it would be with Willis's stilted, unnatural voice.

When finally it was heard, after the foreseen shout, I turned to Monks, my New Zealander, and the cleverest man in the ward.

"What do you think of it, Monks?"

"I think—I think, I would keep an eye on that cove, Sister. Sounds to me as if he was tryin' to hide something."

By this time Willis was rather annoyed and shouted out something to the aggressive patient opposite—something with a spice of the West in it.

"You're from Lancashire!" suddenly Monks shouted to him. To my surprise the new patient turned red. "Lan-ca-shire, No! no! I tell you. I come from Lon-don."

Willis was to have an operation next day, and I found him in a panic of fear over the anaesthetic.

"But what makes you afraid?" I asked curiously.

"When the man in the other hospital had it he spoke a lot of things he didn't know, perhaps I'll do that too." "Exactly!" said Monks, as I passed his bed. "There's something deuced queer about him."

Next morning the Searcher came again as he had said—to interview the Lancashire Sergeant.

"Stay if you like, Sister, you are interested, aren't you?" said the Searcher, as I was about to leave them. I only had time for a minute or two after the first preliminaries.

The Search For Gentles

DO you think you remember seeing Gentles of the — Battalion, sergeant? He hadn't been very long in the battalion, and he has been missing for almost a year."

"It was in that action, Sir, almost a year ago. Aye — I remember Gentles, a young, red-headed chap. With a scar on his face—and he played the banjo, too, he did. Yes, Sir, but Gentles was shot in the stomach that action, and crawled away into a shell-hole. Last I seen of Gentles, Sir."

I was quite excited. I turned to the Searcher: "I'm so glad you found out about him, and in my ward!"

"But you mustn't make too sure, Sister. Do you know that four different reports have already been sent in about him? See!", and he showed me a business-like looking document.

No. 1. Informant (name, Regiment given) remembers Gentles—fair haired boy—scar on his face. Impetuous—always taking risks. Killed and buried on April 14th.

Note 2. Informant (Corporal in — Regiment) remembers Gentles. Played concertina, or some other instrument. Informant doesn't remember what—all are same to him.

Was in next trench to him in first week of May.

Note 3. Informant (name and Regiment) saw Gentles, a Lancashire lad, reddish hair, noisy, sang and played some instrument. Was with him in the rest camp on May 10th.

"But," I gasped dumbfounded, "how can they all be true? Buried in April, and playing the banjo in May?"

"They do sound rather extraordinary," agreed the Searcher. "They are all sent back to headquarters to Gentles' file, as I told you. Presently, when we have added every item of information possible, wise heads will sift it, and with a few further inquiries, often arrive at the truth."

"Often!" I repeated.

"Certainly, not always, Sister. Many, many of the missing will remain so till earth itself yields the secret."

I entered my ward next day to find Monks and others chuckling with glee.

"What's the joke, Monks?"

Amidst grins and chuckles, he at last made himself understood:

"It's that cove in the corner, what had the operation to-day—Willis."

"Oh, I was out when he had the operation. Did it go all right?"

"Rather, Doc gave him the dope to knock him out and when the cove came round, he opens his mouth, and let sling the greatest bunch o' Lancashire lingo, y'ver heard in your life. Forgot all that tomfoolery, sissy rot he talks, an' let her go in real old Lancashire!"

"But why on earth could he try to hide that he's from Lancashire?" I asked, really puzzled.

"An' that's just what I'm goin' to find out," said Monks, suddenly sobered.

I DECIDED not to mention this fact to Willis himself—for the present at least—and once more he began to speak with affected deliberation as before. He tried hard to find out what he had said under the anaesthetic, but I simply told him I wasn't there, and he seemed relieved. At my request, the men took no notice of his sudden lapse into Lancashire. Two days later the Searcher appeared again.

"Any more Lancashire F---s, Sister? I'm really anxious to find something definite about Gentles. Headquarters writes that his people—at least his father and mother—are writing most pathetic appeals. Seems that he was married—since the war—and the father and mother didn't think much of the girl. He had met her in London, since he had enlisted, and married her.

"I am indeed sorry, Sister," said the Searcher very quietly, "to have put your patient in this condition."

Mysterious Gentles is Discovered

"WILL you wait for me at my desk in the centre room," I said, noticing that his presence caused Willis such alarm. With great difficulty, I finally quieted the man, remaining beside him till he seemed ready to fall asleep. It took some time, but the Searcher was still there, when I came to the ante-room, walking up and down excitedly.

"What is it? What have you discovered? What put him in such a panic?" I know my questions tumbled out one over the other. I was so impatient.

"The most extraordinary thing has happened, Sister. But then my days are filled with extraordinary things, only one can't always see it so plainly." The Searcher's eyes were very bright.

"Your patient Willis is not Willis at all."

"Not Willis! Who is he then?"

"Not Willis," repeated the Searcher, "but Gentles!"

"What?" I gasped.

"He is indeed! He is the Gentles who has been on the missing lists for months; he is the Gentles whom one man saw disappear in a shell hole in April, and another saw playing the banjo in May."

"But how—why?"

"Caused by a most extraordinary mix up of human emotion—love—fear—self-sacrifice—desperation!"

"Love!" I echoed.

"Yes, I believe that Lancashire lad truly loved that worthless girl. For the powder and paint that covered her face, he had no eyes. To him she was the most beautiful woman in the world!"

"You said Gentles didn't write home for six months. How was that, if he was so fond of her?"

"Did you ever realize, Sister, how difficult it is for a Tommy to write, when so many things are barred? He wants to tell them about the place they are in—the country—the billets. Not allowed! He wants to tell about the regiment that used to be very near them at home, and is near them here. Not allowed! He wants to tell about the wonderful attack he has been through, and the wonderful escape he has had. Not allowed! Then, Tommy, not having, perhaps, a very keen imagination, and not caring to write about his feelings, gets tired writing 'that he hopes this finds them well as it leaves him,' and he gradually puts off till leave, and drops off sometimes, altogether—especially if his letter from Blighty gets lost, or doesn't reach him."

"How do you know all of these things?" I asked.

"It is what I have studied from school days, little Sister—Human Nature."

"And Gentles—after not writing for six months?"

"Then he was hit by shrapnel—as the Sergeant told us—and lay in the shell hole till he was carried, in an unconscious state, to a French hospital. When he was better and allowed out, he met a man from home, in a canteen, who had just come back from leave, and who told him his people thought he was dead, and his wife had married again."

"Are you telling me the story of Enoch Arden?" I asked.

"When you search for the missing, Sister, you find things, ten times stranger than fiction."

"What did he do then?"

"Here the best part of the man's nature came out. In his cot—in that hospital, surrounded by foreigners, he seems to have fought out this crisis in his life. If he went home now, this worthless, self-seeking woman, whom he had idealized,—would be known as a bigamist! Therefore he decided he would not go home."

HE deliberately lost his badges, claimed to belong to a London Regiment, drifted half over France, and finally landed with a London Regiment, which was just going into action. Got entangled in the enemy's barbed wire, and here he is!"

"But why—why did he try to pretend he hadn't come from Lancashire?"

"Because he heard me asking for Lancashire men and was afraid he might be detected."

"Tell me, Searcher, do you often come across such wonderful revelations?"

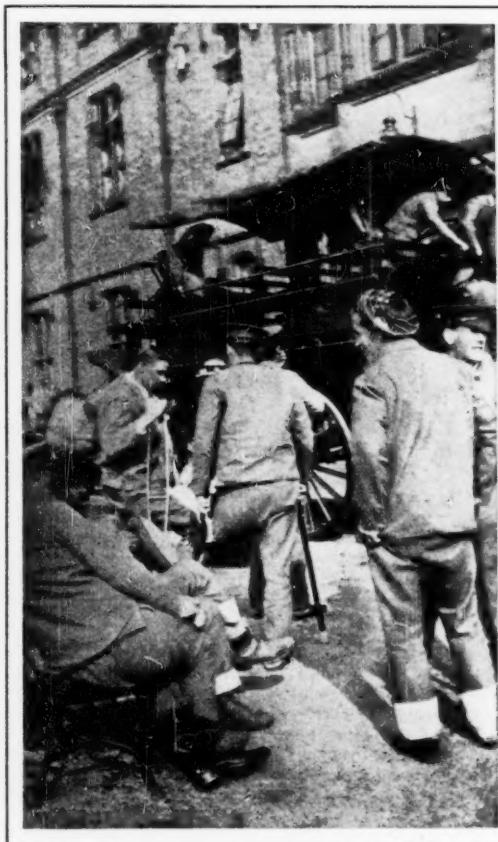
"Not often as complete as this."

"And what are you going to do?"

"There is only one thing I can do. I am sent out here to discover the missing. I have found one, and I am in duty bound to report it."

When I re-entered the ward the look of despair on

Continued on page 75



The boys are off to a party at the home of Lady —

Though they didn't like the girl—and small blame to them evidently—they kept in touch with her. Some months ago, she wrote to them that as the papers had said Gentles was missing and reported dead, she supposed he was dead, and was going to marry again, which she had done."

"How disgraceful!" I interrupted.

"But not so unusual as you might imagine, Sister."

"It would be rather unpleasant for her if you did find him," I suggested.

"I'm not thinking much about her feelings, but I am anxious to find out about him for these poor people's sake—the Father and Mother."

"I have reason to believe we have another Lancashire man in the ward," I said, and told him about Willis.

"It is strange that he should be so anxious to hide his birth place," and he walked slowly down the ward. Watching, I saw Willis give a tremendous start as the Searcher, instead of passing his bed as usual, took a chair and sat down beside him. "If he has anything to hide, he won't keep it long," I thought, looking at the clever profile of the Searcher's face.

Minutes passed—half an hour. I was deep in temperatures and pulses, and paid no heed to the familiar figure of the Searcher. At last, hearing a frightened sound, between a gasp and a cry, I hurried from the end of the ward. Willis lay, his eyes popping out of his head, his face white, and his breath coming in quick gasps. The man was frightened, terrified.

THE room was fire-lit and very still. The flickering glow from the flames softened the sinister smile on the bronze bust of Dante, and gave to the face of the great white bear-rug an appearance of peculiar gentleness. The two ivory wrestlers on their teakwood pedestal seemed to be relaxed, all strain and animosity gone from them as they waited for a movement from the woman who sat almost as still as they stood. It was as though every object in the room shared Helen Dupont's hour of rest and encouraged her to sit motionless staring into the dream-faces before her. Promptly as the clock struck nine she would pass from this quiet room into her laboratory, there to carry on her work of scientific research, frequently until the maid appeared with coffee and reproaches in the morning.

The sudden clanging of the door bell did not disturb her; nor the sound of excited voices in the hallway. She was too utterly detached from her surroundings. It was only when a broad shaft of light spread across the room that she realized her solitude had been invaded and that a man stood beside her chair.

"Helen, come at once! Berenice is dead!"

The girl moved impatiently as one who finds it difficult to arouse herself from heavy slumber.

"Dead?" she repeated, "Who?"

Then as unreality faded and understanding came in a flash, she rose quickly, and clutched Jim Drummond's arm: "Berenice, did you say Berenice?" she asked her cousin.

"Rogers found her dead in the motor when he brought her home this afternoon."

"Had she been ill?"

"Not an hour. Oh, Helen, hurry! Perhaps you can do something! It can't be true. It can't be true!"

She disappeared to return in a moment dressed for the street.

They drove to the Fairweathers' handsome residence on Riverside Drive in silence, Helen realizing that her cousin knew very little about the tragedy which had fallen upon his fiancée and that further questioning could only torture him. Drawing up at the curb, they found two motors already there, one belonging to Dr. Bartram and the other unmistakably that of the New York City Police Force.

PUSHING through the crowd attracted by so unusual a sight in this locality, Helen and her companion made their way into the house. There confusion reigned, a sense of disaster pervaded. Servants stood about in little groups looking frightened and helpless, and in one corner of the reception hall was Rogers, the chauffeur, with two policemen.

"Where is—is—she?" Drummond asked the elderly butler.

"Upstairs, sir," Atkinson replied, huskily. "In her own room, sir; Dr. Bartram is there."

The doctor came slowly forward as Helen and Drummond entered.

"Is there no hope?" asked the latter.

The other shook his head. "She is quite dead," he murmured.

With a hoarse cry Drummond flung himself on his

Bartram led his charge away and Helen found herself alone with all that remained of what once had been her friend.

IT was characteristic of her to spend no time in mawkish sentimentalism; she would not even permit herself an affectionate tear over the passing of her friend. For to Helen, the change called Death was very little more than the changes which she constantly effected in her laboratory; only in one case the fingers of The Great Chemist worked with sureness and precision, while hers groped with experiments and failures. But the manner in which death occurred was of vital interest and to investigate this, to prove or disapprove the doctor's dogmatically expressed conviction, the girl-scientist now set herself to work.

She had known Berenice Fairweather since childhood and she aligned her splendid health, her athletic habits, her sane and normal existence against the doctor's theory and contrasted the two. "Heart failure?" The pronouncement was absurd.

Helen studied the face of the dead girl, carefully. On it was no suggestion of pain. Lifting the eyelids, she examined the eyes through a powerful lens which she always carried and fancied there was even a flicker of pleasurable surprise in their expression.

Then something else caught and held her attention. On Berenice's left cheek there was a faint pink mark such as might have been made by her knuckles as she leaned upon her hand. That was how it appeared to the naked eye. Beneath the magnifying glass, however, an amazing change occurred and the pink diffused itself into the prismatic colors of the rainbow!

Helen polished her glass and looked again. Then she passed her handkerchief tenderly over the spot and examined it once more. She washed it, and still beneath the glass she was able to distinguish clearly the violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red.

IN the meantime, Harkness, the Police Inspector, was putting Rogers through an examination.

He had, it appeared, called for Miss Fairweather at the Bethlehem Settlement at the usual time and had driven her up Fifth Avenue as was his custom, nothing out of the ordinary taking place.

Arrived at home, Rogers had opened the door of the limousine and waited for his passenger to alight. He waited several seconds, he said, before turning round to discover her leaning motionless in the corner.

Somewhat alarmed, he jumped quickly to the sidewalk and spoke to the girl. She neither answered nor moved. Rogers had looked for assistance and had seen a policeman passing the corner of the street. He called the officer. "Miss Fairweather has fainted," he remembered having said. "Will you help me get her into the house?"

Together they carried her upstairs and left her with the maid. Atkinson telephoned for the doctor. The policeman was on his way out, when a scream from the maid upstairs brought him back into the house.

"Miss Fairweather hasn't fainted," shrieked the girl. "She is dead!"

Rogers passed his hand across his forehead. After

The Rainbow Death

By MADGE MACBETH

Author of "Kleath," etc.

Illustrated by D. G. SUMMERS



Beside the door of the furnace lay Lefroy, practically unconscious.

that everything was confused, he said; servants ran about whispering and crying and asking him questions; the policeman called up Headquarters; the doctor came and telephoned for the Coroner; a telegram was sent to Mr. Fairweather in Washington; somebody called for Miss Dupont and Mr. Drummond; the Inspector came—there was nothing more to tell.

Harkniss asked, pad and pencil in hand: "How did she look—Miss Fairweather—when she came out of the Settlement—kind of sick and wobbly?"

"Not a bit," answered the chauffeur, promptly. "She was smiling all over, and she says to me, 'Another Moreni, Rogers,' she says, meaning a Dago family she was caring for. 'A boy at last,' she says, getting into the car."

"That's all?"

"Every word, except to tell me to drive home."

"And who drove with her?" asked the Inspector.

"Nobody. Nobody ever so much as put a nose into the car on the way home."

"Did anyone stop you from the sidewalk to speak to her?"

"Not a soul. Of course, I don't say she didn't bow to people all the way up the Avenue—she

couldn't drive a block without seeing someone she knew, and at some of the places where we were held up a while, she might have leaned out of the window to nod to people alongside of her, but I didn't see her do it."

"Do you mind, Inspector," Helen interrupted at this point, "if I ask Rogers one or two questions?"

"Not a bit, Miss Dupont," he assured her, warmly. "You know the Chief's always glad to have you take an interest in our cases. He never has got over your handling of that Merriton poison affair."

"But this is all nonsense," cried Dr. Bartram, testily. "You are trying to cook up a mystery from a regrettable, but perfectly natural occurrence and drag my poor young patient's name across the top of your morning papers. There isn't the slightest similarity between Miss Fairweather's death and that of Mrs. Basil Merriton."

"Oh, of course not, sir," agreed the Inspector, diplomatically. "Still, when we are sent out to investigate, we've got to take back some sort of a report. Go ahead, Miss Dupont."

"Well, as there is nothing further I can do," said the doctor, only partially mollified, "I will bid you all good night. Mr. Fairweather cannot get here until after midnight. I will come back then."

As soon as the door had closed, Helen turned back to Rogers.

"Tell me," she said, "whether or not both windows were down."

"No, Miss Dupont. There was a right sharp breeze blowing from the east, so I closed that one before Miss Fairweather got in."

"Then it was the left hand one that was open?"

"Yes, miss."

At this point Atkinson approached the group. "The Inspector is wanted on the telephone," he said.

Harkniss excused himself and followed the old man a short distance down the hall.

"Speaking" . . . Helen heard him say. "What? . . . Good God, not another! . . . In the motor, yes, I hear you. . . Whose? Right, I've got that. . . Just about the same time, too. All right, sir, I'll go straight up."

He was visibly excited when he rejoined the group. "I reckon this lets the old doctor off at the wrong pew," he remarked to Helen. "Chief says that another girl, confidential secretary of H. J. Lane, —Chemical Works, you know,—was found dead in his motor about an hour ago. I'm inclined to think there's something more than heart failure in this, Miss Dupont."

Helen did not argue the point. Instead, she asked quickly, "May I go up to the Lanes' with you, Inspector?"

Harkniss' face lighted with pleasure. "Sure, you

may. Always glad to have you. Chemical works—right in your line, you know. Barrows," he called, "you come with me. Murray, stay here till Mr. Fairweather gets back."

to her. Feeling that something out of the ordinary had happened, he left her in the car and came to the house for me. As soon as I looked at her, I saw that she was dead. . . We brought her in—and that's all there is to tell."

"She did not stop anywhere? Nor take anyone into the car?"

"No."

"The doctor says she died of 'heart failure,' I suppose?"

"Well, yes, he did. How did you know?"

HELEN did not answer, for the Inspector came at this moment into the room. "Might be the same girl, Miss Dupont," he said, quite impressed. "Looks like her in the face and wore the same sort of fur. No marks of violence. Just dead. Where's the chauffeur, Mr. Lane?"

Benson was sent for but before he came, Helen went to the room where Death reigned. She was startled, too, by the strong resemblance between this Mitchner girl and her dead friend, Berenice Fairweather. She was startled, too, by one difference the expression of their eyes, for under the lens, she found in this case, a look of intense fear, of horror. It evidently had been as fleeting as the surprise and pleasure which had come to Berenice, but it was quite plain. So also was a small pink mark, on the wrist this time, looking as though a glove button had pressed too tightly, but beneath the powerful glass, the pink gave place to a rainbow hue, glowing and distinct. It would neither wash nor rub off.

LANE and the Inspector met her at the foot of the stairs.

"Well?" they asked.

"Exactly the same sort of case as that of Miss Fairweather, as far as I can see," she said non-committally. "And the likeness is amazing."

"I say, Miss Dupont," it was Henry J. Lane who spoke, "of course none of you professional people tell us anything until it is time, but can you answer me this—do you think it was heart failure?"

The girl hesitated an instant. Then she said curtly:

"No."

But before either of them could put questions to her, she asked to see the car.

It was of the same make and color as the Fairwaters'. It had the same glass partition separating the chauffeur from the other occupants. It had one window down and one up.

"Did you ask the man or which side Miss Mitchner was sitting?" Helen inquired of the Inspector.

"Yes, he told me. She was sitting a little away from the open window and her hand was turned palm upwards on her lap. Oh, he talked very freely, the chauffeur, only he seems kind of stunned at the idea that anyone could die like that right under his nose, without his being aware of it."

Helen's thoughts were undoubtedly occupied with other matters. "Yes," she agreed vaguely, "it must be disquieting."

A HALF hour later she was sitting in her home, an open letter in her hand. She had studied its contents until she knew them by heart, and yet as though searching for something she could not find, Helen Dupont read the pages again and again. Dated Guanajuato, Mexico, February tenth—more than a month ago—the letter ran:

"My dear Helen,

You will, I fear, weary of my letters if I begin every one with an apology for my long delay in writing. Therefore let me only say that these are troublous times for us and Mexican life is in a greater turmoil than ever. . . Yes, even here in this isolated swamp.

We feel the tensity consequent upon this hideous world-war and we suffer from the varied policies of our bitterly opposed local factions. Added to which we have recently had a different sort of trial to face. There broke out amongst us a mysterious epidemic which caused considerable mortality in the district. Fighting any sort of epidemic is desperately hard work, as you know, but fighting an unseen and unknown enemy is a task I hope I shall never have to repeat. Worse to me than death in the ranks of our converts is the fact that by reason of the nature of this malady, they have reverted in discouragingly large numbers from their new-found Christianity to the depths of blackest paganism. They insist that the Goddess of Destruction was angry and sent a blighting breath as punishment upon the district. Whispers began to reach us that horrible pagan rites were being performed in an effort to propitiate her and we had these to fight and suppress during the time we were ministering to the bodies of our people.

What gave rise to this fantastic belief, I cannot say. But I do know that from some baffling cause the



Helen studied the face of the dead girl carefully.

HE made a sign by which the constable understood that he was to keep Rogers under a watchful eye, and in another moment the Inspector was clearing a passage through the crowd at the curb and handing Helen into his motor.

"They've caught her," a voice said, as the car moved away.

Mr. Lane himself opened the door.

"Why, Miss Dupont," he cried. "I did not expect to see you! Are you sure you care to interest yourself in this tragic event? It is not at all in your line; the girl was not directly connected with the Works—she was my confidential secretary and her death, my physician assures me, was due to natural causes."

"No suggestion of foul play, sir?" asked the Inspector.

"Not the slightest."

"I am interested, however, Mr. Lane," said Helen, "and would like very much to see the girl—"

"Certainly. Will you come with me now?"

"If you don't mind, I would like to go a little later—when the Inspector has finished. In the meantime, perhaps you will tell me about it."

Mr. Lane led the way into his handsome library. On the table lay cablegrams, telegrams, letters and other paraphernalia of a busy office. He spread out his hand. It was shaking slightly.

"This letter explains itself," he said. "I often work here in the evenings and Miss Mitchner never objected to the extra hours. Confining ourselves to office times, we should always have been behind. The heavy strain of the war, you see." Helen nodded and took the chair he placed for her.

"She was coming here to work, to-night," Lane continued. "I sent her out for some tea at five o'clock, arranging that we could work until about ten without interruption. Then we would have something served here. I tell you these details," he broke off to say, "because that is how she happened to be in my car and on her way here, at half-past six."

"Oh, you were with her?"

"No. I had left early to see a man uptown, and I sent the car back for her." He seemed to drop into a reverie. "She was a nice little girl," Helen heard him murmur, "so clever and so thoughtful. I don't know how I ever can replace her."

"German?" suggested Helen.

Lane started. "Well, yes, now you mention it, I suppose she was of German extraction, but I am sure her sympathies were with us."

"How was she found?"

"Benson, my chauffeur, got her right to the door before he noticed anything was the matter. She did not move when he stopped nor answer when he spoke

natives died, and to peculiar patches on their bodies the survivors would point muttering between teeth that chattered:

"Look, signora, it is the *muerte del arco iris*. . . . The Rainbow Death!"

I don't mind confessing to you that it seemed a pleasing one. The natives suffered no pain, no warning. They simply went out to gather berries, cut wood, fish or the like and lay down and died. No one could be induced to touch a corpse. You can imagine therefore what work George and I had to do and I don't know how we ever should have managed but for the help of a young Scandinavian, Olaf Petersen, who came here a short time ago to study the reclamation of swamps. Alone in this isolated mission field the three of us did things which are not pleasant to talk about, especially when we found bodies which had been hidden in the forest for days. . . .

George has just returned from a day's journey to the village where we get our weekly mail to say that Petersen, who left very suddenly and with only a scribbled note of farewell, has evidently gone to New York. He left a forwarding address care of Gustav Lefroy, The Belmont. Look him up when you have time. I think you will find him interesting. He will be glad to know that the epidemic subsided as suddenly as it swept over us, and that we have not seen evidence of The Rainbow Death since he left. Remember us kindly to him.

HELEN seemed to have become part of the eerie stillness of the room. Not a muscle moved. Outwardly she gave no sign of the terrific activity of her brain, comparing fact and conjecture, science and superstition, New York and Mexico, Berenice Fairweather and the Mitchner girl.

Her mind worked back over the events immediately following the receipt of Martha Ainsworth's letter. She had telephoned The Belmont only to learn that no one named Petersen had been registered there. Disappointed, she asked to be connected with Mr. Lefroy, from whom she learned that his friend had found advices awaiting him which took him back to Stockholm on the very afternoon of his arrival. He had been lucky enough to catch a boat at once.

Helen had, she remembered, expressed her regret at missing an opportunity to learn something further about the mysterious epidemic with its train of superstition and pagan rites. She said that the scientific fact behind every superstition was of intense interest to her and Lefroy had begged to be told something of the circumstance which Petersen had omitted to mention. Thereupon Helen had hospitably invited him to her laboratory and their friendship had begun.

She had found him an agreeable young man of pleasing address and personal appearance. His appreciation of her workshop was genuine and welcome, for Helen, shrewd woman though she was, could not be said to be proof against flattery where her experimental research work was concerned. Lefroy had been a frequent visitor at her home and she had introduced him to several of her friends—amongst them, Berenice Fairweather.

Not until a wave of pink spread across her window did the scientist move. Then she shook herself impatiently and crammed the letter back into a drawer.

"Just like Martin," she grumbled aloud, "not to tell me what Petersen looked like!"

In spite of this apparent obstacle in the forming of her conclusions, she managed to arrive at some which were definite and final. "Only trying to prove them will be about the maddest thing," she smiled to herself, "I have ever attempted. I would have done much better to have been a doctor, in which event my pronouncement could have been 'heart failure,' and we could have let the matter rest upon that!"

AFTER but three hours' sleep, she awoke refreshed and quite prepared for a busy day.

Having ascertained the date of Mr. Lefroy's arrival at The Belmont, and the dates of the more recent Scandinavian sailings, having sent Harkniss

on a tour of research among cablegrams and ciphers, she turned her attention to the Lane Chemical Works and there discovered the address of the place where Clare Mitchner had lived.

The landlady was not of the trim, poised, intellectual type. Quite the contrary. The news of the tragedy, the visitation of the police, the excitement amongst the other boarders, all had tended to upset her. Her answers to Helen's questions were rambling and far from the point.

"Miss Mitchner was that hard-working," she said, from behind an apron, "I hardly ever laid eyes on her. She wasn't one for gaddin' about an' keepin' company with young men, either, for all she was so pretty. I never seen but two gentlemen here—one was her boss, who used to come for her after office hours to work, she said (an' I believe her), an' the other was a nice-spoken young man called Lefroy. I can't say that she seemed much taken with him, though," Mrs. Lillard gossiped tearfully.

She really knew very little about the girl and referred her visitor to Miss Mitchner's room mate.

"Whatever Lena Davis will do without her is more than I can say," sniffed the landlady. "She was that devoted to Miss Mitchner she would have kissed her boots! I never seen such adoration. She worked in the same place, too, you know. Come upstairs and wait for her. She ought to be back in a few minutes now."

The nature of Helen's interview with Lena Davis was such as to impel the relinquishing of that reposeful hour which always followed her dinner. Instead of sitting in peaceful solitude before her fire, she was threading her way at nine o'clock through rather unpleasant part of New York in an effort to verify an address the girl had given her. It represented an establishment vastly inferior to The Belmont but one which Gustav Lefroy used quite as much.

Attracting as little attention as possible, Helen Dupont circulated about the district until she came upon an old friend, Fogarty of the Force. They held a short conference and separated, the girl to descend a flight of basement steps, the policeman to cock his ear and feel for his "billy" as, under orders, he turned the corner and hid himself from view.

It was about ten o'clock when Helen entered the building and it was nearly midnight when she left it. She did not go alone. In the ambulance which bore her away, lay the body of Gustav Lefroy.

He was dead.

ABOUT two weeks later a group of very interesting men sat in Helen Dupont's living-room. Harkniss and his Chief were there, Lane and Jim Drummond, Mr. Fairweather and Dr. Bartram. It was common knowledge amongst them that Lefroy had murdered the two girls and that to Helen was due the credit of identifying him as the criminal, but the steps by which this youthful scientist-detective had arrived at her conclusions, was what the six men were gathered now to learn.

A nurse wheeled the patient into the room. Harkniss thought he had never seen her look so girlish, so fragile, so opposed to the type of women one might associate with an experimenter in chemical research. She was very white and her large eyes looked twice their normal size, shadowed as they were by great bluish circles. Every now and again, she breathed with a slight gasp and several times a mild form of choking attacked her. Two heavy braids of chestnut hair hung loose across her shoulders and seemed to drag at her head, for as she talked, she lifted them as though their weight oppressed her. The filmy pink garment she wore, made her for a moment appear a stranger to the men, accustomed as they were to seeing her in the uncompromising uniform she adopted for her laboratory. "My good friends," she said with a charming smile and holding out a slim white hand, "how glad I am to see you and how long the days have seemed while I waited for this opportunity. No, no, don't pet me and spoil me!" she cried, as they crowded round her with enquiries as to her condition. "I am mending slowly and have only one regret—as long as something had to happen to me, I wish I could have had a scar."

"A scar?" echoed the doctor, gruffly. "Be thankful, as we are, my child, that you escaped with your life."

"What sort of a scar do you want, Helen?" asked her cousin curiously.

"The same sort as that on the bodies of Lefroy's two victims," she told him, seriously, "a patch of varied colors which we might call The Rainbow Death."

AT the mystification visible on their faces, Helen changed her tone.

"Isn't it piggish of me, Chief," she demanded, "to work in this way, keeping you all in the dark until I have made a grand coup? To be honest, I suppose I suffer from a species of swank, but truly, I believe I could accomplish nothing, if I stopped to explain each step along the way."

"We have never made any objection to your methods, Miss Dupont," said the Chief, gallantly. "Their results have always justified their means and I can assure you that every man on the Force is glad to work under your direction."

The girl answered him with an appreciative smile and then took up the recital of her story. . . .

"Finding it impossible to believe that Berenice Fairweather had died of heart failure," she began, "I took the liberty of looking for evidences which would point to another cause, and quite by accident—for I was looking particularly at her eyes—I came upon a faint pink mark on her left cheek. At least it appeared faint and pink to the naked eye, but under my lens, it showed all the colors of the rainbow."

She paused, expecting their incredulity to express itself in argument, but no one spoke.

"It is sheer luck," Helen continued with genuine modesty, "for me to stumble upon facts which anyone else would discover only after weeks of study, and nothing illustrates this so well as the case in point. I was not mystified by seeing the mark of The Rainbow Death for I had already heard of it, six weeks before. Jim, will you read aloud this letter from my friend Mrs. Ainsworth?"

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A nurse wheeled the patient into the room.

Two Men and an Idea

That Grew and Grew and Grew



John Lyne Davidson, Jr., of Vancouver.

NOTE.—How many people in Canada have heard of two aggressive young Western millionaires who do business under the name of Davidson and Smith? Very few; Davidson and Smith have built up a wonderful string of business enterprises, but they have appeared little in the public eye. The accompanying article contains the first story of their remarkable enterprise that has found its way into print. It will be found most unusually interesting.

WHY did Davidson and Smith buy the Welcome Islands?

John R. Smith, head of the firm, would answer with an enigmatic half-smile that he paid some ten thousand odd dollars for the bush-bearded reefs out in Lake Superior to have something to snub his fast motorboat to if anything happened to go wrong with the engine.

Wisecracks who know something of the past history of Davidson and Smith insist that it is more likely that a gold mine is due to be located on the Welcomes to-morrow or the next day.

The incident is mentioned because it is illustrative.

Davidson and Smith are always doing the unusual—something or another that nobody else thought about doing. A couple of years ago they bought up a defunct bed-making plant near the border-line of Fort William and Port Arthur. Nobody knew what a firm of grain operators wanted with a bed-making factory. To-day that ex-bed-making building has been converted into the largest and most modern stock-feed manufacturing institution on the continent, if not in the world. It is a subsidiary of Davidson and Smith called the Canadian Feed Manufacturing Company.

It simply happened that the bed factory building offered facilities for a feed manufacturing plant that could not have been duplicated for ten times the money the D. & S. people paid for it as a "dead horse."

"We move as the spirit moves us," cryptically suggests John R. Smith. "That is, if one of our established enterprises suggests a subsidiary of one kind or another, we get busy and buy or build to accommodate the idea. Ideas—real, honest-to-goodness ideas—are the rarest things in the world. They are worth accommodating."

At Both Ends of the West

JOHN R. SMITH has Fort William headquarters, at the head of Canadian lake navigation and the bulk-breaking point for rail and water shipments. His partner, John L. Davidson, is located at Vancouver, the gateway to the Orient.

Stretched half-way across a continent, at the two



The shipbuilding plant at Port Coquitlam, B.C., operated by

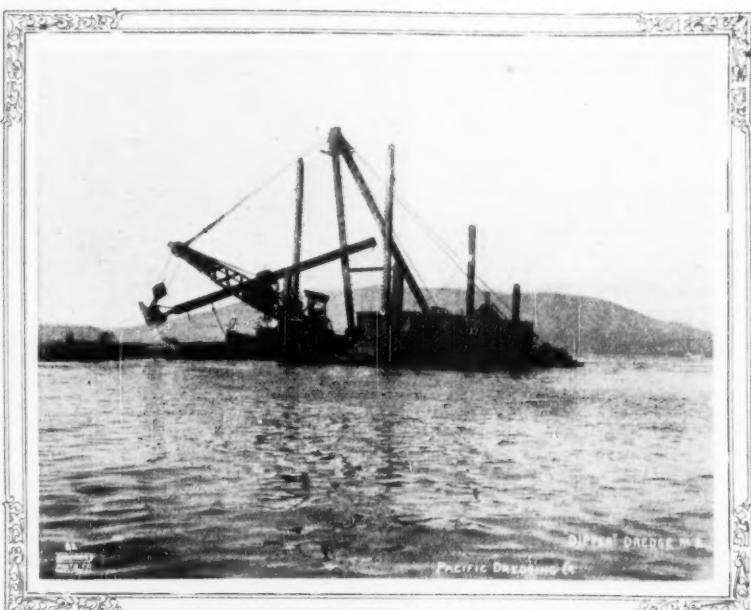
ports mentioned and over the grain-producing prairie West between, is the bulk of the Canadian interests of Davidson and Smith. Besides the parent enterprise at Fort William known as the D. & S. storage and cleaning elevator and the Pacific Construction Company's plants at Vancouver, there are some twenty-four subsidiary concerns owned and operated by these two young Canadians.

The subsidiaries alone represent millions in the way of investment and development and include, among other things, a fleet of six grain-carrying vessels on the great lakes, a mammoth stock feed and molasses-making industry at Fort William, a marine transfer ship company, a lighterage company, thirty-five country elevators on the prairies with a nucleus of sixty-five elevators to draw from, six grain merchandising companies at Fort William and Winnipeg, a string of daily newspapers from Port Arthur to the Pacific Coast, a fleet of small boats trading into Northern British Columbia ports from Vancouver, a harbor improvement works at the Pacific Coast handling contracts in the Orient as well as on this continent, the largest hydrating plant in Canada, saw mills, fish packing plants, land development companies, city cartage companies and a few other odds and ends in the way of small-fry concerns.

Incidentally, Davidson and Smith are controlling stock-holders in at least two shipbuilding enterprises, their most notable investment in this direction being in the Globe

Shipbuilding concern at Superior, Wis., which has a weekly payroll of \$100,000. It has been rumored for some time that Davidson and Smith intend to establish a branch of this latter industry in Canada.

Their latest financial venture is the Guatemala Marble and Development Company. More than a million dollars has been devoted to developing this latter enterprise to date, including investments in vessels to carry the products of the South American quarries to the markets. They claim to have secured in Guatemala the finest marble deposits in the world, and shipment of the finished product was expected to be under way in a few weeks at the time of writing. It is said that this Guatemala marble is superior to the famous Carrara marble of Italy.



One of the dredges operated on the Pacific Coast.

The Story of Two Remarkable Young Westerners

By CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS



the Pacific Construction Co., one of the associated industries.

ALL these enterprises and the millions which they represent sprang from an idea that grew in the brains of a young book-keeper for a railway contractor and a civil engineer while they were working on salaries in the Crow's Nest Pass, thirteen years ago. John R. Smith was the book-keeper, and John Lyne Davidson was the civil engineer.

That idea developed into their ownership of a modest hospital elevator in the east end of Fort William, the first of its particular kind built in Canada. From that little elevator, of a diminutive class known colloquially among grainmen as the "cigar-box type," grew the dreams and plans that materialized with amazing speed and succession into the mammoth D. & S. interests of

to-day. In those thirteen years of development lies a story, which being the human side of it all, is perhaps of greater interest than a cold-blooded narrative of the firm's commercial progress.

The principals of the D. & S. enterprises are like two men out of a book. They are both Canadian-born and national types of the imagination and initiative that kept pace commercially with the tremendous agricultural strides of the Canadian West during the last eighth of a century. They are unique because they succeeded in doing this and meeting huge difficulties and white-hot competition without foreign financial assistance. They are without doubt the largest all-Canadian enterprise conducted by Canadians in the Canadian West.

John R. Smith, head of the firm, is thirty-nine years of age, and was born in Winnipeg, the son of a pioneer railwayman. With a common school education gained in Winnipeg and Fort William as an asset, he started life as a book-keeper for a railway contractor in the Crow's Nest Pass, at forty dollars a month and board. His father, the late Richard Smith, later became interested in grain trading, then strictly in its infancy in Western Canada. It was with his father that John R. secured his first lessons in the calling of which he was destined to become a foremost master in Canada.

His first business venture was in the little hospital ship elevator in East Fort William, previously mentioned,



John R. Smith
of Fort William

when he took as his partner, John Lyne Davidson, and the business was operated under the firm name of Davidson and Smith.

John L. Davidson is a distinctly Western type, though, unlike Mr. Smith, he was born in Eastern Canada. Toronto, Ontario, was his birthplace, forty-one years ago. He went West when he was twenty-one. Mr. Davidson was a civil engineer before launching into grain and construction work, and he is a graduate of Toronto University. He is polished in address and a natural mixer. He has been aptly called the "front door" of the D. & S. organization.

John R. Smith, the senior partner, is of the dynamic type, shrewd and resourceful, a sphinx in a big business who has long been an exasperating riddle to commercial rivals. John R. Smith does his planning in the back of his head; never on paper, nor in consultation. That's why no one ever knows what his next move will be. Last year he had cornered almost the entire Canadian oat supply before the grain world had any idea who was buying it up. He is a born plunger with an uncanny penchant for invariably plunging "when the plunging is good," and brings large financial returns.

If there is one characteristic more than another for which the head of the Davidson and Smith organizations might be noted it is the unobtrusiveness with which he ambles about the world of commerce putting through deals overnight where millions in money are involved. To-day he may be whisking in and out of the dust-clouded aisles of a grain elevator on the waterfront of Fort William, and to-morrow whirling away on the Trans-Canada Limited, bound for South America or the Orient. Not even his intimates will know what the mission is till they learn through the papers that some one or another of the numerous industries, of which he is the head, has bought up a walnut forest, a fleet of ships or a whole mining or quarrying region.

Silent—But a Good Listener

THERE are few millionaires in Canada about whom so little is known as John R. Smith. He seems to fairly delight in sort of spectral personal existence—a power behind mighty undertakings that others sense but never quite get acquainted with. Big personages in politics as well as in business have long since made a beaten pathway to John R. Smith's private office, but though he is a wonderful listener, he absolutely refuses to give advice. Even his own executives must learn to do their own thinking insofar as their individual duties are concerned or they are soon out of favor with their chief. A professional writing-man from one of the big cities who once went to get a life

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The big storage and cleaning elevator at Fort William.

A WOMAN ON THE BENCH

MY appointment to the office I now hold happened like this.

When our family came to live in Alberta, the first Parliament of the Province was then in session, and as yet we had no laws relating to the property rights of women, or for the protection of children. Presently, I was agitating for both but found the work rather uphill for, at that time, a woman was laughed at and considered "kinda queer" who made her way into legislative halls with requests for women's rights. The farmers' wives who had come from the older provinces, or from other countries, were especially interested in the matter of dower and wrote many letters concerning the matter. It was one of these who, concluding that no woman could work from impersonal motives, wrote me an epistle of commendation, concluding it with these words: "Go on, Mrs. Murphy; God bless you; I have a troublesome husband, too."

It was my privilege at this period to work with the late Mr. R. B. Chadwick, the Superintendent of the Government Department of Neglected Children, on the provisions of a bill known as The Children's Protection Act, which, with the Juvenile Delinquents' Act of the Criminal Code of Canada, are the two Statutes governing our Provincial Juvenile Courts.

Never dreaming that I could ultimately be called upon to administer these Acts myself, still I followed them closely and eagerly awaited their amendments.

Sometimes, I would slip quietly into the back seat of the Juvenile Court or the District Court and listen to the cases being heard and, now and then, I even ventured into the sacred precincts of the Supreme Court.

Without being priggish or pedantic, I can truthfully claim that the pros and cons of the legal arguments I heard in these different courts were of greater pleasure to me than my visits to the theatre or horse-ring, much as I appreciate the latter.

This probably arose from the fact that I am descended from two families which have produced many eminent jurists, and that I have inherited a legal cast of mind. At any rate, three of my brothers have been called to the Bar and one to the Supreme Court.

And there was my great-grandfather, the Honorable John Hunter Gowan, who, as a Justice of the Peace in Wexford County, Ireland, ever showed himself to be a man of essentially practical genius, although it must be admitted that pliancy of conviction was not a notable quality of his make-up.

On one occasion, as an exemplification of his devotion to judicial duties, fine horsemanship, and super-eminent skill as a swordsman, he put his hunting cob over an eight-barred gate and, without dismounting, cut the head off a rebel outlaw with one sweep of his blade.

How I Was Appointed

BUT I was telling how I came to be appointed to the office of Police Magistrate, when led away to talk of other matters.

One night, in Edmonton, a score of women—or maybe it was two score—were arrested by the police in "a round-up" and charged with being common prostitutes or night-walkers, contrary to section 238, clause (i), of the Criminal Code. These women included clerks, stenographers, maid-servants, housewives, and some vagrants who unquestionably came under the description used in the code. Rumor had it that "stool pigeons" had been used to gain evidence, and that the women had been plied with intoxicants prior to their arrest. Later, it was found that these rumors were without foundation and that the arrests were regular in every way.

My Experiences as a Magistrate of the Woman's Court

By EMILY F. MURPHY

(JANEY CANUCK)



Mrs. Murphy in her office in Edmonton.

On the morning of the trial two women from the Laws Committee of the Local Council of Women attended the guardroom of the Royal North West Mounted Police with the purpose of hearing the evidence.

Except the girl-prisoner in the dock, they were the only women in the room. Seeing them, the Counsel for the Crown asked the Magistrate to request the women to withdraw from the Court as the cases were unfit to be heard in a mixed audience. The women stated they came as representatives of a committee on law pertaining to the protection of women and children, and earnestly desired to remain. They were then informed that decent women, such as they appeared to be, could have no desire to hear the evidence in these cases.

The bluff worked, for, after all, nothing so frightens a woman as to be told that her actions are unladylike. This has proven to be the most excellent gag and deterrent of all the ages.

Wishing to discuss the matter with someone who could in all likelihood be interested, the disconcerted, angry delegates called me over the telephone and asked me if they should return to court.

I advised them to agree with the magistrate that such cases should not be heard in a mixed audience, and to forthwith apply to the Government, respectfully urging that a court be established for the City of Edmonton in which women offenders might be tried by a woman in the presence of women.

I Make the Application

THE women stayed away from the Court, but insisted that I do the applying to and urging of the Government myself.

For several days I shirked the task and then, blue with funk, and without the solace that comes from even one companion, I tackled the Honorable, the Attorney General.

In using this word "tackled," I have written with inaccuracy for, to my high amazement, no tackling was required. On stating what had occurred, and what were

our desires, the Minister agreed immediately to the establishment of such a Court.

"When are you ready to be sworn in, Mrs. Murphy?" he calmly asked; "the Governor-in-Council meet next week and your appointment as Police Magistrate will, doubtless, be ratified."

"Ah! Ah! Yes! No!—well, that is to say, I'm not ready at all," said I in one gasping breath. "I never thought of this; I don't know anything; I have too much work at home; and my people won't let me."

In truth, I urged all the objections I had ever learned from female slackers, but the Minister only laughed and said: "Let me know in a week."

After concluding that I dare accept, and that I dare not, for half a dozen times, I decided to consult some trusted women-friends, for it seemed that I was forcing myself along a hard and unaccustomed trail which might end in a slough.

Besides, I was afraid of the nastiness of sex-pedlary that would have to be considered, even before a court largely made up of women.

In the days when I was a juvenile, it was not considered good form to mention an animal of the opposite sex by name, therefore, equines and bovines were all of one

sex to me. Indeed, once at the age of ten, I was filled with the utmost chagrin because the adults of the house gave way to convulsions of laughter over a poem I had composed about a dairy-maid and "the large, kind oxen which she milks."

I have always been embarrassed because of this faulty education and while I could write upon matters relating to sexual problems, I found it difficult to speak upon them even to my own children.

"Should a woman keep courthouse?"

This was the question I asked of my friends. "Of course she should," replied one who was a church deaconess. "There were women magistrates in the Roman Empire, and why not in the British? Deborah, too, was a Judge in Israel, and held her court under a palm-tree between Ramah and Bethel."

"Keeping courthouse is not a man's job, nor a woman's job," answered a nursing-sister; "it is a job for one who knows how."

Every Mother a Magistrate

"A WOMAN with a family," answered the mother of six children, "can keep courthouse better than a man, in that she has performed such work for years in the management of her family. In training her boys and girls, she has had to do with false pretenses, assault, incitement to breach of peace, cruelty to animals, cheating at play, loitering, obstruction to justice, misappropriation, false evidence, trespass, forcible entry, idle and disorderly persons, and many other offences of an anti-social character."

"Even when they are the victims of law, they become more expert in its applications than men," said a school teacher. "Now there was Catalina, the Spanish Military Nun, who when she stood on the scaffold awaiting execution, was so disgusted with the knot the executioner was tying around her throat, that she took it out of his hand and showed him the proper method."

"But how can I keep courthouse when I am trying to be a writer?" asked I of another writer.

"The interruption and not the task may hold the angel," she replied.

"Poof!" she said further, "We'll disown you if you decline the position. Listen to this! will you?" and here she pulled a book from off her shelf—"It is the enlightened acknowledgment of one male person: 'Women have succeeded as doctors and lawyers; it is as magistrates they will give the full measure of their intellectual clarity, precision, and undeviating, equilateral sense of justice. We shall have a larger and finer administration of justice in our courts when some of our sputtering, male-gowned judges are replaced by clear-minded, logic-ruled women. And you know it as well as I do'."

... Shortly afterwards, I was sworn in as Police Magistrate for the city of Edmonton, and Judge of the Juvenile Court. A year later, I received a commission as Police Magistrate in and for the Province of Alberta.

Provincial Jurisdiction

THIS was found necessary because it sometimes happens that an offence which starts at Peace River may be concluded at Edmonton, and it is necessary for the magistrate to hear what happened at both places. Or a woman may be sent in from Athabasca by a Justice of the Peace who thinks it would be wiser to have her story told in a Woman's Court and in another place, so that she may not be eternally ear-marked, and that she may get a fresh start. One such case which occurred during the war illustrates this point and, incidentally, includes a love tale.

A young woman was sent in from a far northern village charged with false pretenses and impersonation. She had led for six years with a homesteader who had gone overseas without marrying her, or providing for her maintenance. Later, she made an affidavit that she was his wife in order that she might get a separation allowance.

I found that she had not impersonated the man's wife in that he had no wife; nor was it false pretenses in that she received no money. The charge should have been one of perjury.

As soon as the evidence was concluded, a crippled man in khaki stood up and asked permission to speak. "You'll be after mindin', Your Worship," said he, "how once you came to see us boys in the military hospital that is forinst your house, an' it was myself as told you that I had three hundred and twenty acres of land, but that no girl would have me now as I had a wooden leg. You'll be after mindin', beggin' y'pardon, Your Leddyship, as how you laughed an' said, 'Sure an' Dennis I'll have to find you a girl myself.'

"Deed-an'-deed, I didn't like to be bothering you about it, but havin' found this one myself a fortnight yesterday, mebbe Your Leddyship would be after standin' to your word an' tellin' her she's got to marry me right away if she gets off."

A glance at the prisoner showed her winking heavily at the Court, and pulling her face into wry grimaces meant to be indicative of her unwillingness.

I accordingly instructed the bold-hearted woer that such a finding was impossible under the provisions of the Code, but if they come to my office afterwards I would see what could be done.

What was done? Ah! there's no sense in telling everything one knows. Besides it was Provincial Magistrates we were talking about.

It was only this month that two travelling Provincial Magistrates were appointed, whose work will do much to relieve the congestion at Edmonton, and at the same time will enable them to send in any girl that requires a fresh chance to the Woman's Court.

My First Day in Court

MY first day in Court was as pleasant an experience as running a rapids without a guide. Besides, the lawyers and police officials looked so accustomed and so terribly sophisticated. Indeed, I have never seen brass buttons so bright and menacing as on this particular day.

Presently, all the men became embarrassed and started to stammer over their manner of addressing me. One said "Your Worship"; another "Your Honor"; a negro said "Your Majesty," and the rest said "Sir."

The unintelligible jargon known as "the Information and Complaint," was rattled off by the Clerk of the Court to a red-faced type whose chiffon evening

dress was hanging in tatters from her shoulders, it having been torn off her by a dog the night before while she was intoxicated on one of the city's main thoroughfares.

The police matron told how, on searching her, she found a quantity of whiskey concealed in a baby's bottle. The constable who made the arrest explains to the Court that the bottle, being flat, it has the supreme advantage of presenting no unseemly contour. He also explains that the liquor is known as "squirrel" whiskey and is of a highly intoxicating character; that it is made locally, and tastes like a mixture of benzine and soap.

The accused tells that as she was walking along quietly, "this Bobby fellow" came right up behind her and pinched her.

"Constable, did you pinch the lady?" asked I. "It was most unbecoming conduct in an officer."

After a prodigious side-wink at the police "boys," he explains that he merely arrested her.

In her own defence, the lady would have the Court understand that she had never been arrested before, but how she escaped is still a mystery to the Court, because from whatever viewpoint she may be considered, she appears to be a most suitable subject.

Is a Woman a Person?

THE next case is also for a breach of the Liquor Act. A number of bottles of beer and alcohol being produced as exhibits. Before his client pleads, Counsel for the Defense gets to his feet and objects to my juris-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*In the Canadian West many great reforms have come—and many more are coming—through the work of farsighted and energetic women. Scattered all through the West are women who have the vision to see what is needed to better conditions and the courage to get out and fight for what they want. Mrs. Murphy, of Edmonton, better known by her pen name of Janey Canuck, is one of the leaders among them, and it was fitting that she should have assumed the arduous task of putting into practice one of the reforms initiated—the establishment of courts for women. Mrs. Murphy has written two articles for MacLean's, telling of her experiences in this very successful experiment.*

dition as a magistrate. On being requested to state his objection, he argues that I am not "a person" within the meaning of the Statutes. His argument takes up quite ten minutes and, in the end, is duly noted, whereupon the hearing of the case proceeds.

Now, I had always known I was not *persona grata* but I had an idea I was still a person, in spite of the ancient disabilities on the statute books. At any rate, knowing my commission to be in order, I decided not to worry about the objection, being gratefully sensible of the fact that it devolved upon the Government to show that I was a person.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! The so-called "woman's rights" had suddenly been shifted onto masculine shoulders with an unescapable onus of responsibility.

On every subsequent case, this man, who is the most popular criminal lawyer in the city, persisted in raising the objection, while I persisted in hearing the whole argument, the thing appealing to my fancy immensely. Other barristers caught up the objection, and we had a merry time of it. He was a poor fellow, indeed, who could not put a new aspect on the argument. Several months later, when Mrs. Alice Jamieison was appointed Police Magistrate, with jurisdiction for the City of Calgary, the question was argued, and she was declared to be "a person" within the meaning of the statutes. Since then, the wicked have ceased from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Difficulties in Keeping Courthouse

WELL! hardly at rest, for from the start, I have found my position as keeper of the courthouse to be an arduous task, and often a painful one. In the court, one learns sad things; terrible things that may not be written down on paper, and that many would fear to read. Or again, one feels as if she had just seen all the tables of the law broken, and that nothing can ever again thrive whch is good or pure.

The first woman I sent to jail went insane and was transferred to an asylum where she committed suicide. She left four little children whose father had deserted them.

Why did I send her then?

Because under the Liquor Act, when a person has been convicted, the magistrate is not allowed to suspend sentence. On visiting the asylum to inquire into the affair, the Superintendent told me that the woman had several strongly settled delusions, and was probably insane when I committed her.

It was Tolstoy who said, "There is no law for fools," but yet we know there is. The recidivist, or "repeater," is almost invariably a person in whose brain the steering apparatus is lacking. He has no mind-rudder, and though an adult in stature, he is but a child in mental capacity.

The magistrate does not sleep so easily if she has misgivings concerning the irresponsible unfit whom she sends to prison when these should probably be placed under custodial care of a different kind. When scientific penology is further advanced, I have a hardy hope that all judges and magistrates, before passing judgment on any criminals, will have accurate reports on their condition, from hospital and psychopathic clinics.

Fits of Vapors

LIKE the average average housekeeper, the courthouse keeper has oftentimes to pacify hysterics, or what our ancestors more properly called "Fits of vapors." It is astonishing what a commotion a really bad woman can make when hardly pushed on her cross-examination by a male inquisitor, or when she has been pronounced guilty by the court.

These hysterics, however, where the woman's court is concerned, are becoming rarer events. The defendants are getting to know that nothing can be gained from hysterics, romance, or any appeal that arises from mere femininity.

In thus educating the class it aims to reach, I take it, that our court-keeping is justifying its existence.

The woman who strives to hold the tears back; whose face quivers under the stress of her emotions, or who restrains herself, except for the tell-tale crimson that spreads itself in patches on her throat and face, is usually a pretty good sort in spite of her lapse from virtue, and is seldom irreclaimably bad.

Indeed, strange as it may appear, tears are more nearly close to the surface where men are under pressure. This particularly applies when their protective instinct has been appealed to. A man will break horribly when told of the tragedy that has come into the life of his girl-child. Than this, life has no sadder happening.

A son, whose mother has become insane, or a young husband, whose wife has wandered off into the bad lands of the underworld, is filled with an amazement of sorrow and finds his consolation in tears.

Rules of Evidence

ANOTHER difficulty of the courthouse keeper relates to the rules of evidence. Having mastered these herself, and having learned how to apply them, she finds that very few defendants know anything of the Canada Evidence Act, or of Phipson, and, as a consequence, are unable to tell the facts concerning their own case.

"That is not evidence," someone will shout at the witness, who has just started to tell us all about it. "We don't care in the least what you thought."

The witness looks cowed, but, catching his breath, makes another attempt, only to be more sharply reprimanded. "It doesn't make any difference what your wife said, stick to the evidence, or sit down."

If the courthouse keeper is wise, and even ordinarily humane, and if she wants to elicit the facts of the case, she will shortly explain to the witness what is admissible as evidence and help him quietly over the rough places. It takes time, of course, also patience, but it should surely be done. There is little doubt that many innocent persons are convicted of offences because they have not known how to tell their story. It is high time a change was made in this regard, and that we humanize our courts, making them easier and more tolerable for the people. We are fairly safe in saying that the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, unfortunately designated "police courts," have lagged far behind every modern institution in changing their spirit and procedure to meet the needs of the day and generation.

It must not be concluded, however, that all the witnesses are needing assistance, for such is far from

being true. Some are so wily and experienced that the wariest officials are deceived by them. This is especially the case with witnesses from Central and Southern Europe, although the English-speaking portion by no means a negligible one.

With the majority of these, the truth only means what they think advisable to say and later, when forced to tell the truth, it is still because it is advisable.

When driven into a corner, they will say they do not understand, or suddenly they find themselves unable to speak English.

Sometimes a witness will pretend to be stupid, thus evading the questions, and hoping you may "give her up" like the proverbial puzzle. Or noticing one of these witnesses thinking deeply before making reply, you naturally conclude that she is considering her answer carefully in order that she may tell only the truth, whereas she is actually studying how to evade telling it. Or, perhaps, her position more closely approximates that witness in a certain famous trial who said, "I didn't tell the whole truth to the judge, I told him selected truths."

The Perjurer

JUST here our reader is probably saying, "This can never be rectified, for the liar and perjurer are with us always."

I am not one who holds with this theory. We used to think the same about slavery and smallpox, to say nothing of the impossibility of allowing the public to select their own books from the shelves in the public library, or their groceries off the counters in the stores. We know now that every evil can be enormously lessened, if not eradicated, and that, on the whole, the public may be trusted.

It is comparatively unusual for boys and girls to tell lies in the Juvenile courts, because it has been explained to them that it is better to tell the Judge the whole truth whatever the result may be, and, in this, they are not misguided.

At any rate, having observed and placed this depravity, and having considered the possibility of rectifying it, we should not lie down on the job.

It may be argued that the code provides for the

punishment of perjury, but, for some reason or other, the hardest offence to prove is perjury. It is probably for this reason that a case of perjury is seldom preferred. Maybe, after all, that poetess was right who defined the Criminal Code as:

"That clumsy thing
That measures mountains with a three-foot rule,
And plumbs the ocean with a pudding-string—
The little, brittle code."

Besides, how can we expect people to realize the sanctity of an oath when they do not appreciate the sanctity of the Book known as Holy Writ? Many of them have never read it, and have not even a copy in their possession. Others do not know who or what the Deity is except as a name that is used in a profane expression. The term, "So help me God," can, therefore, mean nothing to them. It is passing strange that our Governments should not allow the children to learn of God in one of their institutions—the school, but should expect them to know of Him in their other institution known as the court. The whole system of law is based on the teachings of Christianity, and, therefore, if the youths are not taught the Bible, they should be taught the code. At present, they are taught neither, so that the result is disastrous, and must prove to be increasingly so.

Anyone, whether a professing Christian or not, must be driven to this conclusion—that is to say, if we use an oath in our courts, we must instruct our people somewhere or somehow as to the nature of its sacred and binding obligation.

ANOTHER difficulty which confronts the court-house keeper is that of ignorance and stupidity. Sooner or later, the stupid man or woman will get into trouble and rise to the dignity of "a defendant."

Not long ago, a woman in Edmonton lifted a valiseful of dainty blouses and lingerie from the Hudson's Bay Company stores, and thought that the payment of a fine in lieu of imprisonment entitled her to have the goods and was deeply aggrieved when an order was made restoring these to the company.

The incident, however, is not peculiar, for Boswell tells of one Bet Flint, a prostitute, who stole a counterpane.

The Chief-Justice of Old Bailey, "who loved a wench," summed up favorably, so that the charge was dismissed. Bet remarked, "Now that the counterpane is my own, I shall make a petticoat of it."

Having laughed at Bet's ignorance, we might look into the underlying causative factors and enquire whether she had not inherited an heredity of incapacity from generations of untaught, underfed, loutish clodpates—that she was the natural fruit of the family-tree, rather than a sudden, perverse, wrong-headed criminal.

Truly, when we see such a plentiful absence of sense on the part of those classes who have had the advantage of colleges and "ancestors," we can hardly wonder at the folly of the ignorant poor.

It is against this ignorance the courthouse keeper must wage an eternal battle, and it is to these unfortunate that a wise sympathy and unflagging patience must be shown, just as it is to the ignorant, erring child of any household. When my heart is well I am persuaded that this will yet be the way of it.

"Women's Court" a Misnomer

AS the first woman to keep a courthouse in Canada, I found out a queer thing which was that, strictly speaking, there could be no such thing as "a woman's court" or "a man's court," owing to the fact that in certain offences both sexes were charged conjointly, or were parties thereto. This most frequently occurs in cases which relate to opium joints and disorderly houses. It is the practice, therefore, in our province that where the primary charge is against a woman and the subsidiary ones against men, the case is heard in the Women's Court, and vice versa, where the primary charge is against a man and the subsidiary against women, the case goes to the Men's Court. As most of the disorderly house keepers are women, and the majority of "found-ins" are men, this explains why the sexes are fairly evenly divided as to numbers in the summing up of the year's convictions.

As the Women's Court is conducted with more privacy, and as names are seldom mentioned in the

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WHY I REMAIN A CANADIAN

An Interesting Discussion—By BASIL KING



NOTE.—In the next (December) issue of MACLEAN'S will start Mr. King's splendid new novel, "The Thread of Flame." It will fully sustain the high reputation that he has won with his earlier stories, "The City of Comrades," "The High Heart," "The Inner Shrine" and "The Street Called Straight." Inasmuch as it is not as generally known as it should be that Mr. King is a Canadian, the editors asked him to set down a few facts with reference to himself. He has complied with the following exposition of his position with reference to the land of his birth.

I AM a Canadian, and an extremely enthusiastic one. Though circumstances, partly domestic, partly of a business nature, and largely of health, have compelled me to live outside of Canada for many years of my life, I have always retained what old-fashioned lawyers used to call the *animus revertendi*—and even now I have not abandoned it. I never land on Canadian soil, whether on the Atlantic or Pacific coast, without the sense of coming back home which almost everyone feels on returning to his birthplace. Whether in this country, England, France, or Germany—my time for some thirty years being divided among all four—I see things from the Canadian point of view; and it is that same point of view which gives whatever small originality there may be in my writing.

In this country (the United States) where I have been a resident since 1910, as I was a resident once before in the nineties, I have made it my business to be in a modest way an exponent of the Canadian factor on this continent. Without pretending to have accomplished much I hold that every man can serve his country by trying to represent it worthily in

any other country in which his lot may be thrown, and, even if he reaches no more than a few individuals, he has at least reached them. One does not have to take oneself too seriously to believe that between two countries like the United States and Canada, perhaps more closely inter-related than any other two countries in the world, the role of the unofficial ambassador is a most important one. However humble one is in one's circumstances, or however circumscribed, there is always room for this function. Most Canadians who have settled in this country have become naturalized American citizens, and doubtless have done their duty in the act. I myself have always felt that I could "swing my job" better for remaining a Canadian; and when I have talked to intelligent Americans on the subject—which has not been often—they have agreed with me. I remain therefore a loyal subject of the King, and a most devoted citizen of my native land.

At the same time I should like to express my equal devotion to the land in which I am a resident. I think as an American as freely as I think as a Canadian—just as a man thinks as his father's son with the same facility with which he thinks as his mother's. There has never been a time since my early boyhood when my ties with this country were not of the closest, with long periods of residence. The result is that I have a kind of international mind, American in texture, and Canadian in coloring.

BIOGRAPHICALLY I was born in Prince Edward Island, educated there and at King's College, Nova Scotia, passing my earlier manhood in Halifax. I recognize the fact that all three places have left an indelible stamp on me.

To my little Island province I owe whatever I have of largeness of outlook. Where the dry land is small one acquires the habit of looking chiefly at the sea and sky and their immensity. "Abeguite—a leaf lying on the water," was the Indian name for the Island; and it is just that. It gives you the same sense of vast horizons far away that you get on board a ship on the ocean.

At Windsor the effect was different. King's College is old, according to the Canadian standard, and withdrawn. It occupies itself mainly with books, with thought, with ideals. Larger colleges primarily yield one contact with men. Here the contact was chiefly with minds, and we got much of it. I have often had occasion to note with graduates of Oxford, Harvard, and McGill, how little of the great fundamental grounds covered by what we know as the humanities were familiar to them as compared with the stretches we traveled where there was not much else to do.

Halifax gave me that affection and admiration for British government and character which have been important factors in my life. In my time it was not so much the bustling Canadian port that it is to-day, as the gateway for British ideals to enter the Dominion, and a distributing centre for the seeds of Imperial loyalty. My receptiveness to the British appeal did not render me free from irritation which often became indignation; but when allowances were made for that I still retained an impression of greatness which has made me proud to be connected, however humbly, with so magnificent an ideal as that of the British Empire.

THIS Canadian's contribution to the comity of the world is, as I see it, to be the harmonizing element between that Empire and this Republic; and I often wish that my fellow-countrymen could more consciously and conscientiously adopt the role of mediation. To do that however they need to be bigger in spirit than either the Englishman or the American, and the very land they live in breathes this sense of spaciousness. I am always sorry when I find Canadians adopting a small or provincial or colonial or bombastic point of view. Sometimes I find one who has the big, genial, patient, human qualities that can bear with foibles, whether English or American, and take by instinct the harmonizing attitude, and then I know I have come on a Canadian who realizes—even though subconsciously—his national destiny. It is this quality of a big, rich heart in a big, rich land which makes so many Canadians lovable to me, and which I covet for them all.

HIS MAJESTY'S WELL-BELOVED

By BARONESS ORCZY

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The League of the Scarlet Pimpernel," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

CHAPTER TEN

The Hour

I

A QUARTER of an hour—perhaps less—later, we were speeding back, Mr. Betterton and I, down Canon's Row on our way to Westminster Stairs, intending to take boat for the City.

In the terrible mental upheaval which had followed on the renewed Outrage that had been put upon my beloved Friend, I had well-nigh forgotten that secret Conspiracy which was even now threatening the stability of our Country, and in which my former Employer and his Spouse were so deeply involved.

The striking of Church Bells far and near, chiming the hour of eight, recalled me to the danger which threatened Mr. Baggs along with his more aristocratic co-traitors. And, strangely enough, Mr. Betterton thought of this at the very same time. He had been sunk in moody Reverie ever since my Silence had told him the grim tale of my unsuccessful Embassy to the Earl of Stour, and through the darkness it was impossible even for my devoted Eyes to watch the play of emotions upon his tell-tale Face or to read in his Eyes the dark thoughts which I knew must be coursing through his brain.

In myself, I could not help but be satisfied at the turn of Events. The Conspirators, denounced by me to the Countess of Castlemaine, would of a certainty meet the punishment which they so fully deserved. Lord Stour was one of them, so was Lord Douglas Wychwood. The Scaffold, or at best, Banishment, would be their lot, and how could I grieve—I, who hated them so!—that the Earth would presently be rid of two arrogant and supercilious Coxcombs, Traitors to their King, vainglorious and self-seeking. True, the Lady Barbara would weep. But when I remembered the many bitter tears which you, dear Mistress, have shed these past months because she had enchainèd the fancy of the Man whom you loved, then had scorned his ardour and left him a prey to humiliation and shame at the hands of Men unworthy to lick the dust at his feet; when I remembered all that, I could find no Pity in my heart for the Lady Barbara, but rather a Hope that one so exquisitely fair would pass through Sorrow and Adversity the purer and softer for the ordeal.

True again, that for some reason still unexplained Mr. Betterton appeared to desire with an almost passionate intensity that his successful Rival should escape the fate of his fellow-Conspirators. Such Magnanimity was beyond my comprehension, and I felt that the Sentiment which engendered it could not be a lasting one. Mr. Betterton was for the moment angry with me—very angry—for what I had done; but his anger I knew would soon melt in the warmth of his own kindly heart.

He would forgive me, and anon forget the insolent Enemy after the latter had expiated his Treachery and his Arrogance upon the Scaffold. The whole of this hideous past Episode would then become a mere memory, like unto a nightmare which the healthful freshness of the newly born day so quickly dispels.

II

So on the whole it was with a lightened Heart that I stepped into the Boat in the wake of Mr. Betterton. I thanked the Lord that the rain had ceased for the moment, for truly I was chilled to the mar-

row and could not have borne another wetting.

Every Angle and Stone and Stair and landing Stage along the Embankment were of course familiar to me; and I could not help falling into a Reverie at sight of those great houses which were the City homes of some of the noblest Families in the Land. How many of these stately walls, thought I, sheltered a nest of Conspirators as vile and as disloyal as were Lord Douglas Wychwood and his friends? Suffolk House and Yorke House, Salsbury House and Worster House, to mention but a few. How did the mere honest Citizen know what went on behind their Portals, what deadly Secrets were whispered within their doors?

I had been taught all my life to respect those who are above me in Station and to reverence our titled Nobility; but truly my short experience of these high-born Sparks was not calculated to enhance my Respect for their Integrity or my Admiration for their Intellect. Some older Gentlemen there were, such as the Lord Chancellor himself, who were worthy of everybody's Regard; but I must confess that the behaviour of the younger Fops was oft blameworthy in the extreme.

I might even instance our experience this dark night, after we had landed at the Temple Stairs and were hurrying along our way up Middle Temple Lane in the wake of our linkmen. We were speeding on, treading carefully so as to avoid as much as was possible the mud which lay ankle-deep in the Lane, when we suddenly spied ahead of us a party of "Scourers"—young Gentlemen of high Rank, very much the worse for drink, who, being at their wits' end to know how to spend their evenings, did it in prowling about the Streets, insulting or maltreating peaceable Passers-by, molesting Women, breaking Tavern windows, stealing Sign-boards and otherwise rendering themselves noxious to honest Citizens and helping to make the Streets of our great City an object of terror by night, in emulation of highway Robbers and other foul Marauders.

No doubt Mr. Betterton and I would—despite the aid of our two linkmen and of their stout Cudgels—have fallen a victim to these odious Miscreants, and the great Actor would of a surety have been very rudely treated, since he had so often denounced these Malpractices from the Stage and held up to public Ridicule not only the young Rakes who took part in the riotous orgies but also our Nightwatchmen, who were too stupid or too cowardly to cope with them. But, knowing our danger, we avoided it, and hearing the young Mohocks coming our way we slipped up Hare Alley and bided our time until the noise of Revels and Riotings were well behind us.

I heard afterwards that those abominable Debauchees—who surely should have known better, seeing that they were all Scions of great and noble Families—had indeed "scoured" that night with some purpose. They broke into Simond's Inn in Fleet Street, smashed every piece of crockery they could find there, assaulted the Landlord,



Then once again his harsh, mirthless laugh. "Good!" he exclaimed.

beat the Customers about, broke open the money-box, stole some five pounds in hard cash and insulted the waiting maids. Finally, they set a seal to their Revels by falling on the Nightwatchmen who had come to disperse them, beating them with their own Halberts and with sticks, and wounding one so severely that he ultimately died in Hospital, whilst the Miscreants themselves got off scot-free.

Truly a terrible state of affairs in such a noble city as London!

III

As for Mr. Betterton and myself, we reached the corner of Chancery Lane without serious Adventure. As we neared the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs, however, I felt my courage oozing down into my shoes. Truly I could not then have faced my former Employer, whom I had just betrayed, and the mean side of my Action in the matter came upon me with a shamming force.

I begged Mr. Betterton, therefore, to go and speak with Mr. Baggs whilst I remained waiting outside upon the doorstep.

Of all that miserable day, this was perhaps to me the most painful moment. From the instant that Mr. Betterton was admitted into the House until he returned to me some twenty minutes later, I was in a cold sweat, devoured with Apprehension and fighting against Remorse. I could not forget that Mr. Baggs had been my Master and Employer—if not too kind an one—for years, and if he had been sent to the Tower and accompanied his fellow Conspirators upon the Scaffold, I verily believe that I should have felt like Judas Iscariot and, like him, would have been unable to endure my life after such a base betrayal.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Betterton was soon able to reassure me. He had, he said, immediately warned Mr. Baggs that something of the Secret of the Conspiracy had come to the ears of the Countess of Castlemaine and that all those who were in any way mixed up in the Affair would be wise to lie low as far as possible, at any rate for awhile.

Mr. Baggs, it seems, was at first terrified, and was on the point of losing his head and committing some

SYNOPSIS.—This is the story of Thomas Betterton, a famous actor, and Joyce Saunderson, as told by John Honeywood, clerk to Theophilus Baggs, a lawyer. Betterton is infatuated with Lady Barbara Wychwood. His attentions to her are resented by her brother, and by Lord Stour, her lover, and they hire some ruffians to make a dastardly attack on him. They refuse to accept Betterton's challenge to a duel, considering him as beneath their notice. Baggs, Stour and Lord Douglas Wychwood are engaged in a plot to seize and dethrone King Charles II., and Honeywood is ordered to make copies of a treasonable document in connection with the plot. To avenge Betterton Honeywood discloses the plot to Lady Castlemaine, the favorite of the King. He then tells Betterton and the latter is distressed at the thought that Stour will be caught and executed before he has had a chance to personally avenge the wrong done him.

Act of Folly through sheer fright. But Mr. Betterton's quieting influence soon prevailed. The worthy Attorney, on thinking the matter over, realized that if he destroyed certain Documents which might prove incriminating to himself, he would have little else to fear. He himself had never written a compromising Letter—he was far too shrewd to have thus committed himself—and there was not a scrap of paper in anyone else's possession which bore his Name or might mark his Identity, whilst he had not the slightest fear that the other Conspirators—who were all of them Gentlemen—would betray the complicity of an humble Attorney who had rendered them loyal service.

Strangely enough, Mr. Baggs never suspected me of having betrayed the whole thing; or, if he did, he never said so. So many people plotted these days, so many Conspiracies were hatched, then blown upon, that I for one imagine that Mr. Baggs had a hand in several of these and was paid high Fees for his share in them. Then, when anything untoward happened, when mere Chance or else a Traitor among the Traitors caused the Conspiracy to abort, the worthy Attorney would metaphorically shake the dust of political Intrigue from his shabby Shoes and make a Bonfire of every compromising Document that might land him in the Tower and further. After which, he was no doubt ready to begin all over again.

So it had occurred in this instance. Mr. Betterton did not wait to see the Bonfire, which was just beginning to blaze merrily in the old-fashioned Hearth. He told me all about it when he joined me once more upon the Doorstep, and for the first time that day I heard him laugh quite naturally and spontaneously while he recounted to me Mr. Baggs' Terrors and Mistress Euphrosine's dignified Fussiness.

"She would have liked to find some pretext," he said quite gaily, "for blaming me in the matter. But on the whole, I think that they were both thankful for my timely Warning."

IV

BUT, as far as I was concerned, this ended once and for all my connection with the house of Mr. Theophilus Baggs, and since that memorable Night I have never once slept under his Roof.

I went back with Mr. Betterton to his house in Tothill Street. By the time we reached it, it was close on ten o'clock. Already he had intimated to me that henceforth I was to make my home with him; and as soon as we entered the House he ordered his Servant to make my room and bed ready for me. My heart was filled with inexpressible Gratitude at his kindness. Though I had, in an altogether inexplicable manner, run counter to his Plans, he was ready to forgive me and did not withdraw his Friendship from me.

As time went on, I was able to tell him something of the emotions which coursed through my Heart in recognition of his measureless kindness to me; but on that first evening I could not speak of it. When I first beheld the cosy room which he had assigned to me, with its clean and comfortable bed and substantial furniture, I could only bow my head, take his hand and kiss it reverently. He withdrew it as if he had been stung.

"Keep such expressions of respect," he said almost roughly, "for one who is worthy."

"You," I riposted simply, "are infinitely worthy, because you are good."



She held her ground in the very centre of the path.

Then once again his harsh, mirthless laugh—so unlike his usual light-hearted merriment—grated upon my ear.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Nay, friend Honeywood, you are not, methinks, a master of intuition. Few hearts in London this night," he added earnestly, "harbor such evil desires as mine."

But in spite of what he said, in spite of that strange look in his eyes, that laugh which proclaimed a perturbed Soul, I could not bring myself to believe that his great Heart was a prey to aught but noble Desires, and that those awful and subtle schemes of deadly Revenge which have subsequently threatened to ruin his own Life were even now seething in his brain.

For the moment, I only remembered that when first he had requested me to accompany him on his evening Peregrinations, it had been with a view to visiting the Countess of Castlemaine, and I now reminded him of his purpose, thinking that his desire had been to beg for my Lord Stour's pardon. I did so, still insisting upon her Ladyship's avowed Predilection for himself, and I noticed that while I spoke thus he smiled grimly to himself and presently said with slow Deliberation:

"Aye! Her Ladyship hath vowed that out of gratitude for his public Eulogy of her virtue and her beauty, she would grant Mr. Thomas Betterton any Favour he might ask of her."

"Aye! and her Ladyship is not like to go back on her word," I assented eagerly.

"Therefore," he continued, not heeding me, "the Countess of Castlemaine, who in her turn can obtain any favour she desires from His Majesty the King, will at my request obtain a full and gracious pardon for the Earl of Stour."

"She will indeed!" I exclaimed, puzzled once more at this strange trait of Magnanimity—Weakness, I called it—on the part of a man who had on two occasions been so monstrously outraged. "You are a hero, Sir," I added in an awed whisper, "to think of a pardon for your most deadly Enemy."

He turned and looked me full in the Eyes. I could scarce bear his glance, for there seemed to dwell within its glowing depths such a World of Misery, of Hatred and of thwarted Passion that my soul was filled with dread at the sight. And he said very slowly:

"You are wrong there, my friend. I was not thinking of a pardon for mine Enemy, but of Revenge for a deadly Insult, which it seems cannot be wiped out in blood."

V

I WOULD have said something more after that, for in truth my heart was full of Sympathy and of Love for my Friend and I longed to soothe and console

him, as I felt I could do, humble and unsophisticated though I was. Thoughts of You, dear Mistress, were running riot in my brain. I longed at this momentous hour, when the Fate of many men whom I knew was trembling in the balance, to throw myself at Mr. Betterton's feet and to conjure him in the name of all his most noble Instincts to give up all thoughts of the proud Lady who had once disdained him and spurned his Affections, and to turn once more to the early and pure love of his life—to You, dear Mistress, whose Devotion had been so severely tried and yet had not been found wanting, and whose Influence had always been one of gentleness and of purity.

But, seeing him sitting there brooding, obviously a prey to thoughts both deep and dark, I did not dare speak, and remained silent in the hope that, now that I was settled under his Roof, an opportunity would occur for me to tell him what weighed so heavily on my Heart.

Presently the Servant came in and brought Supper, and Mr. Betterton sat down to it, bidding me with perfect grace and hospitality to sit opposite to him. But we neither of us felt greatly inclined to eat. I was hungry, it is true; yet every morsel which I conveyed to my mouth cost me an effort to swallow. This was all the more remarkable as at the moment my whole Being was revelling in the succulence of the fare spread out before me, the excellency of the Wine, the snowy whiteness of the Cloths, the beauty of Crystal and of Silver, all of which bore testimony to the fastidious Taste and the Refinement of the great Artist.

Of the great Events which were even then shaping themselves in White Hall, we did not speak. We each knew that the other's mind was full of what might be going on even at this hour. But Mr. Betterton made not a single reference to it, and I too, therefore, held my tongue. In fact, we spoke but little during supper, and as I watched my dearly loved Friend toying with his food, and I myself felt as if the next mouthful would choke me, I knew that his mind was far away.

It was fixed upon White Hall and its stately purleus and upon the house of the Countess of Castlemaine, which overlooked the Privy Gardens, and of His Majesty the King. His senses, I knew, were strained to catch the sound of distant murmurs, of running footsteps, of the grinding of arms or of pistol shots.

But not a sound came to disturb the peaceful silence of this comfortable Abode. The servant came and went, bringing food, then clearing it away, pouring Wine into our glasses, setting and removing the silver utensils.

Anon Mr. Betterton and I both started and furtively caught one another's glance. The tower clock of Westminster was striking eleven.

"For good or for evil, all is over by now," Mr. Betterton said quietly. "Come, friend Honeywood; let's to bed."

I went to bed, but not to sleep. For hours I lay awake, wondering what had happened. Had the Conspirators succeeded and was His Majesty a Prisoner in their hands; or were they themselves Captives in that grim Edifice by the water, which had witnessed so many Deaths and such grim Tragedies, and from which the only egress led straight to the Scaffold?

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Rumours and Conjectures

I

VERY little of what had actually occurred came to the ear of the Public. In fact, not one Man in ten in the whole of the Cities of London and Westminster knew that a couple of hours before midnight, when most simple and honest Citizens were retiring to their beds, a batch of dangerous Conspirators had been arrested even within the precincts of White Hall.

I heard all that there was to know from Mr. Betterton, who went out early the following morning and returned fully informed of the events of the preceding night. Subsequently too, I gleaned a good deal of information through the instrumentalities of Mistress Floid. As far as I could gather, the Conspirators did carry out their project just as they had decided on it in my presence. They did assemble in King Street and in the by-lanes leading out of it, keeping my Lady Castlemaine's house in sight, whilst others succeeded in concealing themselves about the Gardens of White Hall, no doubt with the aid of treacherous and suborned Watchmen.

The striking of the hour of ten was to be the signal for immediate and concerted Action. Those in the Gardens stood by on the watch until after His Majesty the King had walked across from his Palace to Her Ladyship's house. His Majesty, as was his wont when supping with Lady Castlemaine, entered her house by the back door, and his servants followed him into the house.

Then the conspirators waited for the hour to strike. Directly the last clang of church bells had ceased to reverberate through the evening hour, they advanced both from the back and the front of the House simultaneously, when they were set upon on the one side by a company of His Majesty's Body Guard under the command of Major Sachvrell, who had remained concealed inside the Palace, and on the other way by a Company of Halberdiers under the command of Colonel Powick.

When the Traitors were thus confronted by loyal Troops, they tried to put up a fight, not realizing that such Measures had been taken by Major Sachvrell and Colonel Powick that they could not possibly hope to escape.

A scuffle ensued, but the Conspirators were very soon overpowered, as indeed they were greatly outnumbered. The neighborhood—even then slumbering peacefully—did no more than turn over in bed, marvelling perhaps if a party of Mahocks on mischief bent had come in conflict with a posse of Nightwatchmen. The prisoners were at once marched to the Tower, despite the rain which had once more begun to fall heavily, and during the long, wearisome tramp through the city their ardour for Conspiracies and Intrigues must have cooled down considerably.

The Lieutenant of the Tower had everything ready for the reception of such exalted Guests; for in truth my Lady Castlemaine had not allowed things to be done by halves. Incensed against her Enemies in a manner in which only an adulated and spoilt Woman can be, she was going to see to it that those who had plotted against her should be as severely dealt with as the law permitted.

II

LATER on, I had it from my friend Mistress Floid that the Lady Barbara Wychwoode visited the Countess of Castlemaine during the course of the morning. She arrived at her Ladyship's house dressed in black and with a veil, as if of mourning, over her fair hair.

Mistress Floid hath oft told me that the interview between the two Ladies was truly pitiable, and that the Lady Barbara presented a heartrending spectacle. She begged and implored her Ladyship to exercise mercy over a few young hotheads, who had been misled into wrong-doing by inflammatory

speeches from Agitators, these being naught but paid Agents of the Dutch Government, she averred, set to create discontent and if possible civil war once again in England, so that Holland might embark upon a war of Revenge with some certainty of Success.

But the Countess of Castlemaine would not listen to the petition at all, and proud Lady Barbara Wychwoode then flung herself at the other Woman's feet and begged and implored for pardon for her Brother, her Lover and her Friends. Mistress Floid avers that my Lady Castlemaine did nothing but laugh at the poor Girl's pleadings, saying in a haughty, supercilious manner: "Beauty in tears? 'Tis a pretty sight, forsooth! But had your Friends succeeded in their damnable Plot, would you have shed tears of sympathy for me, I wonder?"

And I could not find it in me to be astonished at my Lady Castlemaine's spitefulness, for in truth Lady Barbara's Friends had plotted her disgrace and ruin. Not only that, they had taken every opportunity of villifying her Character and making her appear as odious in the eyes of the People as they very well could.

You must not infer from this, dear Mistress, that I am upholding my Lady Castlemaine in any way. Her mode of life is abhorrent to me and I deeply regret her influence over His Majesty and over the public Morals of the Court circle, not to say the entire Aristocracy and Gentry. I am merely noting the fact that human nature being what it is, it is not to be wondered at that when the Lady had a chance of hitting back, she did so with all her might, determined to lose nothing of this stupendous Revenge.

III

HOWEVER secret the actual arrest of the Conspirators was kept from public knowledge, it soon transpired that such great and noble Gentlemen as Lord Teammouth, Lord Douglas Wychwoode, the Earl of Stour, not to mention others, were in the Tower, and that sensational Trial for Conspiracy and High Treason was pending.

Gradually the history of the plot had leaked out, and how it had become abortive owing to an anonymous denunciation (for so it was called). The Conspiracy became the talk of the town. Several Ladies and Gentlemen, though not directly implicated in the affair but of known ultra-Protestant views, thought it best to retire to their country Estates, ostensibly for the benefit of their health.

Sinister rumours were afloat that the Conspirators would be executed without Trial—had already suffered the extreme Penalty of the Law; that the Marquis of Sidbury, father of Lord Douglas Wychwoode, had suddenly died of grief; that torture would be applied to the proletarian Accomplices of the noble Lords—of whom there were many—so as to extract further Information and Denunciations from them. In fact, the town seethed with conjectures: people talked in whispers and dispersed at sight of anyone who was known to belong to the Court circle. The Theatres played to empty benches. The Exchanges and Shops were deserted, for no one liked to be abroad when Arrests and Prosecutions were in the air.

Through it all, very great sympathy was evinced for the Lady Barbara Wychwoode, whose pretty face was so well known in Town and whose charm of manner and kindly disposition had endeared her to many who had had the privilege of her acquaintance. Public opinion is a strange and unaccountable Factor in the affairs of Men, and public opinion found it terribly hard that so young and adulated a Girl as was the Lady Barbara should at one fell swoop lose Brother, Lover and Friends. And I may truly say that Satisfaction was absolutely genuine and universal when it became known presently that the young Earl of Stour had received a full and gracious Pardon for his supposed share in the abominable plot.

Whether, on closer investigation, he had been proved innocent or whether



"Mince Pie"

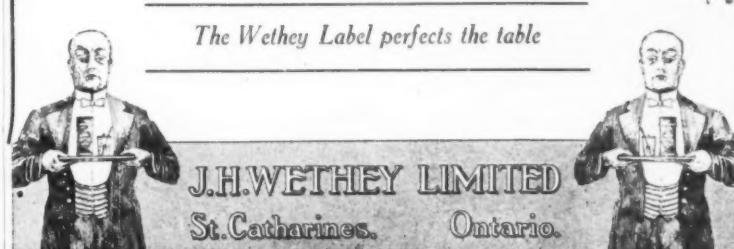
No wonder they are happy, a rare treat is in sight; deliciously flavored Mince Pie: Nut-brown crust, tender, and fragrant with choice fruits and rich spices scientifically blended--pie made with

WETHEY'S Condensed Mince Meat

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Absolutely pure—and most economical. Look for the attractive red carton. Every package wrapped in wax paper. Ask your grocer for it.

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If you haven't yet tried Cutex, make up your mind to send for the trial set today. See how noticeably better your nails look, after this first Cutex manicure!



Stains and discolorations disappear as if by magic the moment you apply Cutex Nail White underneath the nails.



A lasting brilliant gloss or a soft, transparent finish, just as you prefer, you can get with Cutex Nail Polish.



"So beautifully smooth and clean does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails, that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut!" Geraldine Farrar

How to keep your nails looking freshly manicured all the time

YOUR nails look unbelievably lovely after their Cutex manicure! They are so shapely, so exquisitely groomed; the cuticle edge at their base is as smooth, firm and even as if you had just had a professional manicure. You are delighted with their appearance!

Keep them looking lovely always!

Spasmodic attention won't do it—having your nails manicured occasionally may only make the cuticle look worse in the long run. But with a bottle of Cutex at hand, it is so easy to keep your cuticle *always* smooth and firm. It should be attended to as regularly as you file your nails.

So little trouble, too

Once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, dip the end of an orange stick wrapped with absorbent cotton, into your bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of each nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Wash the hands with

warm water, pressing back the cuticle as you dry them. Then, during the day, whenever you dry your hands, push back the cuticle with a towel. This is all you need to do to keep your nails looking well-groomed all the time.

Do away entirely with harmful cuticle cutting

Thousands and thousands of women would tell you that they can, with Cutex, keep their nails always in noticeably lovely condition. Use it regularly, and you, too, will find that it does away entirely with the cuticle cutting and trimming that ruin the appearance of your nails.

Cutex exactly fills the need for a convenient, quick, safe cuticle remover. Get a bottle today at any drug or department store.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 70c bottles. Cutex Nail White and Nail Polish are also 35c.

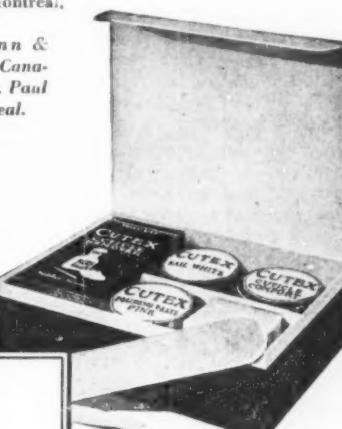
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The set contains everything necessary for a complete Cutex manicure—the Cuticle Remover; the Nail White; the Paste Polish; the Cake Polish; the Cuticle Comfort; an emery board, an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Enough for several manicures! Send only 20c for it today.

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Cutex Powder Polish in the attractive new tube-like tube



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This set is complete! Enough for six perfect manicures. Send only 20c and let us mail you one!

MISTAKES WOMEN MAKE IN THE CARE OF THEIR COMPLEXIONS

Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST, many women powder the wrong way:—Many women who appreciate the importance of powdering, fail to understand the right way to do it. Again and again during the day, on the street, in the shops—everywhere—they are powdering, in a frantic effort to overcome a shiny face.

Yet the ugly glisten keeps cropping out.

This is because people make the mistake of applying the powder *directly* to the skin.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder

base. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin softened and refreshed. Now powder, and don't think of it again.

Pond's Vanishing Cream has no oil, so it cannot come out in a shine. More than this, it holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

Dermatologists say that such a powder base is a *protection* to the skin. It keeps its texture from the coarsening due to exposure.

Failing to freshen the complexion when you dress

When you are preparing to go out for the evening, do remember that the most important part of dressing is the freshening of your complexion.

Some women make the mistake of overlooking this.

You may feel and look exhausted. Yet there is no excuse for letting your skin look tired, drawn.

Lightly smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. The cool touch, the delicate fragrance, will make your skin actually *feel* fresher. At once this greaseless cream vanishes. Your poor tired skin drinks in all its refreshing softness. The tense, drawn feeling is relaxed. The dullness has gone, leaving a soft, transparent look. More than this, the soothing cream keeps your skin soft and smooth, and prevents chapping and roughness.

Never neglect this Pond's Vanishing Cream freshening, before going out. It makes all the difference between looking commonplace and looking beautiful.

It is a bad mistake to omit the cold cream cleansing

Because you have learned to depend upon Pond's Vanishing Cream for a powder base, for freshening the skin and protecting it from chapping, do not forget the importance of *cold cream*.

The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out, is what the skin requires at other times. The pure, creamy oil base in Pond's Cold Cream makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known.

When you are all ready for bed, rub some Pond's Cold Cream into your pores and wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Yet it will please you so to realize how much cleaner the pores of your skin are than ever before, that you will make this face bath a regular habit. In this way your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

Free sample tubes
Mail this coupon

Pond's Extract Co., 188 E. Brock Ave.,
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Please send me, free, the items checked:
 Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
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Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the desired amount:
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POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

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Wind and dust ruin your looks

A day in the wind and dust plays havoc with your complexion. It chaps it; it dries it; it blows away the powder. Before going out, protect your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. For years it has been famous for overcoming chapping and roughness. Without making your skin shiny, it will keep it soft, and prevent the dust and powder from working into the pores. Applied over this protecting cream, the powder stays on two or three times as long as it ever did before.

If your skin is dry or rough, leave some Pond's Cold Cream on over night to make up for the deficiency of natural oil in your skin.

You can give yourself a wonderful massage with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the consistency that is perfect for working well into the skin.

Every skin needs two creams

The creams that your skin needs are each very different from the other.

It is Pond's Vanishing Cream that you should use as a powder base, as a protection from cold and dust, and to freshen the complexion. Pond's Vanishing Cream is without oil. It is based on an ingredient which physicians have recommended for years for its softening, beautifying properties.

But for cleansing, for supplying a lack of oil, and for massage, Pond's Cold Cream should be used. Its formula was specially worked out to supply just the amount of oil required.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store.



Subtract a few years from your age

When you are feeling all tired out, yet have to look your best, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and neck. At once the drawn feeling around your mouth and eyes goes. Your skin takes on a fresh, transparent look. This cream disappears instantly and will not reappear in a shine.



The dust will shock you!

You have noticed how much dust can work into the pores of your skin until you see how much comes out in the first Pond's Cold Cream cleaning. Your skin needs this wonderful oil cream cleaning at night.



THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION

What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver
are saying



IS CANADA WEARY of PARTY POLITICS?

HAVE Canadians deserted the faith of their fathers, the faith that made a man a Grit or a Tory from the day that he cast his first vote until the sad time came to gird in his bones? Has the lure of party politics been lost? In other words has the era of straight party politics passed?

Unquestionably it begins to look as though the Dominion would never again go back to the interesting, but in many ways futile, struggle of the Ins and the Outs. Thousands of men who before the war were either straight Conservatives or straight Liberals and who never went back on their candidates or split a ticket, are to-day men without a party. As the St. Thomas *Times-Journal* puts it: "The fiery partisan appeals that once stirred an ardent following to rapturous applause fall on deaf ears. Only a sorry remnant now respond to the fiery cross and gird themselves for the fray."

There must be a very radical change indeed when newspapers all over the country discover this same apathy. Strange times indeed are these when we see the Toronto *Globe*, that has for generations sounded the political pibroch for the Presbyterian-Liberals of Ontario, advising its readers to vote for prohibition candidates in Ontario regardless of politics! An issue above a party! And when a Liberal reader of the *Globe* protests, subscribing himself a supporter of the party "through, up and down, in fair or foul weather, believing that no matter what the Conservatives have for a cry the Liberal party will do better," his letter is printed quietly among the other communications and does not draw a single line of editorial explanation or rejoinder. Strange days these!

The reasons are not hard to find. In the first place the formation of Union Government drew a majority of Canadians for the first time out of their placid party orbits. Union Government is still in existence and still commands the support of a portion of the population. How big or how small that portion is remains to be seen. What is certain, however, is that so long as Union Government holds together, there will be a certain number of voters who will be neither Liberal nor Conservative. What is more, when the Union dissolves—or if it dissolves—there will be many who will not be able to affiliate with their respective parties. As the London *Free Press* says: "It is evident that the Liberal Unionist and the Conservative Unionist have much more in common than have, for example, Laurier Liberals and Liberal Unionists." The Laurier Liberals, according to the *Free Press*, will refuse to receive the Liberal Unionists back "except upon hands and knees and in penitent mood." On the other hand, can the more moderate of the Conservative Unionists ever unite with the Old Tories who to-day are drawing aloof from the present Government?

To Make Union Govt. Permanent

MANY prominent newspapers are giving the strongest kind of evidence of the breaking down of the old party spirit by openly advocating the perpetuation of Union Government. The Ottawa *Journal* says:

A separation of the Liberal Unionists and the Conservative Unionists would not seem to be necessary from any point of view of political principle. Nor do we suppose that to any sensible and patriotic man of any former political stamp, in view of the fact that this country like all others is seething with unrest and needs competent government, a political break-up would appeal much but for the claims of old traditions and of old personal friendships and affiliations. The former Conserva-

tive and Liberal parties had in the main no difference in principle. Hardly even a visible nominal difference existed except in two regards. One was the protective tariff—and that was really nominal, for there is no denying that the Liberal party when in power under Laurier had steadily maintained a protective tariff. The other was as to what form naval assistance to the Empire should take—and that was merely a difference in detail. The divergence between the two great political parties up to the time of the reciprocity proposition of 1911 was therefore little more than a difference in name and shibboleths.

The London *Free Press*—once absolutely purple in its Toryism—is even more emphatically in favor of the permanence of the Union idea. It says:

If the Unionist caucus did not lay down a "platform," and if it did not draft its position into "where-ases," it can be said with apparent certainty that the Unionist party exists to-day upon a permanent basis. A general election will not be held, it is agreed, until 1921, a full two years and possibly three years hence. In that time many things are likely to happen to enable the Unionist party to step out upon new lines, such as will permit of its offering to the country an appeal that will give to it a fresh mandate nearly if not quite as emphatic as was that received in 1911.

Sir Robert Borden was himself formerly a Liberal. How appropriate it would seem to be that he should to-day lead a party of men of conviction who call themselves neither Liberal nor Conservative, but Unionist!

The St. John (N.B.) *Standard* sees the Union in a still more rosy light. "There is no dissension in the Unionist ranks," boldly asserts the *Standard*; "there is no trace of partisanship as found between members of opposing groups. The Unionist party to-day is composed in its entirety of men who place the good of their country before political advantage."

What the War Taught Us

PERHAPS there is a deeper and more significant reason for the reluctance men are showing to fall back into party strife. The St. Thomas *Times-Journal* suggests that the war has taught us a lesson in this respect.

How is this apathy on the part of the mass of the public to be explained? The old rousing catchwords and slogans having to all appearance lost their charm,

what new battle cry will take their place? These questions have their interesting side, even though it may be impossible to render a final answer just now. One reason for the evident electoral antipathy to the renewal of bitter party strife is the broadening influence of the spirit of co-operation evoked by the great war. Men and women who have labored and striven together and found that patriotism, loyalty and sacrifice are not the peculiar appanage either of Liberal or Conservative, cannot return to that sphere of prejudice which made each anathema to the other. It is impossible to imagine to-day a reversion to the time when a Liberal believed a party opponent to be capable of any enormity merely because he differed in politics and a Conservative retaliated in kind. The electors of to-day realize that different political views can be honestly held and are no index to or criterion of moral character.

The Guelph *Mercury* comes out strongly in favor of the new spirit of independence and puts on the back those who "think things out for themselves and chafe at having to jump the hurdle every time someone else cracks the whip." The *Mercury*, which once was an unbending party paper as, say, the Toronto *Globe*, and circulates in a district that is strongly Liberal and Scotch-Presbyterian, goes on to point out that independence helped to win the war.

"A greater measure of independence," says the *Mercury*, "was shown by the leaders of all the allied nations than ever before in the history of nations, because there was a need for it, and without it a different story might have had to be told, but there were men who were not afraid to override the conventions of parliamentary procedure, red tape and custom, in the interest of action. They saved the day for liberty."

The Election in Ontario

THE provincial election in Ontario, which will have been fought to a conclusion before this number of MACLEAN'S appears, is the strongest indication of the complete change in the face of politics. The prohibition referendum is attracting much more attention than the election itself. As the *Border Cities Star* remarks: "The people of Ontario refuse to become excited over the coming provincial elections. True, many meetings are now being held but the old-time rush seems to be missing. Perhaps this is due to the war, in that the people have become so accustomed to great events that a provincial political contest does not loom as large as formerly."

The *Star* goes on to express its belief that, after all, the party end of it does not really matter very much. "It is felt that the result of the referendum is of much more importance to the province than the victory or defeat of any particular political party, and such a judgment seems to be well based. To the average man on the street, unless he be a 'regular,' there appears little choice between the two old parties in Ontario. Apparently no great issues are to be decided by the voting and the situation is that of one party desiring to stay in and the other to get in."

Of course, all newspapers do not so interpret the situation. A large number of Ontario editors are pegging away as earnestly and, sometimes, as viciously as ever, lauding their own party to the skies and ripping the sails of the other in the best approved Eatanswillian method. Even some of the papers which recognize that things are not as they used to be, accept the change with obvious regret. The

Continued on page 73

CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

RALPH CONNOR (Major C. W. Gordon) is among the very best known of Canadian novelists and has produced a long list of best sellers, including "The Major," "A Sky-Pilot in No Man's Land," "The Man From Glengarry," "The Sky-Pilot," etc. This is his first appearance in MACLEAN'S.

ROBERT W. SERVICE ranks among the most popular poets of the age. His "Songs of a Sourdough" and "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," have broken all records for sales. Mr. Service is a Canadian and his work always appears first in MACLEAN'S.

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MAIDGE MACBETH is a Canadian writer of considerable versatility, residing in Ottawa. She is best known as the author of "Kleeth," a novel that achieved a wide sale. Mrs. Macbeth is well known to readers of MACLEAN'S.

CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS is the editor of a Fort William newspaper and a writer of short stories of strength and originality. This is his first appearance in MACLEAN'S.

JANEY CANUCK (Mrs. Emily F. Murphy) is noted as an author, traveller and lecturer, and lately has achieved wide distinction as the first woman magistrate to sit on the bench in Canada. She is prominent in all women's movements. Other articles by Mrs. Murphy are to appear in MACLEAN'S.

BASIL KING is one of the great novelists of the present day. He is a Canadian though he has resided abroad for a number of years. His latest novel, "The Thread of Flame," starts in the December issue of MACLEAN'S.

BARONESS ORCZY is a world-wide favorite as a writer of romantic novels. "The Scarlet Pimpernel," her most popular novel, was one of the best sellers of recent years.

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We All Won the War

Statistics Show Exactly What Proportion of Financial and Human Burden Various Nations Bore

In the *Scientific American*, there is published an article which illustrates clearly and diagrammatically the share of each nation in the war. The writer deprecates discussion of this "who-won-the-war" type, and says:

"Who won the war?" The answer is that all the nations won it by a self-sacrificing and steadfast co-operation, the absence of which would have resulted in an overwhelming victory to the enemy.

The concluding chapter of the "Statistical Summary of the War," drawn up by the Chief of Statistics Branch of the general staff under Col. Leonard B. Ayres, consists merely of a set of diagrams as reproduced herewith. Unlike the rest of the report, there is no text accompanying the diagrams. They are left to speak for themselves. They show, as nothing else could, how closely interwoven and mutually interdependent was the work done, both in the factory and in the field, by the army at the front and by the civilian workers at home.

In one table, such as that showing the numbers killed in battle, France, Great Britain and Italy greatly predominate. In another showing contributions in wealth or in equipment, there will be a sharp change in the alignment, and one does not proceed very far with a study of these fascinating data before he realizes that to the question "Who Won the War," only God himself could give the correct answer. For if the question seriously came up for discussion, you would get many different answers, all of them, probably, as divergent as the people to whom the question was put. A Frenchman, for instance, would remind you that the ultimate test of the work done in winning the war is the total number of men killed in action, or subsequently dying of wounds received in battle, and he would point to the fact that France, with a total list of dead of 1,385,000 men, has done the hardest, the longest and the most decisive fighting of the war, since, of all her major allies the British lost less than a million men, the Italians less than half a million and the United States less than 50,000 men. He would tell you that when the war burst forth, France was the only country which possessed a large modern army and a highly trained staff that conformed to the accepted standards of the best military authorities; he would remind you that it was because this heroic army had bared its breast to the onslaught and stood unflinching throughout the whole four and a half years of the war, that the Allies have been able to achieve a final victory.

The British would tell you that history has shown over and over again the importance, in a far-flung war like this,

of the command of the sea. He would tell you that it was his fleet which held the enemy helpless in their own ports. He would tell you that world-wide transportation was an absolute essential to the defeat of Germany; that it was because his fleet and his great merchant marine cleared the seas and carried the men, the munitions and the food, that victory was made possible. He would tell you that his army of 6,500,000 men fought on seventeen different fronts, and lost 900,000 dead, and that he loaned \$8,000,000,000 to his allies to carry on their operations. It was this far-flung effort, he would say, that won the war.

A subject of Italy would tell you that, if she had listened to the call of the Triple Alliance, of which she was a member, and had moved to the eastern frontiers of France, the French would have had to divert three-quarters of a million men from the German front to meet the peril. He would point to

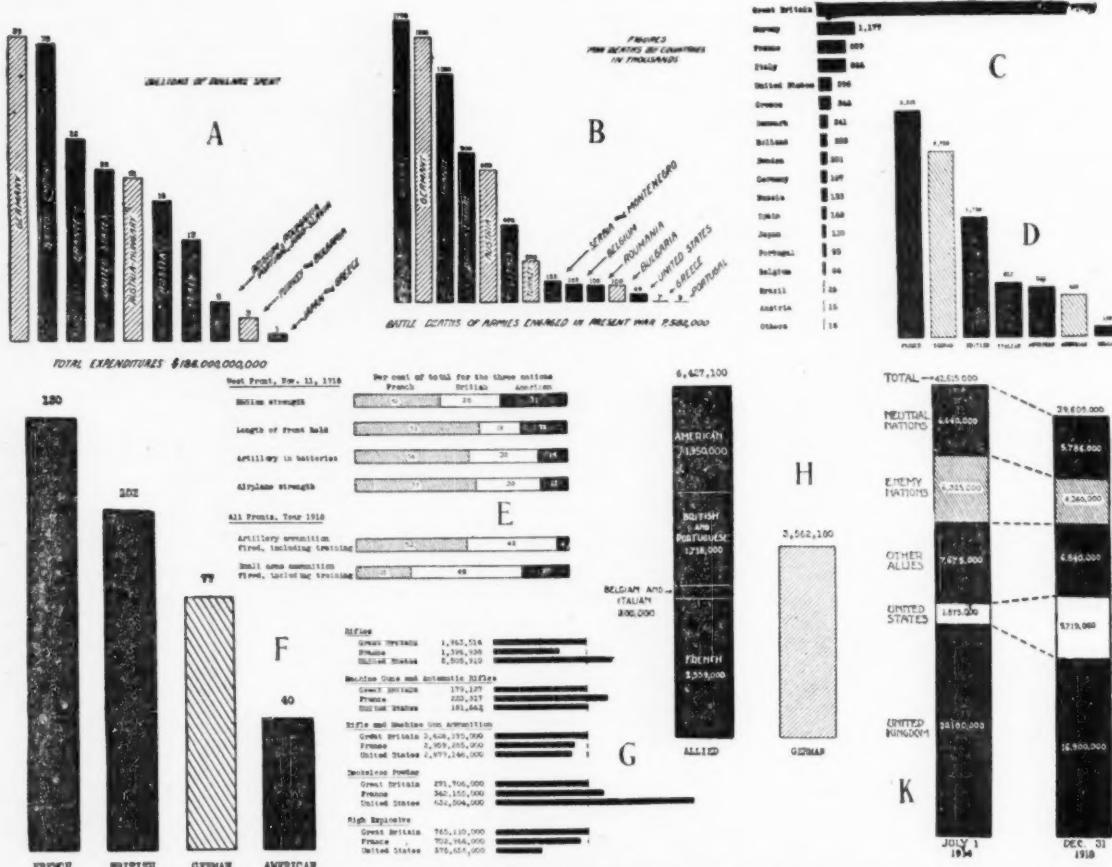
the fact that Italy disowned her former allies, and crippled the strength of the Austrian army amid the snows and rocky defiles of the northern and eastern Italian frontiers. Thus, he would say, did Italy turn the balance in favor of the Allies, make secure the eastern flank of their armies in France, and finally make possible the overthrow of the Central Powers.

And so if you should chance to ask the question of some citizen of the United States, he might say that while it is true we lost only 49,000 dead to France's 1,385,000 dead, our list of dead was small because, compared to our Allies, we were in the fighting only for a limited time, and that we came in with two million men in France, two million more getting ready in America and ten million back of those, if we needed them; and that it was the moral effect, due to the realization of the excellent fighting quality of the armies under General Pershing, and the defeat of the Germans at St. Mihiel and the Argonne that led the enemy to throw

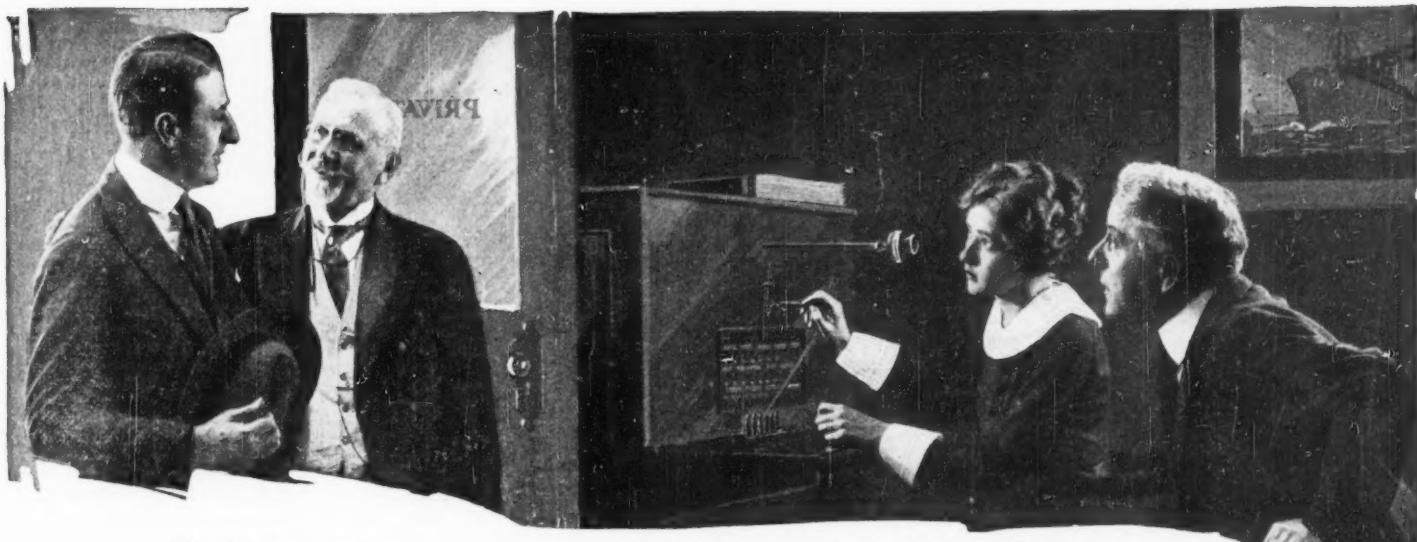
down their arms. He would point also to the fact that our expenditures of twenty-two billion dollars was not far below that of France, and he would remind you that no small part of the stiffening of the Allied morale was due to the coming of our troops, coupled with the wonderful work done by the Red Cross and similar organizations, to say nothing of our carrying on the work, hitherto done by Great Britain, of financing the war for all the Allies.

And so the endless and fruitless comparisons and discussions might go on eternally, with no other result, as we have said, than to break down the excellent feeling of brotherhood which had been born of the war and the substituting in its stead of jealousy, heart burnings and distrust.

Now that the enemy has been crushed in the conflict, it is for the Allied nations to consolidate the fruits of the war and peace themselves in such a relation to each other, throughout the world at large, that never again shall there be a resort to the bloody arbitrament of war.



A. Billions of dollars spent by each nation for direct war expenses to the spring of 1919. B. Thousands of men killed in action or died of wounds. C. Thousands of gross tons merchant shipping lost through acts of war. D. Number of battle airplanes per each 100,000 men in each army at armistice. E. Comparative strength of armies and comparative expenditures of ammunition during 1918. F. Battle airplanes per each 100,000 men in each army at armistice. G. Production of articles of ordnance during the 19 months of American participation in the war. H. Ration strength of the Allied and enemy forces at the armistice. I. Seagoing merchant shipping of the world in gross tons, July 1, 1918, and December 31, 1918.



"Out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. . . 'Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit.'"

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LEAVE me ask you this: There is a big business deal to be put through. It involves millions of dollars. Putting it through depends wholly on one thing—getting the backing of a great financier.

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Now, could you, a total stranger to this man, walk in on him unannounced, talk for less than an hour, and then have him take your arm as a token of friendship, and give you a signed letter agreeing to back you to the limit?

Could you?

A STOUNDING? Yes!
But it WAS done. And I'll tell you how. Here is the way it all came about. For a long time the directors of our company had felt the handicap of limited capital. We had business in sight running into a million dollars a month. But we couldn't finance this volume of sales. We simply had to get big backing and that was all there was to it.

Because of trade affiliation, one man—a great financier in New York—controlled the situation. Win him over and the rest was easy. But how to win him?—that was the question. No less than five men and two women—all people of influence and reputation—had tried. They were all repulsed—turned down cold and flat.

You know how a thing of this sort grows on you and how bitter utter defeat is. Well, we were talking it over at a board meeting when one of our directors announced that he knew of only one man who could possibly put through the deal—a man by the name of Preston.

So it was agreed that Preston was to be sounded out at luncheon the following day. He proved to be a fine type of American. At 34 years of age he had become president and majority stockholder of a thriving manufacturing business rated at three-quarters of a million dollars.

Preston was deeply interested, as anyone would be over the prospect of closing such a big deal. The director in question said casually, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" Preston looked out of the window for a moment, and then quietly answered, "You're on."

I WENT along with Preston simply as a matter of form to represent our interests. Aboard the 10:25 train out of Chicago, we headed for the smoker and got to talking with the crowd there.

Then I noticed something. Preston had dominated them all. Everyone was eagerly hanging on his words, and looking at him with open admiration. No sooner would stop talking than one of the men would start him up again. And as the men dropped off at stations along the way they gave

Preston their cards, with pressing invitations to look them up. No doubt about it, Preston was THE man aboard that car.

The colored porter, too, came under his sway. For that night, when the berths were being made up, the porter came unasked to Preston, told him that his berth was right over the car tracks, and insisted upon changing it to a more comfortable one.

And so it went all the way to New York. Everyone who met Preston took a great liking to him the instant he spoke. They seemed to be eager for his companionship—wanted to be with him every minute, openly admired him, and loaded him with favors.

Even the usual haughty room clerk at the hotel showed a great interest in Preston's welfare. He showered us with attention while a long line of people waited to register.

The next morning we called on the great financier—the man who was so bitterly against us and had flatly turned down seven of our shrewd influential representatives.

I waited in the reception room—nervous, restless, with pins and needles running up and down my spine. Surely Preston would meet the same humiliating fate?

But no! In less than an hour out they came, arm in arm, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. And then I heard the surprising words, "Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit!"

At the hotel that night sleep wouldn't come. I couldn't get the amazing Preston out of my thoughts. What an irresistible power over men's minds he had. Didn't even have to ask for what he wanted! People actually competed for his attention, anticipated his wishes and eagerly met them. What a man! What power! Then the tremendous possibilities of it all—think what could be done with such power!

What was the secret? For secret there must be. So the first thing next morning I hurried to Preston's room, told him my thoughts, and asked him the secret of his power.

Preston laughed good-naturedly. "Nothing to it—I well—that—is—" stalled. "I don't like to talk about myself, but I've simply mastered the knack of talking convincingly, that's all."

"But how did you get the knack?" I persisted.

Preston smiled, and said, "Well, there's an organization in New York that tells you exactly how to do it. It's amazing! There's really nothing to study. It's mostly a knack which they tell you. You can learn this knack in a few hours. And in less than a week it will produce definite results in your daily work."

"Write to this organization—The Independent Corporation—and get their method. They send it on free trial. I'll wager that in a few weeks from now you'll have a power over men which you never thought possible. . . but write and see for yourself." And that was all I could get out of the amazing Preston.

WHEN I returned home I sent for the method Preston told me about. It opened my eyes and astounded me. Just how he had won over the financier was now as clear as day to me. I began to apply the method to my daily work, and soon I was able to wield the same remarkable power over men and women that Preston had. I don't like to talk about my personal achievements any more than Preston does, but I'll say this:

When you have acquired the knack of talking convincingly it's easy to get people to do anything you want them to do.

That's how Preston impressed those people on the train—how he got special attention from the hotel clerk—how he won over the financier—simply by talking convincingly.

This knack of talking convincingly will do wonders for any man or woman. Most people are afraid to express their thoughts; they know the humiliation of talking to people and of being ignored with a casual nod or a "yes" or "no." But when you can talk convincingly, it's different. *When you talk people listen and listen eagerly.* You can get people to do almost anything you want them to do. And the beauty of it all is that they think they are doing it of their own free will.

In committee meetings, or in a crowd of any sort you can rivet the attention of all when you talk. You can force them to accept your ideas. It helps wonderfully in writing business letters—enables you to write sales letters that amaze everyone by the big orders they pull in.

Then again it helps in social life. Interesting and convincing talk is the basis of social success. At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the center of attraction, and that people go out of their way to "make up" to him.

Talk convincingly and no man—no matter who he is—will ever treat you with cold, unresponsive indifference. Instead, you'll instantly get under his skin, make his heart glow and set fire to his enthusiasms. Talk convincingly and any man—even a stranger—will treat you like an old pal and will literally take the shirt off his back to please you.

You can get anything you want if you know how to talk convincingly. You've noticed that in business ability alone won't get you much. Many a man of real ability, who cannot express himself well, is often outdistanced by a man of mediocre ability who knows how to talk convincingly. There's no getting away from it, to get ahead—merely to hold your own—to get what your ability entitles you to, you've got to know how to talk convincingly!

THE method Preston told me about is Dr. Law's "Mastery of Speech," published by the Independent Corporation. Such confidence have the publishers in the ability of Dr. Law's method to make you a convincing talker that they will gladly send it to you wholly on approval.

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"At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the center of attraction"

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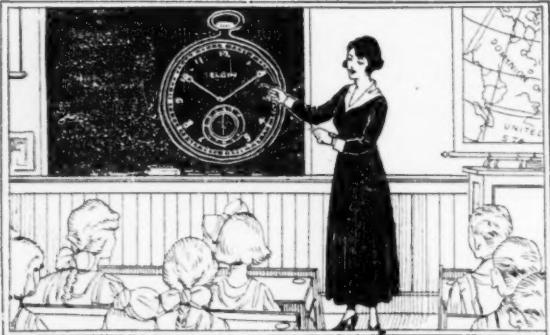
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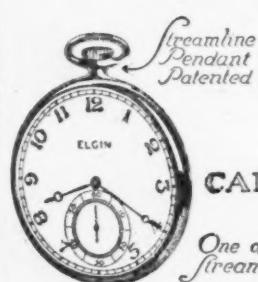
WHAT more important lesson can be taught your child than the value of Time? Efficiency in later years—achievement in world affairs—in home-making and the well rounded life—all have their foundations laid in the knowledge of the value of the minute—planned to the tick of an Elgin.

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To Restore the Fallen Kings

Movement On Foot In Europe To Rebuild Thrones

IT is becoming clear that there is a wide-spread plan in Europe to restore deposed monarchs and to either replace fallen dynasties or set up new ones in Vienna, Budapest, Berlin and Petrograd. The movement is not confined to the royalists in the countries affected, but is shared in and even initiated to a great degree by sympathizers in other countries and by other royal families. Such at least is the information given in leading European newspapers. A careful summary of the news available on the subject is presented by *Current Opinion*:

Monarchical Europe awaits with breathless interest the development of Washington policy with reference to the dynasties. This policy develops slowly because, as the Socialist organs explain, the royal visits to Mr. Wilson must take their course. If everything passes off well, Hungary may get the king for which the anti-Socialist forces are pining. Even if an untoward episode were to develop, Hungary will get her king. The plan for the restoration of the dynasties is in full force, avers the *Manchester Guardian*, and it sees reason to fear that Marshal Foch may regard the business with anything but a drooping eye. The French press is oracular—that is, the section of it for which the *Gaulois* and the *Débats* are presumed to speak. If Mr. Wilson puts his foot down, say the Italian Socialist dailies, the plan for the restoration of the monarchs will go down with it. This subject is intimately related to the mysteries both of Paris and Budapest, and it becomes increasingly difficult to disentangle the Hungarian situation from its mazes. Only one thing is known. Mr. Wilson will consent to no Hohenzollern and no Hapsburg for the central empires. The *Avanti* says he has withdrawn his favor from the Rumanian royal family, although this assertion is not easily reconciled with rumors that a Rumanian prince is to be sent to this country when the other royal visits are happily terminated. For the time being, the Austrian archdukes, and particularly that one of their number who got into the lime-light at Budapest when the Government was seized, are bringing pressure to bear upon the representatives of the United States in Paris, to the intense indignation of *L'Heure* and other radical French newspapers. There is a Socialist panic abroad regarding the outcome of the plan for a monarchical restoration in Hungary and elsewhere, and general suspicion prevails that the United States Government is in some obscure fashion concerned in it. The Hungarian crisis is followed anxiously.

A serious difference has arisen within the French Government regarding the proper attitude to be taken to the plan to put a king in Vienna, in Budapest, in Petrograd and other places. Clemenceau is believed by the liberal organs of the advanced type to hate the very idea. The legitimists and royalists in France, whose hopes were never so high and whose utterances find a medium in the *Gaulois* and papers like it, are working hard for the archdukes and princes left over from the revolutions. The moment is propitious for a vindication of the monarchical principle. There will be no militarist dynasties of the Hohenzollern type, but pious and exemplary ones of the Savoy type. The Rumanian dash against Hungary was a first number on this program. The Rumanian dynasty was alarmed to find itself isolated in a republican flood. The Archduke Joseph was given a free hand, and a ministry of "tame" Socialists came into being. In fact, the Archduke himself turned

ought to be a Socialist of sorts, although not the kind for which the *Humanité* and the *Avant!* would stand. The old school of French dailies, and the Tory organs of the London Post breed hailed the Archduke with rapture because he and the forces behind him fight the republicanism which overthrows not only dynasties but vested interests that lurk in treaties. The new republics are too "red." They tend to Bolshevism. They set up rump tribunals and shoot prisoners with too swift a justice or injustice. This is what republicanism stands for in Europe. Mr. Wilson was taught all this, complains the organ of French Socialism, and he proved at first a difficult pupil. He came to see things from the monarchical point of view in the end. He is to be the host of royalties, indeed! He withdrew his objections to kings as kings and awaited patiently for someone to mount the throne of Hungary. This is the Socialist interpretation of the fall of Count Karolyi, the rise of Bela Kun, the collapse of the communists, the turn of the Archduke Joseph and the sudden void and pause that ensued. What king will please Wilson? He has too many potentates on his hands just now to be in any hurry about his decision, sneers the Socialist organ. "There are many archukes but only one Wilson."

Once a dynastic restoration had been decided upon in principle, a new difficulty arose. Experience in Russia had revealed that red republicans are not easily rushed. It takes time to set monarchs up and no little skill into the bargain. The grand conclave in Paris would not pick a potentate without the approval of Mr. Wilson, then at grips with a stubborn Senate. The Rumanian dynasty got wind of this. It felt that it would be frozen out, given no voice in the issue. Overtures were opened with the Hapsburg behind the back of the Rumanian Premier. The coup in Budapest took Clemenceau by

surprise, stunned Lloyd George and made Wilson tremble for the League of Nations. Such is the account that in broken bits is served up to the indignant Socialists by their newspapers and which in some liberal organs at London finds a measure of confirmation.

Out of the confusion of counsel precipitated by the blow-up in Budapest one sensible stateswoman makes herself heard and she is no other than the Queen of Rumania. How her views get into the Socialist papers of an extreme type with some appearance of authority is as great a mystery as were the intimate relations that were wont to subsist between the Socialist *Vorwärts* and the Wilhelmstrasse under Bülow and the other Chancellors. The Rumanian Queen, we are informed by the press in question, is a Bolshevik to-day, a conservative to-morrow, a mild Socialist and an imperialist by turns. She is supposed to be disconcerted by the withdrawal of the favor of the United States Government, which she enjoyed so fully when Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lansing and Colonel House were in town. Now that Mr. Polk has got to Paris she is given the cut direct. Her understanding was that a member of the Rumanian dynasty would be in the procession of royalties to the United States. The object of these visits, she understands, is to make the dynasties popular among Americans, so that when kings are chosen for Budapest, for Vienna, for Petrograd, the Rumanians will not be overlooked. Unfortunately, to follow the chronicle or the rumor, whichever it be, the Queen of Rumania and her dynasty are out of favor at the British court. The Wilsonian policy with reference to monarchs is interpreted in the European press to be that no potentates can get to the White House until they have been approved at Buckingham Palace. The Queen of Rumania is not, for some reason, regarded with high favor by her royal relatives in London.

The Coming Man in Britain

Lord Robert Cecil is Regarded as the Strong Man of the Future

BRITISH politics are in a peculiarly fluid condition and no prophet has arisen bold enough to say what the outcome will be. It is agreed that the present Government contains few if any of the elements of stability, but whether Lloyd George will break with his Tory lieutenants or maintain the coalition by accepting their viewpoint are points on which there is little light.

There seems to be only one point in connection with British politics on which all observers are more or less agreed. The coming man is Lord Robert Cecil. A man of rare intellectual power and enlightened views. Cecil is looked upon as a real force. In fact, although he comes of the Toriest of Tory families, he is regarded as a possible leader for the Labor party! Discussing Cecil in the *English Review of Reviews*, H. Witson Harris writes:

His experience at Paris left visible marks on him. He went there one man and he came back another. He carried through with unlockt-for success the work he was charged with. He gave evidence of unsuspected executive ability. And when he came back to Parliament in June it was manifest that his work of the past six months had invested the member for Hitchin with a new authority and a new power of leadership both in the House of Commons and outside it.

He had filled a great place in Paris, and his work there had reacted on his personality. No man could hold the position he held in an international field and come back to play a secondary part in home politics. The impression he made at the Peace Conference, more particularly on the Americans, was

profound. Holding no status beyond that of an ordinary member of Parliament—he had ceased to be a Minister in November—he was as largely responsible as anyone for the two great constructive achievements of the Conference, the creation of the League of Nations and the relief of starvation in Europe through the Supreme Economic Council. No member of the Conference—certainly no member of the British delegation—was held in higher respect or regard.

If there is one thing that burned itself into Lord Robert's soul at Paris it was the suffering of the world. No man who had access, as he had, to the reports coming in almost hourly from relief agents in every corner of Europe could be insensible to the misery they unfolded. That was Lord Robert's text when he came home to address the House of Commons in April, and he has recurred to it again and again in speech and interview since. It may be that the part he had played when Minister of Blockade in imposing starvation as a weapon of war made him the more resolute in his fight against starvation when the war was at an end. At all events, his contact with the sufferings of the people bred in him a new sympathy with the people as people. Aristocrat, Tory, Cecil, as he was by tradition and origin, you could imagine him now preaching with all the conviction of his nature from the Corn Law Rhymers' lines:

The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns but men.

The share he took in the building of the League of Nations impelled Lord Robert still further along the same road. The men he was associated with most closely in that work, President Wilson, Colonel House, and General Smuts, were all sincere and convinced Liberals. On the League of Nations Commission President Wilson—the spokesman, as he had claimed in one of his addresses to the Senate, of "the silent mass of mankind everywhere"—

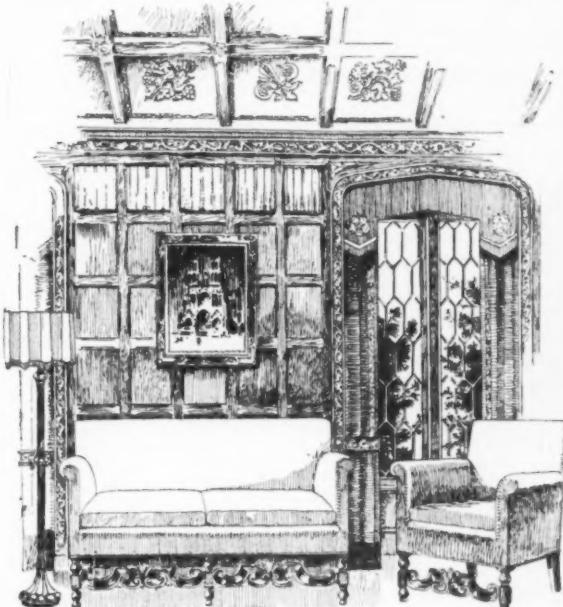
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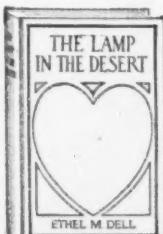


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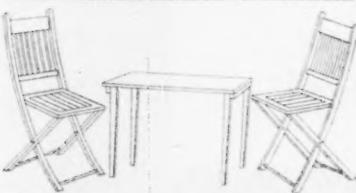
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and Lord Robert worked together with the harmony of some flawless piece of mechanism. There was a natural affinity between the two men. Their intellectualism and their singleness of purpose were the same. But Lord Robert had moved to get to where the President stood. He was traveling from the old Toryism through that hybrid state termed by Lord Henry Bentinck Tory Democracy into a stage of political development in which Toryism reasserted itself only as a kind of vestigial survival when such issues as the Welsh Church Act were in question.

That progressive advance was apparent even to observers who knew little of Lord Robert till they met him at Paris. The shrewdest and most experienced of the American delegates once discussed with me the chief personalities of the Conference. "There is one man here," he said, "who has been an extraordinary success." "You mean Lord Robert Cecil," I put in. "I do," he answered, and after a generous appreciation of the part played by Lord Robert at Paris he added, "And you know he's moving left all the time."

I think that characterization is just. So far as it is it confirms other indications of the part Lord Robert is to take in the political life of this country. He might have gone to America as ambassador. Americans who knew him would have chosen him before anyone. But he had good personal reasons for declining the post, and as events are shaping there is a greater sphere for him at Westminster than at Washington. He has come back to the House of Commons to make himself its leading figure. There is no one whose criticism is more uncompromising, more sincere, more constructive, or more just. He speaks as one having authority. His escape from the Treasury Bench to the independence of the private member has unfettered him.

But no one believes that Lord Robert Cecil has gone off the Treasury Bench to stay off it. All that is in question is the time and manner of his return. Someone described him not long ago as the only possible Tory Prime Minister. That judgment is already out of date. That Lord Robert is a possible Prime Minister is manifest. That he would be willing to head an administration composed of the type of politician who calls himself Tory to-day is not credible. Whether he would accept the Foreign Secretariate in the present Coalition Ministry is very doubtful.

Where, then, is he to find his associates in the work of Government? He is said to have observed once that the only party that had really interested him for ten years past was the Labor Party. There is still a wide gulf that separates him from even the moderates of that party—men like Mr. Henderson and Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clynes. Where they stand for nationalism, he preaches, as he has always preached, co-partnership. He would only go part way with them on Ireland. His views on a capital levy are not their views. None the less the likeness between Lord Robert's political sympathies and the Labor Party's is greater than the difference. If he acquired anything in Paris, he acquired the international view. Something of it, no doubt, was there already. The spirit that has inspired Lord Hugh Cecil's courageous condemnation of an exclusive nationalism is shared by his brother. But no man could work side by side with President Wilson on the League of Nations or with Mr. Hoover on the Supreme Economic Council without having the whole of his horizon broadened. And it is with the Labor Party alone that the international view resides as an effective force. It is to Labor and Radicalism, moreover, that the League of Nations, for which Lord Cecil probably cares more than any other cause in the political arena, must look for the support that will give it driving power and endurance. How far could Lord Robert carry with him, on the road towards disarmament, for example, the average member of the party to which he himself nominally belongs? To find his true collaborators he must cross the floor of the House of Commons.

Continued on page 53

William II and Napoleonic Precedent

Should Britain Shoulder Responsibility For Punishment of William II?

In the treaty of Versailles the Allies have declared their intention of taking the ex-Emperor William before an international court of law. Germany has accepted that treaty. We may assume then that the trial will take place.

London has been mentioned frequently as the probable place where the ex-Kaiser will be tried.

Norwood Young in the "Nineteenth Century" warns Britain against assuming responsibility for the punishment of William. He says in part:

It is charged against the ex-Emperor William that while speaking peace he has, throughout his reign, provoked war by his arrogant and aggressive attitude; that the crisis of 1914 was, to a large extent, produced by his inflammatory speeches and threatening gestures; that he could have averted the War, if he had so desired; that the atrocities committed by his troops—which in scale, in deliberation, in cruelty and wickedness, have never been equalled in the history of civilized countries—were designed and organized beforehand to his knowledge and with his approval; that his influence encouraged his Allies, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, to commit similar deeds of infamy. He excited men's passions; he desired the war of 1914; he approved of the barbarous manner in which it was conducted by the coalition of which he was the head and the inspirer. For the sake of still suffering humanity it is urgently necessary that the terrible indictments should be examined, and its truth or falsity exposed. If there is anything to be said in extenuation or explanation, the ex-Emperor has the right to be given the opportunity of bringing it forward, and the world is entitled to know it. The world demands that the origin of the calamity which has befallen it should be discovered, and that the guilt or innocence of the persons accused should be established.

The trial of the ex-Emperor should turn a powerful healing light upon the diseases from which we have been suffering. If, at its conclusion, the verdict is Guilty, the Napoleonic situation will reappear. The guilt of Napoleon was never in question; no trial was necessary. The sentence pronounced upon him, the treatment he was accorded, and the ultimate effect produced upon international relations, have an obvious bearing upon the problem of the ex-Emperor William.

On the 31st of March 1814 the armies of the three Allies, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, entered Paris in triumph. At the head of the great procession rode the Red Cossacks of the Guard of the Czar Alexander, who were followed by the Prussian Royal Guard, and the Russian Imperial Guard. There were no British soldiers, because Wellington's army was still confronted by Soult in the south of France.

On the same day, the Czar, Alexander, who acted throughout as the director of the policy of the Allies, issued the following Proclamation:

The Allied Sovereigns support the wishes of France, they will not treat any more with Napoleon nor with any member of his family, the conditions of peace will be improved by that guarantee; for the happiness of Europe, France must remain great and strong; they will respect her integrity as it existed under her legitimate Kings; they will recognize, they will guarantee the Constitution that France has given herself.

Napoleon fled to England, "the most generous of his enemies," as he called her, because he knew that his life would be safe in English hands, and feared, with good reason, that in any other country his existence would be short. The efforts of Blücher to catch and ex-

cute him, the demands of Alexander and Frederick William—that his death should precede the granting of an armistice—were not resisted by France, the fugitive's country, but by England. Once on board an English ship he had no further cause to fear for his life. He was taken safely by England, as mandatory of the Powers, to one of the healthiest spots on earth, and treated there, as the same Powers publicly announced, with every possible consideration. That Napoleon himself would not have exhibited such concern for the welfare of an important captive we know from the restrictions and the indignities that the Pope suffered at his hands. Sir Hudson Lowe was a man of natural kindness who did all that was possible to alleviate the tragic situation of his charge. The British Government and the British Governor gave an example to the world of humanity towards a fallen enemy.

Yet, from that day to this it has been believed, not only in France, but in every country of Europe, England included, and also in the United States—throughout the whole civilized world—that the British treatment of Napoleon was barbarous and that Sir Hudson Lowe was a brutal tyrant who enjoyed making be one of the deadliest, so that one of the leaders of the medical profession in England assumed that Napoleon's health must have been undermined at Long-his prisoner suffer. And the healthiest spot in the world has been supposed to wood by an "endemic" disease which has never been known there.

The world accused England of conniving at the escape of Napoleon from Elba; of saving his life after Waterloo, for her own base ends; and then of causing his death by deliberately ill-usage at St. Helena. If William became the prisoner of England, no publicity, no international support, and co-responsibility of other nations, no lavish supply of comforts, no failure of heroism in the captive, would save England from a second experience of the obtrusions of world-opinion.

William is not himself a dangerous man like Napoleon, but he represents, as Napoleon did not, an historic line of successful and powerful Princes who earned for their country a prestige, and a dominance, that made possible the union of German States under the leadership of Prussia. Bismarck could never have unified Germany but for the achievements of the Hohenzollern Princes. William, though at present a dethroned Prince, represents this Hohenzollern-Prussian glory which all Germany has desired to share. On his death it will be transferred automatically to the next representative. It is a thing which may be forgotten for a time, but will always exist and retain the potentiality of a renewed growth. We have to do with sentiments which, though differing in kind from the feelings inspired by the personal greatness of Napoleon, may be not dissimilar in ...

Experience has shown that imprisonment lends itself to the growth of a legend of martyrdom. If William the Second is sentenced to imprisonment it is sincerely to be hoped that the Napoleonic precedent will not be followed, that England will not accept again the thankless, the dangerous, task of gaoler. Intrigue would be constant, sensational rumors would never cease throughout the prisoner's life, wherever he might be detained; and his death, when it came, soon or late, would be attributed to the brutality of his guardians.

We cannot afford to incur once more the odium of the world, which would infallibly be our lot, however blameless we might be.

A Correction

In the article "The Menace of the Alien" which appeared in the October issue of MACLEAN'S the following sentence occurs: "The Government of Manitoba paid heed to the outcry to the extent of promising to let no more Hutterites in." This should have read: "The Dominion Government."

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Millions of Slaves in South Africa

Natives in Union Live Under Conditions That Amount to Slavery

A SERIOUS race problem is arising in South Africa, as a result of the relations between the whites and the natives. Most unusual restrictions are imposed on the natives. So severe are they in fact that William Charles Scully, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, characterizes the conditions under which they live as slavery. He offers a severe indictment of the white races, both Boer and British, for the treatment they are according the blacks. He writes in part:

In South Africa we are confronted by a very ominous situation. Within the Union limits there is a population of over six million souls, only a million and quarter of whom are European, and throughout the greater area comprised by the four provinces—Cape, Transvaal, Free State, and Natal—such a stringent and illiberal color line is drawn, and not alone have the non-European inhabitants no voice in the management of the country, but their social and economic conditions are such as to practically debar them from advancement. Moreover they are subjected to vexatious discriminating laws, and are the victims of a deep and growing race prejudice on the part of Europeans.

Many people are under the delusion that the English South African, as a rule, is the natives' protector, while the Dutchman is habitually the natives' oppressor. Unfortunately this is by no means the case. Neither race is prepared to treat the native or the colored man with liberality.

The law regarding natives and colored people is different in the four respective provinces of the Union. In only one particular is it uniform—in the Parliament of the Union no native or colored man may take a seat. In the Cape Province, white, black, and colored have an equal right to the franchise, but in various Acts of Parliament, discrimination between the races is distinctly made. One important measure—the Natives' Land Act of 1913—which forbade, under stringent penalties, the hiring of land to natives practically throughout the Cape Province, has been declared *ultra vires* on the ground that it conflicted with the Act of Union, but there is little doubt that before long the latter Act will be amended to suit the situation. Of late years laws of increasing stringency on the subject of squatting have been enacted. A special law relating to Cape Town and Port Elizabeth has been passed, which provides that no native who is not a registered voter can sleep in either of these cities except a domestic servant on his master's premises. Locations with sheet-iron huts have been established in the environs, but these are disgracefully overcrowded—as many as sixteen people sometimes sleeping in one small room. It is in fact impossible for all the natives employed at the docks, or in handling merchandise, or at other unskilled labor, to be accommodated in the locations referred to. Nevertheless natives are continually arrested for breaking a law which it is a physical impossibility for them to obey. Yet the very existence of the communities involved depends upon the labor of these natives. If the latter were to be eliminated, all business would stop as inevitably as a watch with a broken spring.

The conditions under which the natives live in the locations established in the environs of the towns of the Cape Province—and, in fact, of South Africa generally—are most pitiful. There is no fixity of tenure, and the plots allotted are preposterously small. The inhabitants are heavily taxed, but the taxes are not spent for their benefit. Utter squalor and discomfort usually reign. At places such as Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, and Somerset East, while the European death-rate is about 14 per

1,000, that of the natives is in the neighborhood of 70. There is no possibility of social or intellectual advancement. Municipal officers administer the local by-laws fitfully, often reviving some long dormant regulation, of the existence of which the natives were unaware. During an outbreak of typhus fever in Queenstown, Cape Province, in 1917, sick people were pulled out of bed, and their bedding, after being soaked in disinfecting liquid, was thrown back at them wet.

Cattle comprise the only form of wealth the native values. When, after long and faithful service on a farm, a native employee has acquired a small herd, he is apt to be dismissed because his master grudges him pasture. It is not uncommon, especially in one of the often-recurring droughts, to see natives wandering along the roads with their dwindling herds of emaciated kine, vainly seeking a refuge. In the end the few animals left alive will be purchased for the price of an old song by some European, and the unhappy seller will again enter service, and the prospect of a repetition of his gruesome experience in view.

In the mines and cities the native, cut off from family life and from the salutary influence exercised by contact with his clan, loses his ethical basis. In a large number of cases he takes to drink, and forms casual connections with women of his class. And yet, wonderful to relate, he remains law-abiding and responsive to sympathetic treatment. One strange peculiarity of the native is his power and moral resilience. A European who has once made a bad false step seldom or never fully recovers his self-respect. No doubt society is largely responsible for this. But with the native it is quite different; under sympathetic treatment an habitual criminal will become quite trustworthy. One of the most estimable natives I know was a few years ago a member of a gang of murderous robbers which terrorized Johannesburg. Yet this man I would now implicitly trust in any capacity.

Natal was granted a liberal constitution in 1856, but in 1865 a law was enacted which practically disfranchised the native. In the Free State both natives and colored people are disfranchised, and are subject to inconvenient and degrading disabilities. They have to carry passes when moving from place to place, and are not permitted even to hire grazing from European farmers. Some of the municipal regulations in force are grotesquely oppressive. For instance, no girl of the age of sixteen is permitted to live, even with her parents, in a location unless she be in European service. In the Free State there is a law in force—common to all municipal areas—under which all females over the age of sixteen have to take out passes, for which a substantial charge is made. The police are in the habit of making domiciliary visits, and bitter complaints are made regarding their treatment of girls approaching the taxable age. The municipal locations are unspeakably wretched places, as a rule. The miserable huts are built upon small plots, and are thus huddled grievously together. Yet in many of these locations any native found outside the door of his hut after nine o'clock p.m. is liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment.

The foregoing points to a thinly-disguised system of slavery—slavery in which there are many masters instead of one, and in which there is no individual responsibility for the welfare of the slave, or for his maintenance when decrepit.

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The Crown Prince Planned War

How He Courted Popularity With the German Army

PRINCESS RADZIWILL continues

her story of the sad married life of the ex-Crown Princess of Germany in *Good Housekeeping*. It consists largely of a series of incidents that show the brutality, the sensuality and the utter irresponsibility of the Crown Prince, but the story gives interesting glimpses behind the curtain at Potsdam. After reading of the home life of the Hohenzollerns, it is easy to understand many things in connection with the origin and conduct of the war.

The Princess writes, in part:

Cecile looked forward to her husband's arrival with dread. He greeted her, to her surprise, with gentleness and an appearance of affection. She knew his dissimulation too well to accept his manner for what it seemed, and she awaited an explanation and received it from the Crown Prince himself.

He had been greeted in India, as representative of the German ruler, with all the pageantry of royal honors, and had been lavishly feted and entertained by civil and military authorities. His vanity had been egregiously excited by the attention he had received, which he compared with the subjugation of his personality to that of his equally vain father in Berlin. Frederick William told his wife that he had determined to assume in Germany the position which was rightfully his own, and to take part in politics and the administration of affairs. He knew that the Kaiser disliked him and that he was unpopular. Popularity was the first thing which he must attain, and he asked the assistance of his wife. Cecile was in disagreement with the Kaiser, and well as she had learned to know her husband, she would have given much to be able to live with him with even the appearance of amity. She saw in his proposal the one purpose upon which they could agree. They perceived that the easiest place for the Crown Prince to gain popularity was where the Kaiser was unpopular; that was the army, whose high officers complained bitterly that William II did not have its interest enough at heart. It was given out that Frederick William, assisted by the Crown Princess, had taken up seriously the study of politics and military science. Eminent professors were summoned to the Kronprinzenpalast to give instruction and advice. The report that the future Emperor and his consort were sedulously preparing for the duties they would have to fulfil caught the popular taste, and the result became evident at the next annual military review.

The Crown Prince, in the full glory of military panoply and mounted on a superb bay horse, was greeted by outbursts of acclamation from the troops. The Kaiser, following him, was met by silence. The Kaiser was furious, and to prevent a repetition of the offense he changed the court etiquette; thenceforth, he decreed, the Crown Prince should follow his father upon parade. How much William II knew of the understanding between the Crown Princess and his heir Cecile did not know, but court life in Berlin was made up of intrigue within intrigue, and the Kaiser ordered that Frederick William was to be told by his wife of this alteration in the etiquette. Cecile vainly urged her father-in-law himself to give the order to his son, but was obliged to obey. The Crown Prince, as she—and probably the Kaiser—expected, was seized by one of his ungovernable rages. He accused her violently of playing a double hand and pretending to assist him merely that she might curry favor with his father by betraying to him all that took place. He raised his fist against her, and she fled out into the garden to escape his blows. As soon as she was sure that he had left the palace

she called her maids and had her belongings moved to a room next to the nursery where her children slept. She thought this would bring Frederick William to a realization of the risk of open disagreement between them, but he only thanked her for relieving him of her presence.

Thus Cecile found herself thrown back into the life in which her husband was never alone with her without voicing some derisive or abusive word. In the inconsistency of his character, he still asked her advice, though their estrangement widened and their marriage went from worse to worse.

Her position as Frederick William's wife had become involved and strangely inconsistent. He abused and consulted her, and she hated him and helped him. She did not yet fully realize what her aid to him in increasing his popularity with the army might come to mean. He had surrounded himself with young, warlauding officers. They discussed theoretical campaigns and lamented among themselves the poltroonery of the Kaiser who, after Agadir, had knuckled down to the Entente. Germany, they said, should have enforced her will by a short, victorious war; except by that she would never regain the standing she had lost. Their discussions culminated when, in the Reichstag, the Crown Prince applauded loudly the speeches of the opposition attacking the foreign policy of his father.

William II angrily summoned his son and told him he had been given command of the Death Hussars stationed at Dantzig—command which meant virtually exile; he was permitted to return to Berlin only if he received direct orders. The overweening vanity of her husband, Cecile discovered, found food for self-adulation in this. He was becoming, he told her, too important for his father to permit him to remain in Berlin. On taking over his command, his vanity burst forth in a speech to his troops, in which he told them that his greatest ambition was to lead them in a victorious war against the enemies of Germany. The speech, which was reproduced in newspapers all over the world, aroused in general only amusement at the vaporings of a conceited young man, but for Cecile it awoke realization of what had been taking place within her husband's mind.

The two countries against which he and his officers discussed campaigns were France and Russia. They were her countries; she was descended from the rulers of one, and she had been brought up in the other; she loved them both. The Crown Princess of Germany perceived suddenly that the stakes with which she and this supremely selfish young man had been gambling for the gratification of their young ambitions were human stakes of the greatest magnitude, that they involved the lives and fates of persons among whom she had spent the only happy portion of her life, persons whom she loved.

She tried to check the Crown Prince's expressions of his martial enthusiasm, and he told her she was ignorant and stupid. She refused then to be present at the gatherings of his officers where he discussed his future campaigns. When they assembled, she retired to her own rooms. She could hear from there their drunken shouts and the applause with which they greeted one another's belligerent toasts, and she recognized that the last bond between her and her husband—the recognition of their mutual ambition—had broken.

Her married life in this Dantzig exile was worse than she had yet experienced. He accused her of not forwarding his aims, and she replied with recriminations against the indignities to which he subjected her. He never met her without bickerings and taunts, and shouted at her the accusation that she had violated her marriage vows. This descendant of the Tzars wedded to a descendant of the Kaisers recognized that her life was becoming like a quarrel in a brothel.

He came in one day from riding and repeated to her his accusation of infidelity. She denied it indignantly.

His riding whip lay on the table where he had tossed it as he came in. He seized her suddenly and dragged her toward it. She struggled against him, but did not yet perceive what he intended; he had laid hands on her so many times before. He reached the whip and seized it. She fought and screamed under the lash, whose blows fell across her shoulders, neck, and cheek. The room filled with frightened servants who dared not interfere. The butler finally threw himself upon her husband. Others came to the man's aid, and they freed her from her husband's grasp.

Now, she resolved, she was going to leave him forever. At dark, when the house had grown quiet, she thrust a few necessary things into a traveling bag, and selected the most valuable of her jewels and put them in the bosom of her dress. She kissed her children as they slept, covered with a thick veil the long, red whip mark that marked her cheek, and went down the servant's staircase to the street. At the railway station she found a train ready to depart, and not caring where it went as long as it was going toward the south, she bought a second-class ticket.

She decided on the train to go to her mother, who was at Geneva. She waited anxiously during the long stop the train made at Berlin, but she saw no evidence of any search for her. When she had passed Frankfurt, she felt safe. At Lindau, the last station upon German soil, an officer in the full uniform of the general commanding the garrison of the town entered her compartment and, addressing her as "Imperial Highness," requested her in the name of the Emperor to leave the train. He must, he informed her, use force if she refused. Her maid, she learned afterward, on discovering her absence, had run to the Crown Prince, who replied that he was glad that she was gone and would do nothing about it. Then the servants, in their perplexity, had wired the Kaiser, and he had ordered that she be stopped and brought back to Berlin.

Cecile begged them to allow her a day's rest in a hotel at Lindau, and the general agreed, but set an armed sentinel on guard before her door. She bribed the chambermaid, with a thousand marks and the promise of a thousand more, to telegraph her mother. Within an hour of the receipt of the message the Grand Duchess Anastasia was on the train. On her arrival at Lindau she had herself driven to her daughter's hotel. The sentry refused to allow her to enter Cecile's room. The Grand Duchess, crying aloud her daughter's name, seized the soldier and by main force pushed him aside; the

man dared not use violence against a cousin of the Tsar. Cecile, hearing her mother's cries, opened the door, and the two women fell into each other's arms. They locked themselves in the room, and the general, not knowing what to do under these embarrassing circumstances, telephoned the Kaiser for instructions.

Meanwhile Cecile showed her mother the red whip wear across her cheek and told her story. Anastasia Michalowna's ambition yielded for the time being to her mother love, and she sent a message to the Kaiser, demanding a separation between Cecile and the Crown Prince and that Cecile should be given possession of the children. She would, she asserted, if this were not done, acquaint all the sovereigns of Europe with what had occurred and ask their intercession for the protection of her daughter. The Kaiser made no reply to this, but sent instructions to the general. Cecile, he commanded, was to be separated from her mother and sent back at once to Berlin. Again, calmer feelings having intervened, the lure of the crown triumphed over the feelings of the women, and Cecile tearfully departed from her mother as a prisoner of state.

What would be done with her, she and her mother could not guess; some German castle, they thought, might immure her for a time. But to her surprise the Kaiser and Kaiserin met her at the railway station in Berlin and embraced her publicly with every appearance of affection. This time the Crown Prince in his abuse of his wife had gone too far. There were vague rumors current of all that had occurred. William II did not want his heir to be actually unpopular, though he was jealously careful that the Crown Prince's popularity should not approach his own, and he now feared a scandal which might influence feeling against the Hohenzollern dynasty.

The Kaiser and Kaiserin escorted Cecile to the Berlin Palace, which had been hurriedly opened and prepared for her reception. The opening of the Berlin season was made to serve as an excuse for her reappearance in the capital. She had been making, it was given out, a permitted visit to her mother. Her children and personal attendants were brought to Berlin and established in the palace with her. The Crown Prince was ordered to remain in Dantzig and was told that if, later, he ever raised his hand against his wife, he would be given a period in some German fortress to think it over.

The Coming Man in Britain

Continued from page 48

Will he cross it? If to cross it means joining the Labor Party, the answer is almost certainly No. But there are two possible steps short of that. One is the evolution of a new Centre Party. That experiment has already been tried, and Lord Robert has shown pretty clearly what he thinks of it. Such a party was recently floated under distinguished patronage. Mr. Winston Churchill was the guest at its first public function, and his speech was devoted to an eloquent statement of the case for the new group. Lord Robert Cecil was invited to address the second meeting. He went. He said much on the industrial question, much on Ireland; on the Centre Party nothing at all. It is not on that foundation that he sees the Progressive administration of the future based.

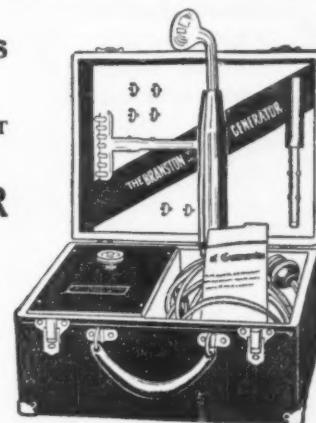
But there is still another alternative, at once the most probable and the most hopeful. So far as deliberate political strategy goes, Lord Robert need be credited with no plan at all. He is no puller of strings. His relations with the Press are hardly less distant than Mr. Asquith's. His only manifest purpose is to voice fearlessly the conviction

tions to which wide knowledge, broad and broadening sympathies, and unswerving allegiance to principle have led him. But following that line he cannot remain in isolation. Already he is insensibly gathering round him men who look to him instinctively for leadership. We have been waiting too long for such a man to fail to recognize him when he comes.

Out of that must spring, at the lowest, a group of men with a definite common purpose. In the next Parliament such a group may have a large part to play. It is doubtful whether any party can come back with a clear majority of the House after the next General Election. It is equally doubtful whether Labor, even if it did control the House, could form an efficient administration. But a Labor Party holding perhaps 300 seats out of 700 would have reason to welcome a working alliance with a group of progressives (whether ticketed technically Conservative or Liberal) consisting of men like Lord Robert Cecil, Major Astor, Lord Henry Bentinck, or Captain Wedgwood Benn, with other men on both sides who have not yet made their mark in the House of Commons.

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Juice of one orange.

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Orange Cocoanut Custard Jelly

By adding a custard made by cooking the yolks of two eggs and a cupful of milk until thick enough to coat a silver spoon, and a half cupful of grated cocoanut to the jelly and pouring into wet molds and serving on lettuce with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing, makes a delicious Orange Nut Salad.

Orange Charlotte

By adding the well-beaten whites of two eggs to this jelly just before it sets, beating until light and frothy and chilling in a wet mold lined with lady fingers or stale cake, a delicious Knox Orange Charlotte is made.

Orange Nut Salad

By doubling the amount of lemon juice, adding one tablespoonful each of grated lemon and grated orange rind, one-half cupful of chopped nuts to the jelly and pouring into wet molds and serving on lettuce with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing, makes a delicious Orange Nut Salad.

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German Agents Corrupt British Statesmen?

London Editor Declares That There
Has Been a Distinct Campaign

THREE is an editor in England who believes most religiously in the reality of a German menace now as well as before the war. Leo J. Maxse, of the *National Review*, has always believed—and has never scrupled to say so—that the German cause had friends close to the British Government. On many occasions he has declared that sinister influences were at work—during the war, at the Peace Conference and since. Now he asserts that Germany has always placed agents in London to corrupt British statesmen. On this point, he says:

The painful revelations of Herr Erzberger and Mr. Henderson help to explain a mystery of British policy—namely, the timorousness of His Majesty's Ministers vis-à-vis Germany. They generally and invariably act as though they were afraid of the Germans, as though Germans knew something which they are anxious to conceal. In a word, our Government discourages us by behaving as though it might be blackmailed by Germany. This accounts for the popular legend of "a Hidden Hand" exercising unwholesome influence in the interests of the enemy. Undesirable

aliens, mostly of Teutonic origin and of Hebrew extraction, habitually form questionable friendships with prominent British politicians with whom "on view" they have little in common. These intimacies prevail whatever Party is in power or whoever be Prime Minister. We cannot help fearing that these cosmopolitans, whose homes may be in this country but whose hearts are elsewhere, may occasionally inveigle our clever but unsophisticated statesmen into transactions that place them to some extent in enemy power, if only because vanity or heedlessness causes them to abstain from making a clean breast of their follies. There has for many years past been "a garrison" of wealthy Germans in London whose mission it was to establish an intimate relations as possible with the heads of political Parties and to cultivate "coming men." They did their work uncommonly well from the Fatherland's point of view, and only failed thanks to the Pan-Germans, who relied entirely on force, despising guile, not realizing that when it comes to fighting the British and the French are Germany's superiors—as the Americans would have been in another year or two—but that in a political contest of craft and cunning the Allies would not have a dog's chance. Had Von Kuhlmann been accorded a free hand by the Great General Staff in 1917 he might, with the aid of his confederates in London, have retrieved a situation that was bound to be lost on "the stricken field."

Wilson's Speech Clogged Motor

How a Pilot, With Aeroplane Ren-
dered Useless by Propaganda,
Made "Wonderful" Landing

DISTRIBUTING propaganda over enemy territory from aeroplanes was never a popular amusement with allied aviators. In the *Atlantic Monthly*, Dabney Horton relates an interesting experiencing in dropping these "paper bombs." He was sent on a propaganda-dropping trip, and goes on to tell how they fared—he and his observer:

Behind me the observer was slipping the elastics from the rolls. Each roll, as he loosened its fastening, he threw downward so that it would not burst into a cloud of flying sheets before it was well clear of the control wires. We marched the air-lanes up and down, three miles behind our own first lines. The steady wind caught the message and floated it eastward to the enemy. It was a slow job, and we untidied the clean sky for two miles north and south. Five hundred metres beneath, we saw the fluttering leaflets we had dropped on each previous trip. At first I thought I was looking at flocks of swallows, whose darting wings twinkled in the sunlight; but it was only our own work going on beneath us.

We were quite alone. There were no Huns in the air to disturb us, and our own machines were not yet up. Even the "Archies" let us pass unannounced. Generally the Boche battery in Corbeny Wood spoke to us as we went by. If they saw us to-day they must have thought us game unworthy of their powder. If, on returning, I could only say, "They shot well to-day over Corbeny," or, "Another hole to patch in the left wing!" I should have been happy. But there was nothing to justify our carrying weapons on the aerial highway.

A cloud-bank formed in front of us, and I dropped a quarter of a mile to avoid it. The paper ammunition had all been shot off and we turned downward and homeward. I had my eyes on the oil-gauge when my motor began to give snorts of uneasiness and to buck.

I worked the throttle to feel its heart, but could not coax it back into its accustomed stride. It snorted louder and pulled more feebly. I had two more wooded valleys to cross ere I could afford to slide down the long gravity road that ended on the home landing-ground. To land in the woods meant a broken machine and no dinner—and we were dropping fast. I did everything the inventor of the motor had provided for me to do. I opened the auxiliary gasoline tank; I pumped the auxiliary gasoline pump; I turned the auxiliary ignition switch, and I wished ardently for an auxiliary motor.

When still half a mile high and home not yet in sight, I decided to give up and come down before I was forced to come down like Davy Crockett's coon. There was no place to land with any hope of saving the plane, but I was angry with the cranky machine and wanted to save my own precious neck. Below was a dark-green patch that I recognized for a little wood of dwarf pines, closely planted and only ten feet high. With a dead motor I could reach the pines, skim over their tops as over the daisies on a flying-field, and come to rest there when the plane lost its speed. This meant an insignificant ten-foot fall to earth, the fall broken by the tree-tops. And so I planned my descent. I made my last turn while still four hundred yards high, and sped the length of the wood, to be sure to touch near the middle of it. My observer was now showing unusual interest in the piloting of the plane—a thing rare in observers.

At last the sharp pine-tops were skimming beneath my wheels. The plane was leveled out and losing speed slowly. I saw clearly how the smash was going to wreck the poor old bus completely, and leave us without a scratch or a bruise. The swift moment of waiting was sublime. Curtius about to leap into the gulf, Joan of Arc mounting to the stake, Arnold Winkelreid facing the Austrian spears—I had all the sensations of these. And then chance spoiled the climax; the gulf closed before the horseman leaped; the fire refused to burn; the spears missed the heroic breast; and my undeserving plane dropped heavily and unharmed in a clearing in the wood, a clearing so small that I had not seen it!

We dismounted, my passenger and I. His was the mood of a man escaped

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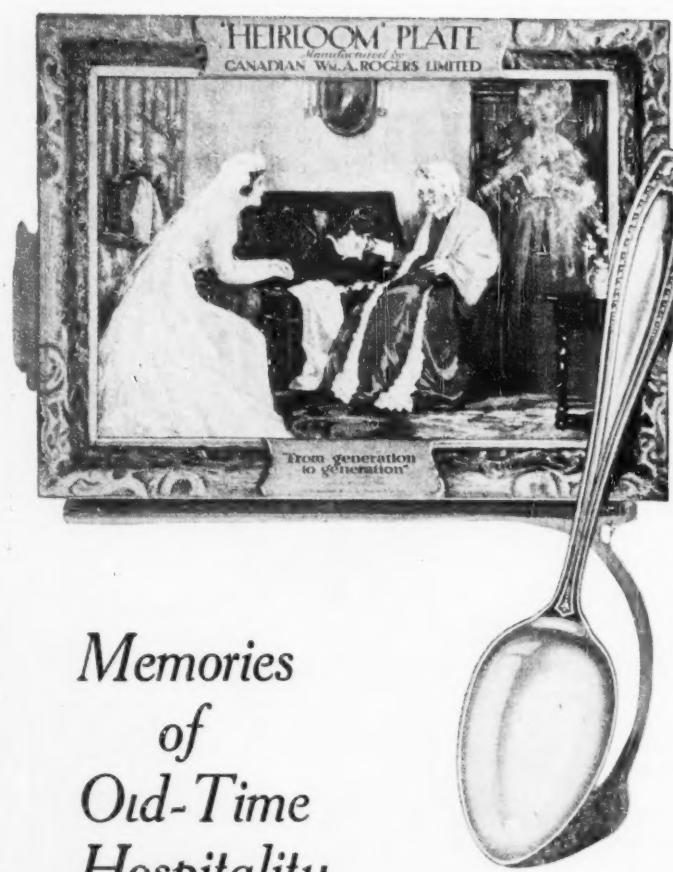
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from imminent death, and I took my cue at once. I became the experienced old pilot, accustomed to making forced landings in woodland clearings sixty yards square! "Bon Dieu de mille bons Dieux!" I panted, "I was afraid for a moment that I'd miss it." This with the accents of recent mental stress.

The cause of the motor-trouble was the cause of the expedition itself; a bit of propaganda, a bit of Wilson's speech, that had flown into the internal workings of my motor when I ducked under a cloud and into a shower of my own paper. The motor had caught a couple of sheets between the cylinders, and the mouth of an exhaust-valve had chewed

up an oily wad of it and ruined its digestion therewith.

This bizarre accident was kept secret. The eight escadrilles on our field knew of it, and my friends in Paris; but no one else. We feared that if the Huns heard of it, they might use the idea and make the sky untenable with a continual paper barrage. I write this account during the Armistice.

We reached home that night two hours late for dinner, but not too late to find sympathetic ears for my wonderful tale of pilot-craft. I told it in full, and even added that I had long had my eye on that sixty-yard clearing as an emergency landing-ground.

A Strange Race in Ireland

Small Group Live Apart and Elect Their Own King

THERE is a strange corner of Ireland to-day where a strange group of people live. It is called the Claddagh. A writer in *Munsey's Magazine* tells about the place and its people as follows:

The Claddagh is a straggling settlement across the river Corrib from the old seaport town of Galway. Its inhabitants are a dark-haired, dark-skinned people who are popularly believed to be of Spanish blood. This theory of their origin is supported by the historical fact that Galway long carried on an active trade with Spain; but ethnologists regard it as more probable that they are a remnant of the prehistoric Irish race of Firbolgs, who were driven to rocky sea-shores and mountain fastnesses by the invasion of the taller and lighter Milesians. Their settlement on the Corrib seems to have existed since the

dawn of history, and traces of their primitive stone dwellings down at the water's edge are to be seen to this day.

The present Claddagh village is a huddle of thatched houses with a population of about fifteen hundred. The men live by fishing—mackerel, mostly—in their open boats, and the women carry the catch to the market in flat baskets, which they poise on their heads. The dress of the women is extremely picturesque, and is worn with graceful dignity—a bright petticoat woven at the loom and dyed with madder or indigo, a cloak worn like the Spanish mantilla, and a hood or kerchief draped around the head. They seldom intermarry with strangers, but of late the steam trawlers that sweep the wider Atlantic have called away their young men to adventure outside Galway Bay, and many never return. For a long time they chose their own king, and even to-day the older men govern and the old customs are maintained. Gold ornaments of rare design are part of the inheritance of their dim Celtic past.

New Form of Song Discovered

It is Called "Blues"—Prevalent in Southern Underworld

A NEW kind of song has been discovered—or rather “unearthed.” It seems that for a long time there has been a type of song known as “blues” peculiar to the underworld of America, short bits of characteristic doggerel sung always in a crooning minor key. The rest of the world had probably never heard the term “blues” until a young singer and dancer named Gilda Gray introduced a typical number into a New York review. It was called “The Beale Street Blues” and it took the place by storm. Ever since there has been wide investigation going on into the prevalence and origin of “blues” and it has been found that they constitute a distinct departure in song music. The New York Sun has some interesting material on the subject:

Listeners have sometimes thought that the blue must be founded on a negro spiritual. It has the musical character as well as the reflective nature of some of the negro hymns. Walter Kingsley says the missionaries did sing these hymns to the inhabitants of Beale and similar streets in the South in their efforts to change the ways of life that maintained there. Perhaps this was not accomplished so often as the good men and women hoped. But the hymn made its effect. It remained in the knowledge of the negroes who had heard it shot at their ears in the attempt to make them better.

So the “blue” is the song of their aspirations and desires, good or evil, and it assumes the form and sometimes

the tune of the hymn, since that appears to Beale Street the only spiritual form of expression that ever came into its knowledge. The blue may be about an altogether unmentionable aspiration. It may on the other hand be expressive of a temporary piety. Sometimes the words of the missionaries and the desires of the singer become most incongruously blended, as in Miss Gray’s song. As the “blue,” which must inevitably be syncopated in tune and more or less affected by the rubato of jazz, comes to the public now, it mingles the voice of the dweller in the depths of Beale Street with the hoarse calls of the missionary to higher things.

“Blues” are not for the expression of religious aspiration or the normalities of home and wife and mother. “Blues” are not written to relieve the soul of church wardens, commuters, disciples of Dr. Crane, and the pure in heart of the theatre. They are the little songs of the wayward, the impudent sinners, of the men and women who have lost their way in the world. “Blues” are for the outlaws of society; they are little plaintive or humorous stanzas of irregular rhythm set to music not of the conservatories. When one laments a season in prison one sings “The Jail House Blues.” For the girl whose “sweetheart” of the dark alleys has gone elsewhere there are many blues, such as “He Left Me Flat Blues,” “Kidded Again Blues,” and “A Rat at Heart Blues.” The forsaken male has his own repertoire, which includes “Lying Skirt Blues,” “She Done Him Dirt Blues,” and “He’s Sore on the Dames Blues.” The loser at craps, the luckless sport ruined by slow horses and fast women, the mourner for rum, the profiteer in things forbidden whom the law has evicted, the sick and lonely woman—all these have their appropriate blues.

Home Rule in Spain

*Catalonia is Demanding Autonomy
From Madrid*

THE world is in a sorry muddle. Every country on the face of the earth seems to have its own civil war; the United States with its race divisions, Great Britain with Ireland, Portugal with its royalist faction, Spain with its Catalonia. The trouble in Spain, quite characteristically, is very colorful and dramatic. Even though the world at large takes no interest in Spanish affairs, the Catalonian situation is such that it compels attention when the facts are known. José De Armas tells the story most entertainingly in the *Edinburgh Review*.

"From the bad Spanish Government; from the incapacity and poverty of the Spanish state," says Senor Rovira y Virgili in his book on *El nacionalismo catalán*, "the Castilians of Castile and all other Spanish subjects suffer. But the Castilians of Castile do not suffer the imposition of another language, of other laws, of another culture, of another spirit; and this imposition, in a word, is what constitutes our national question." The Catalonians claim that they are citizens of the ancient kingdom of Aragon, of a different race from the Castilians, with a brilliant and glorious history of their own. They feel proud of their past, and their prowess at sea, of their conquest of Majorca, of their long dominion over Sicily, of the deeds of their heroic sea-captain Roger de Lauria, of the craft and shrewdness of their King Ferdinand, praised by Machiavelli, of their wars with France and their struggles against the infidel. In spite of the fact that Dante wrote in the 13th century of *l'avara proverba di Catalanni*, they claim to have been in the Middle Ages as wealthy and prosperous as they are now. Spaniards elsewhere allege that, if Catalonia became independent of Spain, a prohibitive tariff imposed by the Spanish Government would be enough to ruin her, for the tariff at present protects Catalonia, and permits her to sell throughout the kingdom, without competition, her cloths and the other products of her industry. Perhaps this is true, but the Catalonians ascribe their prosperity, not to the Spanish tariff, but to their own capacity and energy, which, in spite of Spanish misgovernment, have made them rich. And in this they are right. They do not need Spain, if they can secure other markets; and the advantageous position of Barcelona on the Mediterranean should render such an expansion easy.

"Catalonia," says Melquiades Alvarez, a sane Spanish politician from Asturias, "has a right to be autonomous, and attend to her own economic affairs, because she has suffered too much from the backward and reactionary spirit of the Spanish administration." Alvarez does not believe that home rule would bring about the separation of Catalonia from Spain; and many other impartial Spaniards think with him. The problem, consequently, is not solved, nor are the demands of Catalonia satisfied. The settlement has been merely deferred.

While the Catalonian deputies were talking about home rule and their rights in the Cortes, and the anti-Catalonian propaganda raging furiously at Madrid, the people at Barcelona hissed and stoned a Spanish vaudeville artist, Mary Focella, who dared to sing at a theatre there a couplet ending "Long live Spain." Riots and grave public disorders took place; encounters with the police resulted in several deaths and other casualties; and the Government suspended the constitutional guarantees. But, at the same time, the public troubles in Barcelona assumed another aspect, which has frightened even the Catalonian home rulers and induced them to be somewhat more prudent.

The *Lliga* is a political association, and its purpose is to secure for Catalonia an autonomous government with the least possible interference from Spain. But the majority of its members belong to the middle class; its directors are nearly all well-known bourgeois; and they have impressed on the *Lliga* a conservative character, even a decidedly Roman Catholic one. The wealthy merchants, the owners of large Catalonian factories, the members of the liberal professions (lawyers, physicians, engineers, architects, etc.), who form the majority of the *Lliga*, are not the only representatives of public opinion in Catalonia. Still more numerous, and organized against them, are the working classes. Barcelona is a big industrial city; and the large majority of its laboring population is not composed of Catalonians. The rest of Spain contributes much more than Catalonia to the number of its working men; and the Galicians, Asturians, Biscayans, Andalucians, and even Castilians (without reckoning the French, Italian, Germans and Russians), outnumber the Catalonians in the factories. This was one of the things that strengthened Senor Lerroux in Barcelona when he opposed the *Lliga* there, and organized the Republican Radical party. But after Senor Lerroux's electoral victories over the *Lliga*, and notably since 1909, Barcelona gradually changed, and in a few years became, from a centre of political conspiracies, a hot-bed of revolutionary anarchism.

Germany Out to Conquer World

Tremendous Trade Campaign is Under Way Already

GERMANY is again out to conquer the world, declares Robert Crozier Long in *Saturday Evening Post*. This time it will not be by means of a "field grey host" and the products of Krupp's but by the scientific management of factories and the energy of traveling salesmen. Germany, in other words, is making a new bid for world trade.

It is not a mere theory that the writer in question spins. He presents facts and figures that are staggering. The German world-domination scheme is already under way. The German traders are literally gobbling up European markets. They have, peculiarly enough, some very distinct advantages which Mr. Long explains. First of all he shows that the peace terms,

sweeping as they are, contain a measure of advantage for the Teutons:

And above all Germany has the special advantage that her fighting days are over. That is the real meaning of the gibe which one hears in the streets of Berlin that though the Allies won the war Germany won the peace. The Peace Conference, it follows, may have done the non-German political world a service when it drew Germany's political teeth, killed her high diplomacy and broke her sword. But thereby it rendered the non-German commercial world no thoughtful service. It is easier to fight with one weapon than with two; and Germany to-day—rid of the cost of an army and a navy, with the brain power which she formerly wasted on planning raids through Belgium concentrated on the arts of peace—is more formidable by far than in the vanished fighting era of her history.

In Germany and in the adjacent countries which are the present chief theatres of German commercial activity this eternal paradox—the dwindling of the lion and the wolf, and the unceasing



Here's a Brush

that will be a daily pleasure and will give you a lifetime of shaving comfort. It's a

TRADE
SIMMS
SET IN RUBBER
SIMMS
MARK
LATHER BRUSH

One of the 200 "Better Brushes"—with better bristles, better handles, better workmanship, that are better value for the money.

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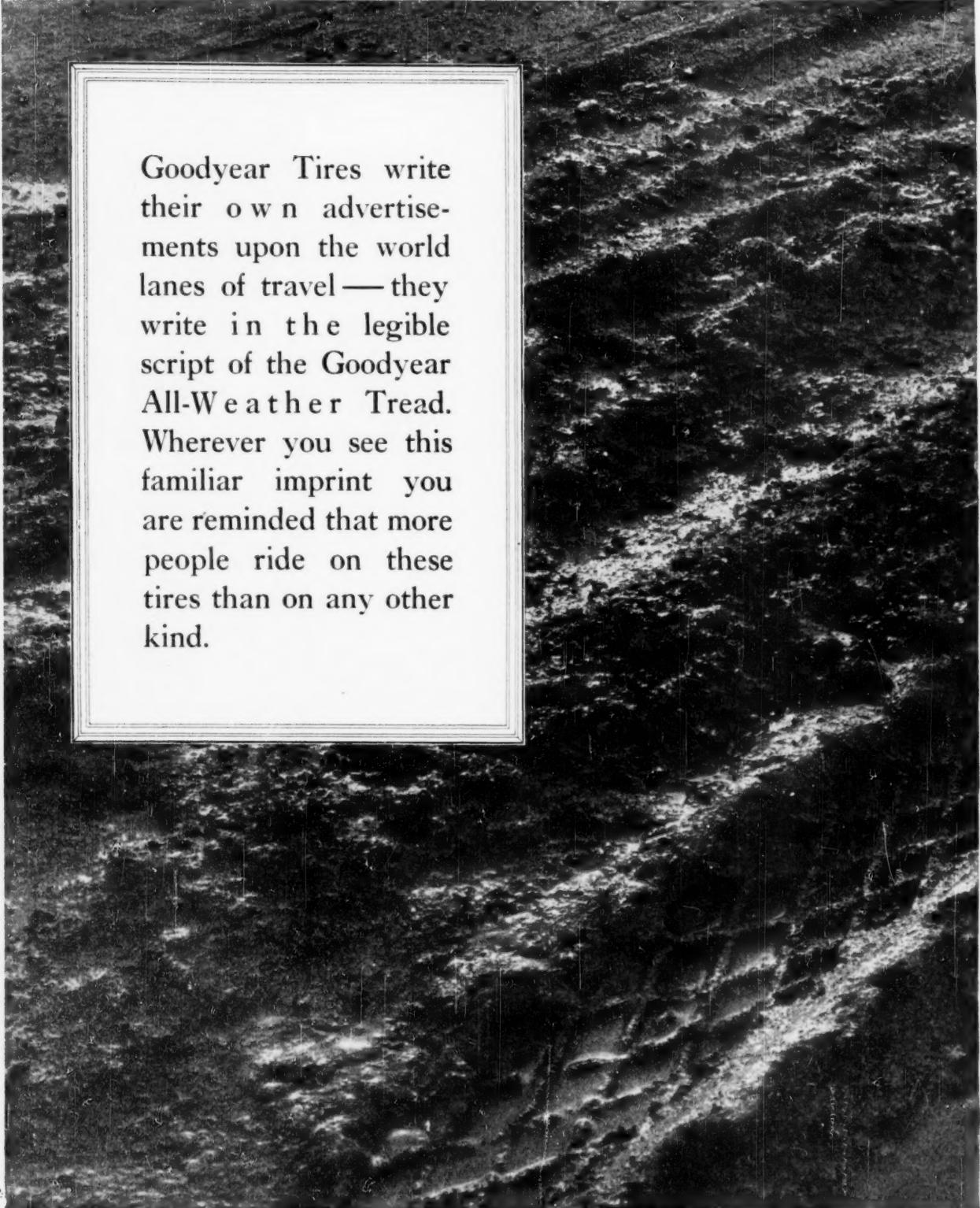
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Goodyear Tires write their own advertisements upon the world lanes of travel—they write in the legible script of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. Wherever you see this familiar imprint you are reminded that more people ride on these tires than on any other kind.

GOOD YEAR
MADE IN CANADA

All Weather Tread



Goodyear Service Station Dealers
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Mons. Vivaudou speaks to the Women of Canada

"I want you to use this Talcum and Face Powder; this Cream and Toilet Water; the other delightful Mavis products. I want you to use them because I have made them for you—and in the making has gone my skill, my enthusiasm, all the lore of my art. I suppose that is why you who have used them have called them

Talc . Face Powder . Toilet Water
Perfume . Sachet . Cream . Rouge . Soap

Send 15c to Vivaudou, 344 St. Paul St. West,
Montreal, for a generous sample of Mavis Extract.

Lyon's Limited, Montreal. MacLean, Benn & Nelson,
Limited, Montreal.

IRRESISTIBLE!"

increase and multiplying of the laborious ant—is brought to notice every day. In Germany one sees it in unexampled preparations to produce and export, to cut prices, to regain markets, to win new ones; and in the small neutral countries one sees it in panic preparations to resist the inevitable flood of impossibly cheap German wares. Most of all one sees it in Soviet Russia, where the German engineer and German trader flourish in a milieu of hardship from which the toughest Ally citizens long ago fled. In all these countries acute economical observers realize that the supposed crushing of German commerce is a myth. They remember that Germany after the Thirty Years' War was far worse off than to-day; and that after the Seven Years' War the Prussia of Frederick the Great was a byword for poverty, mean living and anti-commercial bureaucratism. So that neither in Germany itself nor in the neighboring neutral countries does one find a single intelligent observer who does not foresee a time, which historically considered is not very remote, when republican Germany will be the greatest seller in Europe, and not impossibly the greatest seller in the world.

Enterprising German business men with whom I talked in the first weeks after the revolution all laid stress upon this dominant aspect of Germany's commercial renascence—on the fact that only as a great seller, as a great exporter, can Germany again get on her legs. And for that she must make every conceivable sacrifice.

"We have nothing to export; but we shall export our own blood," are the words that were used to me three months ago by the agent of a German firm who arrived in Stockholm to get orders for a class of metal articles of which every German household was at that time in dire need. And at the present time in the city of Copenhagen Germans are offering unlimited quantities of glass, though at home there is a complete glass famine due to the fact that the Saxon, Bavarian and Silesian glassworks no longer get the Bohemian soft coal upon which they depend, while nearly all of the other most important glassworks are on occupied ground.

But the doctrine that Germany will sell abroad what she cannot afford to buy at home is well understood. A frantic export trade is necessary because only in that way can the shrunken exchange of the Reichsmark be restored; because only in that way can the foreign indebtedness, swollen to enormous dimensions by the treaty of peace, be met; and finally because, however unpleasant it may be for the home consumer, it is indispensable to cast goods upon foreign markets while these are in a state of flux, and before rival sellers have consolidated their position. So—as indeed the new German Prime Minister Bauer told the National Assembly at Weimar—indispensable foods, indispensable clothes and indispensable raw materials are all that Germany will consume for at least a generation to come; and her surplus of productive energy will be concentrated on a profitable and redeeming export trade.

Mr. Long goes on to show that the germ of production has fastened itself into the German system as never before. They have, according to the facts at his disposal, forgotten their socialism to that extent at least. He says on this point:

What Lenin has been forced to do in Bolshevik Russia, Germany's Socialists have been forced to do in their Socialist state. In both countries, that is, production has again come to the fore. The old German Socialists from Marx to Kautsky preached that the cause of working-class misery was the unfair distribution of profits. The capitalist pocketed too much. To-day, when the capitalist is pocketing nothing, the workman is no better off. So the more intelligent German Socialists, quite in the way expounded by Lenin in his famous pamphlet published last Christmas, are preaching that production, not distribution, is the thing that counts. In the workman's own inter-

est production must be forced. Already this lesson has been partly learned. After Germany's production of pig iron and steel reached its minimum in March and April last, is began slowly to recover, and—what is more important—the per capita output began to increase. As results the German ironmasters were able to suspend a new rise in prices and to instruct their foreign agents that within a few months prices would probably come down.

But the outstanding feature about Germany's determined bid for world trade is the tremendous advantage that comes from the depreciation of German currency. By this means, Germany is able to undersell all competitors and still make an enormous profit. Mr. Long explains this important fact as follows:

Though the cost of production has risen more rapidly in Germany than in a typical neutral country the fall in the exchange of the mark which took place when most neutral countries were maintaining or even bettering their exchanges, has much more than compensated. Measured in international currency, therefore, Germany is still one of the cheapest producers in the world. The complaints made over high prices by Germans—paid as they are in their devaluated mark—should not blind foreigners to this. The Scandinavian reader of German newspapers sees pages full of advertisements of *Sommerkleider* and *Seidenjäcken* and *Blusen* at prices which in marks hardly exceed the Scandinavian price in crowns, and which in international exchange are not more than half the Scandinavian price; and neutral visitors to the supposed clothless Germany are even begged by their female relatives to bring back with them some of the marvelously cheap German goods. It is the same in other trades. The Selingen manufacturers, who formerly sent to America 70 per cent. of their export, declare in their last report that at present exchange rates they can certainly regain the South American market, and that "as long as the mark is depreciated we can easily compete with the products of England, Sweden or any other country of Europe."

How this new system works to Germany's advantage may be seen from a concrete case. A certain unit of goods produced in Germany sells at home for 10,000 marks. The law declares that a similar unit of goods must not be sold abroad for less—that is, in the case of Switzerland, for 12,500 francs, which is the peace-exchange equivalent of the home price. But since the armistice the exporter has been allowed to abate 50 per cent. of this price. He sells therefore to the Swiss customer for 6,250 francs. As 100 francs are to-day worth on exchange about 250 marks, he receives for his francs no less than 15,625 marks. And if on the 10,000 marks charged to the home consumer he made a profit of 20 per cent., or 2,000 marks, his profit on the sale to Switzerland is 7,625 marks, or nearly 100 per cent. These figures describe an actual deal discussed in the German press. This "dumping without suffering the dumper's loss," as Germans boast, is being practised in nearly all branches on a very large scale.

Germany, of course, has not yet wholly solved the problem of adapting her war industries to peace. But the pundits of Versailles who imagined that by forbidding her to manufacture war materials other than for her needs for her now insignificant army and her microscopic fleet they had set her a particularly difficult task in industrial adaptation, in reality played into her hand. They forced her to mobilize practically the whole of her industry for the really decisive branches of production.

In Stockholm I found the agent of an English munitions firm rushing frantically round on the vain errand of inducing Sweden to purchase English cartridges, which his firm, having idle plant and idle hundreds of workmen, could turn out for next to nothing. At the same time was on visit an agent of Krupp's, trying to get orders for—what? For typewriters. That is, he

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE,
Toronto, Ontario

I have pinned \$2.00 to this coupon. Please send me MACLEAN'S for one year.

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Be Independent—Own a Grapefruit and Orange Grove—A Truck or Poultry Farm. Increase Your Income.

You Can Start a Grove Today Under Our New Plan

\$300 to \$500 Per Acre Profit

Develop a profit-earning fruit farm without leaving your present position—provide for your future. A small payment now and a few dollars invested each month should reap large and increasing dividends from year to year. You can now secure the land you want on payments as low as \$2 per acre per month.

A profit-producing fruit grove is a permanent investment and provides protection against old age.

THE RIGHT LAND IN THE RIGHT LOCATION AT THE RIGHT PRICE

We Have It—Any Size Farm

From 10 to 600 acres or more. These splendid lands are suburban to Tampa, the metropolis of South Florida. Here you find the most healthful, the most delightful climate in North America. For nine years we have been right here helping develop Hillsboro—the banner agricultural County of Florida, and we are still here to serve you and to help you obtain the farm you want. Whether it's 10 or 20 acres, for a Fruit Grove, Poultry or Truck Farm, or from 80 to 600 acres for General Farming, Cattle and Hog Raising, we can give it to you on very easy payments extending over 2 or 3 years' time to suit purchaser.

Groves Developed for Non-Residents

If you want to remain in your present position for a few years we can develop a grapefruit and orange grove for you. When you are ready we will clear your land, furnish fruit trees, plant and care for your grove until you want to look after it personally.

We Raise Our Own Guaranteed Citrus Trees in Our Own Nurseries

This insures every purchaser the best fruit trees that can be grown. This also insures a successful grove. We can save you money on planting and caring for your grove.

Fill out and mail the coupon today and receive our large descriptive book FREE!

North Tampa Land Co.

C. E. THOMAS, Pres.

Suite 3012 Maller Bldg., CHICAGO

May be made growing truck. This is not an unusual return for truck farmers in the Famous Tampa districts. All kinds of vegetables can be grown. Big prices are paid for early potatoes. Winter cabbage, Bermuda onions, tomatoes, celery and dozens of other vegetables during the Winter and early Spring, when the north is covered with ice and snow. Strawberries, melons and other small fruits also yield large profits. Here you can grow crops and enjoy outdoor life 12 months in the year.

Poultry a Big Money-Maker

Hillsboro County is without question one of the most favored locations in the United States for poultry raising. Tampa affords an unlimited market for chickens, eggs and ducks. Commission houses right here in Tampa City do a tremendous export business in poultry and eggs and the local demand is also very large. This insures a steady cash market at good prices.

Stock Raising and General Farming

We also have lands especially adapted to general farming. Long Staple Cotton, Corn and Livestock. Hog and cattle raising has never been so profitable before. High prices for all meat and pork products must continue—Florida stock raisers should make big money for many years to come.

Write for Facts About Sunny Florida

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO LET US PROVE TO YOU that we have the land you want—in the location you want—at a price you can afford to pay and on the easiest terms you can imagine. Let us show you.

Coupon for FREE Book on Florida

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Please send me your large Illustrated Book, "The Soil of the Southland," on choice Citrus Fruit and Truck Farms, suburban to Tampa, Florida, and information on how I can have a grove developed on the monthly payment plan.

Name

St. No.

City.

Province.

"Throughout the Dominion"

The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd., tried Burroughs Posting in its Toronto office—and has since bought eight other machines for various offices throughout the Dominion. The why of it is told below

*By R. MITCHELL, of the Toronto office of
The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd.*

"People who come into our offices and see the girls posting ledgers with our two Burroughs Machines nearly always ask: how much money we save by using machine posting."

"And though I point out to them that the two girls do the work that used to take three trained bookkeepers, when we did pen-posting, I'm always careful to say that *there's a bigger reason than that* for using the machines—two bigger reasons, in fact; their accuracy and their speed."

"Take the monthly statements, for instance; we used to get them in the mail about the 10th to the 14th of the month—but since we've had the machines they are never later than the 3rd. And we know they're accurate because we have a check against all figures before they are mailed."

"Our accounts are in daily balance all the time—which is something we had always wanted and could never get until we began posting with a Burroughs. That reminds me that, when we put the machines in, our posting was two and a half months behind; thirty days later it was right up to date—and it has been ever since."

"We noticed another big difference between the old methods and the new when we closed our books for 1918. Usually it

has been mid-February, or later, before we could get our statement ready; this year it was the first week in January. There's the same story on the monthly trial balance—it's just copying, and is almost invariably correct the first time through."

"Those are the real reasons why we're putting Burroughs Machines in our other offices—and why we couldn't be induced to go back to pen-and-ink posting under any circumstances."

The A B C of Business

The standard Burroughs line embraces machines for Adding, for Bookkeeping and for Calculating—among them a model which will fit into any business, large or small, and repay its cost in the savings of a few months.

BURROUGHS offices are maintained in many Canadian cities—St. John, N. B.; Halifax, N. S.; St. Johns, Nfld.; Quebec and Montreal, P. Q.; Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; Regina and Saskatoon, Sask.; Calgary and Edmonton, Alta.; Vancouver and Victoria, B. C.

The home office for the Dominion is at Windsor, Ont.

Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.
 Adding — Bookkeeping — Calculating Machines

MacLean's Magazine

Burroughs

Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.
Adding - Bookkeeping - Calculating Machines

MONTRAL, QUEBEC, ST.JOHN, OTTAWA, TORONTO, HAMILTON, WINDSOR, TORONTO
SASKATOON, CALGARY, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA.

THE CANADIAN FAIRBANKS-MORSE COMPANY

INCORPORATED
Cable Address FAIRMORSE

Factories
Toronto, Ont.
Sherbrooke, Que.

F.W. EVANS,
Manager.

26-28 Front Street W.
TORONTO, ONT. Jan 18, 1919.

The Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada Ltd.
Windsor, Ont.

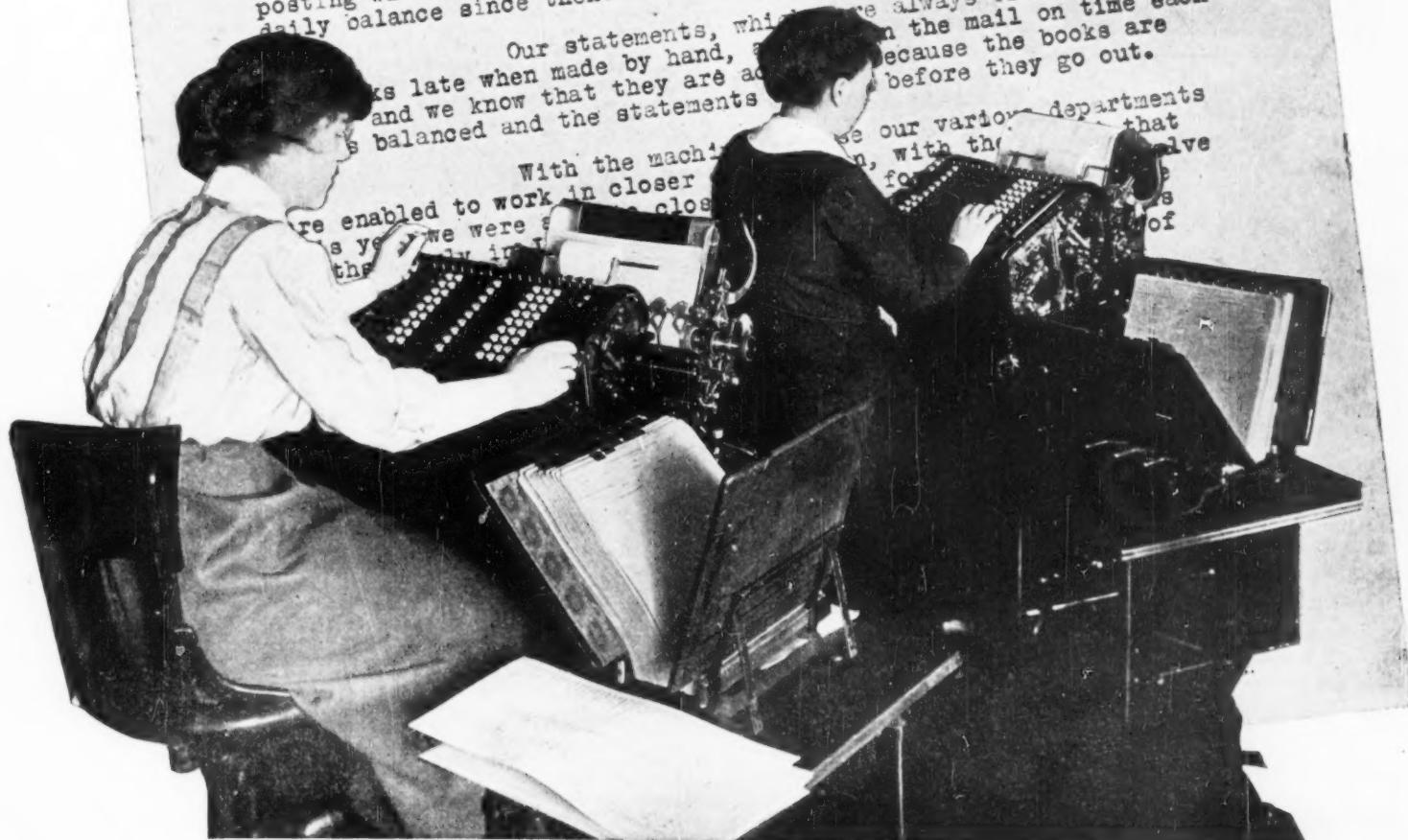
Gentlemen:-

Customers often write to us and say how well pleased they are with our products, or our service, and we are glad to hear from them. Believing that you are similarly constituted I am writing to tell you how well satisfied we are with the two Burroughs Ledger Posting and Statement Machines which were installed in our Toronto Office in October 1917.

When we received the machines we were two and a half months behind in our posting work, with but little hope of catching up with it in the immediate future. One month later our posting was entirely up to date, and our accounts have been in daily balance since then.

Our statements, which are always from one to six weeks late when made by hand, are now in the mail on time each month because the books are balanced and the statements

With the machine we are enabled to work in closer touch with the various departments of the office, with the result that the work is done more rapidly and with less expense.



HARTT
GOLD MEDAL SHOES

Every Woman's Desire

in footwear is distinction—a super-degree of elegance—individuality.

THE HARTT SHOE fully satisfies the style requirements of really fashionable women.

Those coveted little touches of the unusual are what make Hartt Shoes supreme.

As we specialize only in the finest selected leathers, naturally Hartt Shoes cost less per year than per pair.

If you don't know where to buy Hartt Shoes write us.

THE HARTT BOOT & SHOE Co. Limited Fredericton, N.B.

13



We Will Help You Earn
More Money for
Christmas

Here's an Opportunity
You've Been Looking For

LISTEN!

You can step in right now, begin work without a day's delay, and earn that extra money you want for Christmas.

MEN, WOMEN, old or young, big producers and small producers—we will pay each one whom we engage according to the results shown.

We can place spare-time workers engaged in other lines of work who are desirous of supplementing their incomes. Let's get acquainted!

We start you in business FREE—Act to-day.

Address: MacLean Publishing Co., Limited
Department MM., 143-153 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada

—(Cut off here and mail)—

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Dept. MM., Toronto, Ontario

Gentlemen—Please send me FREE particulars concerning the extra money for Christmas.

NAME

ADDRESS

was sounding the typewriter market. Before the war Krupp never made typewriters. But in Sweden there raged a typewriter famine. Ancient machines recovered from junk shops and roughly repaired sold for \$150; and a Swedish corporation put on the market a machine for the equivalent of \$250.

The Krupp works—whose employees' roll had already fallen from 170,000 to 32,000, and whose annual profits from 87,000,000 marks to 5,000,000 marks—were naturally watching for opportunities; they were already prepared to turn out machines, metal marine articles, ships' anchors, seamless tubes, clockwork, all sorts of fine mechanism, surgical instruments, and even brass buttons; and they had bought the paper-mill patents of a Dresden firm and set out to be the world's greatest paper-mill equippers.

The Leipsic expert, Doctor Halden, declares that the readaptation of Germany's factories and workshops will cost \$1,500,000,000. But Germany's exclusion from colonial and overseas enterprises, he adds, makes the provision of this capital easy. With reason Bank Director Helfferich, formerly German Finance Minister, declares that "from standpoint of financing ex-

port the loss of Germany's overseas possessions will do less harm than is expected." The peace terms have compelled Germany's banks to seek new spheres for their capitalizing activities. All of them showed decreased profits for the financial year 1918, and all except two of them cut down their dividends. The new sphere of activity lies in the capitalizing of plant adaptation and export; and already the Deutsche, the Dresdner and other prominent banks are deep in such deals.

Backed in this way with plentiful money German exporters are already making a show in neutral countries beside which the mild displays of American and English export firms attract no notice at all. Every week the leading Scandinavian newspapers publish whole pages of German advertisements, always correctly worded in the neutral's own language, accompanied by booming editorial comments, and by artistic symbolical pictures which extol tacitly Germany's incomparable skill. And the supposedly anti-German newspaper—such as the Copenhagen *Berlingske Tidende*, and the *Dagens Nyhet*, of Stockholm—lead first of all in this well-planned campaign to prepare the European world for the great German boom.

Living in Pumice Stone Hills

Strange Race of Troglodytes Still Found in Asia Minor

In the *National Geographic Review*, there is an article by J. R. Sitlington Sterrett, who died recently after making himself known throughout the world by his exploitations in Asia Minor. The Troglodytes—a strange race who live in caves burrowed into the sides of pumice stone cones—still survive, he writes, and explains their origin:

The practice of living in caves, in cliffs, or in excavated cavities in the open plain is to be traced to a state of society which we of to-day have some difficulty in depicting to ourselves. And yet the central thought of the Troglodytic habit is the basic principle upon which ancient civilization was founded.

That basic thought was absolute isolation—a thought which is wholly antagonistic to our modern conceptions of society, whether we have in mind the community of a country-side, a village, a town, or a State; because, where absolute isolation is the dominant obsession of a man, there can be, strictly speaking, no such thing as a united State.

In the world in which primitive man lived, every man was the uncompromising foe of every other man; the man who lived in one den could have nothing in common with the man who lived in the neighboring den. A pale, or dead-line, was drawn between each several den, and the owner of den A was an outlaw if he crossed that dead-line into the territory of the owner of den B.

There were no rights of intermarriage; the den owner's woman was the captive of his spear; she was the slave of her captor. She bore him children, but the children and the mother alike remained the slaves of the lord of the den, who allowed them to share the abode with him. He fought for them with all the savage tenacity of the bulldog, the lion or the tiger; and while he lived no other human being might enter that den and live to tell the tale.

Several kinds of Troglodytes are still to be seen in various parts of Asia Minor. The most primitive type known to me is to be found in Cilicia Tracheia. They may be seen in many places, but they were thrust more particularly upon my attention in a pass in the Taurus Mountains some ten miles north of Ermenek (Germanicopolis).

The inhabitants of this valley, known as Bakluzan Dere, are cliff-dwellers of the secondary type—that is, they have done considerable work in the way of improving their abodes, whose entrances have been walled in with fences of masonry.

They have sought and fought for themselves complete isolation. They seem to have none of the instincts of agricultural man and they are wholly inhospitable.

The entrances to their dwellings are high up in the almost perpendicular walls of the cliffs, and they are reached solely by means of long poles, which are light enough to be drawn up when the lord of the den and his family are safely housed. And when housed they really are safe from intrusion, for it would require a host to force an entrance against the will of the family.

This very method of reaching the entrance by means of a pole makes it imperative for all the members of the several families of these cliff-dwelling Troglodytes to be strong and vigorous persons, for the sick, the aged, and the infirm can neither enter nor leave the dwelling, nor can they be brought in nor taken out by others, unless they be strapped to the back of a man, who would need to be not only strong, but very active as well.

One ancient writer tells us that some Troglodytes made a practice of killing all those who were not in first-rate physical condition, on the ground that a man who cannot earn his own living has no right to live; and when one sees these dwellings, one can imagine still another reason for killing off the aged and the infirm—because of their inability to get in or out of the house.

Troglodytes, or semi-Troglodytes, of a ruder, but less inhospitable, type may be seen in many places in Lycania.

The life there is most crude, and the cavities in the ground show no signs of having been improved by man.

Several ancient writers mention the cone-dwellers, and one speaks of the "quaint" way they deal with the aged and crippled:

The old men, who on account of their age are no longer able to follow the flocks, tie the tail of a bull round their necks and thus commit suicide by suffering themselves to be dragged to death. But, under the pretence of kindly solicitude, anyone who wishes to do so may place a rope about the neck of the man who unduly postpones his suicide, and so by means of this pointed reminder he is forced to leave this life.

It is also their practice to put to death cripples and those who are afflicted with an incurable disease, for they maintain that the love of life is inexorable in the man who can do nothing to justify his continuance in life. That is the reason why all Troglodytes are sound in body and are mostly in the prime of life; for men of more than sixty years of age are not seen among them.



The Quality of Neilson's is not Strained

ONE, William Shakespeare, created a character, Portia, who said to Shylock, "The quality of mercy is not strained."

People who have read it have never forgotten it.

But few reflect that the quality of anything is not strained. If it were, then it would cease to be quality.

What, then, do we mean by adapting it to Neilson's? Just this: that from the cocoa-beans of which we make our coatings, to the fruits, nuts, creams and other confections that we use for fillings, we use only the finest materials.

This quality is also paramount in our process of manufacture, and packing, because many a box of chocolates is bought on appearance. Although the artistry of our boxes may not appeal to all, it certainly will appeal to people of refinement.

And it is these people who will most appreciate the delicacy of flavour and unstrained quality of Neilson's Chocolates.



Neilson's

"The Chocolates that are Different"



**SONORA
"Baby Grand"**
\$315

Picture the "Sonora" in Your Home

For the home furnished with thoughtful care there is a place set aside for the phonograph.

The Sonora is the choice of the real musician—it is so free from that disturbing scratching, which destroys his pleasure in the finest record.

Its rich, deep, rounded tone; its wonderful Swiss motor, which runs with the precision of the finest watch; its tone-controlling device; its universality—for the Sonora plays every record—make this instrument a welcome addition to the finest music room.

PRICES \$84 TO \$2,500

Write for Catalogue

I. MONTAGNES & COMPANY
Wholesale Distributors, DEPT. "M" RYRIE BUILDING, TORONTO



Sonora PERMANENT SHARPENED Needles

Play 50 to 100 times, replace steel needles and are used on ALL MAKES of steel needle records

- A—Shows a new steel needle.
- B—A steel needle used once. Note how point is worn off.
- C—A new Sonora needle.
- D—A Sonora needle used once. Impossible to notice any wear.
- E—A Sonora needle which has played over 50 records. Worn down considerably but as good as new. It will fit the groove perfectly and play many more records.

Sonora Needles mellow the tone, are more convenient, more economical and preserve the records. 3 Grades—Loud, Medium, Soft.

40c per package of 5

AT ALL DEALERS, OR WRITE

I. MONTAGNES & COMPANY
Wholesale Distributors, DEPT. "M" RYRIE BUILDING, TORONTO



There's Western Spirit Galore

in this new fall novel you'll like. Your friends will like it. Needn't hesitate a moment about handing it to friend Bill or Uncle Joe for Christmas.

Price \$1.60
Your Bookseller Has It

The Ryerson Press
Publishers
TORONTO

Expose Back, Gain Health

Low-backed Dress of Society Women Finds Medical Defender

WHEN society women began to appear in evening gowns, cut low in the back, the impression created was one of amazement and perhaps even of horror. No one defended the custom, not even the gay matrons and daring debutantes who thus exposed their well-powdered shoulder blades to the public gaze. They dressed thus because it was the fashion and they didn't care what anyone said. But a defender of the decollete back has now arrived on the scene and, strangely enough, the defence is based on scientific grounds. The V-shaped back, apparently, is very healthful. If we are to believe all that its defender says, it is a restorer of beauty and a soother of jangled nerves. Apparently it should have been thought of long ago. Will the time ever come when men's evening coats will be open both front and back in order that the diner out may gain health through the freedom of his shoulder blades?

It is a medical writer on the London *Daily Mail* who has rallied to the defense of the bared shoulder blade. He writes in part:

"But one of the most gratifying results will be the effect on the face. There is no doubt whatever that many of the skin troubles endured by women have been caused by tight and warm clothing around the neck. When the blood is permitted to circulate freely the complexion will improve, wrinkles and pimples will disappear, and other conditions being favorable, the face will become plumper, clearer, and of better color."

"The looseness about the neck should also have a beneficial influence on the hair. Probably much of the baldness of at least the earlier years of middle age is due to want of a sufficient supply of blood to the scalp. With the coming of the low-necked dress there is ground for hope that women will be much less troubled with falling or graying hair."

"Obviously the unpleasant effects of heat will be reduced, for the coolness of the bare upper part will cool the whole blood-stream and body. The good influence on the nervous system is perhaps the most important factor. The coolness and ease and the free circulation of pure blood to the brain are bound to reduce the number and severity of headaches, prevent irritability, and make a woman in every way more cheerful and better-tempered."

Rumania is Now a Power

This Country is More Powerful in Fact Than All Other Balkan States Combined

THE war has humbled some great nations and exalted several small ones. Chief among the latter is Rumania. Only to those who have studied the peace terms carefully have the facts with reference to this Balkan power been apparent. Rumania has benefited largely, as Frank H. Simonds points out in the *American Review of Reviews*.

The truth is, of course, that Rumania is neither a little state nor is she acting off her own bat. As a consequence of the changes in her frontiers, incident to Austro-Hungarian defeat and Russian collapse, Rumania has become a nation with an area as great as Italy, with a



"Sifted Through Silk"

If you think all face powders are alike, then you have a pleasant surprise coming to you with your first trial of

**Tetlow's
Pussywillow
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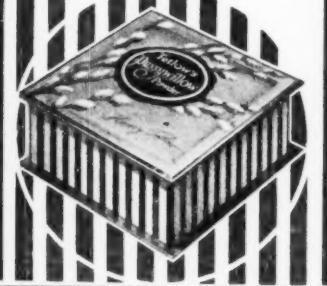
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population to-day of 16,000,000, living on a territory capable of sustaining a much larger population than Italy, and her population is increasing with great rapidity. In less than half a century, therefore, Rumania will, in all human probability, be a great power. Moreover she must be reckoned with henceforth as a very potent factor in all combinations that may be made.

She has an excellent army, organized by the French General Staff, battle-trained, an army which despite opening disasters due to Russian treachery and later surrender due to Russian collapse, displayed admirable courage and skill and remains one of the considerable military forces in Europe, actually taking rank after the armies of the five great powers.

In addition, by her position Rumania controls the Lower Danube, and, as recent events have shown, Hungary is completely at her mercy. Thus she supplies the only possible avenue of approach to South Russia in case the Allies ever decide to join hands with the Ukrainians against the Bolsheviks.

What I am trying to make clear is that Rumania is herself henceforth a nation whose military and economic resources, whose army, whose grain, whose oil, whose minerals, give her a position quite unlike that which she occupied when she was only the largest of the minor Balkan States. Actually she is greater to-day and infinitely more powerful than were all the Balkan States together at the outbreak of war.

Lloyd George Has Press Agent

Premier Employs Young Knight To Boost Him

THE Premier of Great Britain does not accept the old dictum that a statesman must disregard the possibilities of publicity. He is an arrant publicist and, according to the London *Daily Mail*, even has a press bureau and a press agent. On this point the newspaper in question runs an article by H. L. R., reading in part as follows:

The publication of the Downing-street "dope" broad-sheet the *Future*, has called attention again to the Premier's Press Bureau, which is situated at No. 10.

At the head is Sir William Sutherland, an astute Scotsman, who first came under his present master's notice by reason of a book on Land Reform in the days when the Premier was preparing to embark on his raging, tearing Land Campaign.

As head of the Premier's advertising agency, it is Sir William's business to secure results, and the packets of Press cuttings containing laudatory references to the Premier, and the latest smiling snapshots of him, bear testimony to the efficiency with which he discharges his duties.

Sir William is helped in his task by his profound admiration for his master. He really believes much of what he gives out.

Whenever the Premier is in difficulties with the Press it is for his lieutenant that he immediately sends to help him out. Thus during the Peace Conference, when the Premier found his dilly-dallying methods were being severely criticized, Sir William was urgently wired for to come to Paris. On arrival the young Scot was promptly turned on to the Press representatives at the Hotel Majestic with the instruction to vaccinate them with the usual lymph. If he failed, it was not for the want of trying.

The Premier latterly has grown so dependent upon his shrewd lieutenant that without him he is unable to turn, and the two have become inseparable; so much so that it is difficult nowadays to tell in the various manoeuvres for publicity which is the predominant mind. The hand may be the hand of David, but the voice is the voice of William.

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Will England Become Agricultural

Prediction That Population Will Shrink in 200 Years

PREDICTIONS that ardent Anglo-

Saxons of an imperialistic turn will be reluctant to accept are made by W. R. Inge, in the course of an article in *The Edinburgh Review*. In dealing with "The Future of the English Race," he delves back into the history of all races more or less to prove that population has fluctuated according to increased or diminished pressure of numbers upon subsistence. This leads him to a number of conclusions of a radical nature, and he states his belief that within a certain space of time England will have a comparatively small population, being on the land. He hints that Asia may become the dominant part of the earth, displacing Europe as "the bully of the planet." Among more immediate predictions he suggests that the population of Germany will increase rather than decrease. This he backs up by showing that, following each war in Germany, there has been a marked increase in the birth-rate. He writes:

It should now be possible to form a judgment on the prospects of the Anglo-Saxon race in various parts of the world. In India, Burma, New Guinea, the West Indian Islands, and tropical Africa there is no possibility of ever planting a healthy European population. These dependencies may grow food for us or send us articles which we can exchange for food, but they are not, and never can be, colonies of Anglo-Saxons. The prospects of South Africa are very dubious. The white man is there an aristocrat, directing semi-slave labor. The white population of the gold and diamond fields will stay there till the mines give out, and no longer. Large tracts of the country may at last be occupied only by Kaffirs. The United States of America are becoming less Anglo-Saxon every year, and this process is likely to continue, since in unskilled labor the Italian and the Pole seem to give better value for their wages than the Englishman or born American with his high standard of comfort. In Canada, the temperate part of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania the chances for a large and flourishing English-speaking population seem to be very favorable, though in these dominions the high standard of living is a check to population, and in the case of Australasia the possibility of foreign conquest, while these priceless lands are still half empty, cannot be altogether excluded.

The writer then goes on to predict that the upper classes in Britain will disappear and that in their place will come an aristocracy of labor. He goes on:

Having won its privilege of exploiting the community, it will use all its efforts to preserve that privilege and to prevent others from sharing it. In other words, it will become an exclusive and strongly conservative class, on a broader basis than the territorial and commercial aristocracies which preceded it. It will probably be strong enough to discontinue the system of State doles which encourages the wastrel to multiply, as he does multiply, much faster than the valuable part of the population. We are at present breeding a large parasitic class subsisting on the taxes and hampering the Government. The comparative fertility of the lowest class as compared with the better stocks has greatly increased, and is still increasing. The competent working-class families, as well as the rich, are far less fertile than the waste products of our civilization. Dr. Tradgold found that 43 couples of the parasitic class averaged 7.4 children per family, while 91 respectable couples from the working-class averaged only 3.7 per family. Mr. Sidney Webb examined the statistics of

the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society, which is patronized by the best type of mechanic, and found that the birth-rate among its members has fallen 46 per cent between 1881 and 1901; or taking the whole period between 1880 and 1904, the falling off is 52 per cent. This decline proves that the period of industrial expansion in England is nearly over. It would be far better if our birth-rate were as low as that of France, as it would be but for the reckless propagation of the "submerged tenth." England being now a paradise for human refuse, the scouring of Europe (170,000 in 1908) take the place of the better stocks, whose position is made artificially unfavorable. These doles are at present paid by the minority, and this method may be expected to continue until the looting of the propertied classes comes to an enforced end. This will not take long, for it is certain that the amount of wealth available for plunder is very much smaller than is usually supposed. It is easy to destroy capital values, but very difficult to distribute them. The time will soon arrive when the patient sheep will be found to have lost not only his fleece but his skin, and the privileged workman will then have to choose between taxing himself and abandoning socialism. There is little doubt which he will prefer. The result will be that the festering sore of our slum-population will dry up, and the gradual disappearance of the wastrel will soon be some compensation, from the eugenic point of view, for the destruction of the intellectual class. This process will considerably, and beneficially, diminish the population; and there are several other factors which will operate in the same direction. High wage industry can only maintain itself against the competition of cheaper labor abroad by introducing every kind of labor-saving device. The number of hands employed in a factory must progressively diminish. And as, in spite of all that ingenuity can do, the competition of the cheaper races is certain to cripple our foreign trade, the trade unions will be obliged to provide for a shrinkage in their numbers.

We are witnessing the decline and fall of the social order which began with the industrial revolution 150 years ago. The cancer of industrialism has begun to mortify, and the end is in sight. Within 200 years, it may be—for we must allow for backwashes and cross-currents which will retard the flow of the stream—the hideous new towns which disfigure our landscape may have disappeared, and their sites may have been reclaimed for the plough. Humanitarian legislation, so far from arresting this movement, is more likely to accelerate it, and the same may be said of the insatiate greed of our new masters. It is indeed instructive to observe how cupidity and sentiment, which (with pugnacity) are the only passions which the practical politician needs to consider, usually defeat their own ends. The working man is sawing at the branch on which he is seated. He may benefit for a time a minority of his own class, but only by sealing the doom of the rest. A densely populated country, which is unable to feed itself, can never be a working man's paradise.

For, much as we must regret the apparently inevitable ruin of the upper and upper middle classes, to which England in the past has owed the major part of her greatness, we cannot regard the trend of events as an unmixed misfortune. The industrial revolution has no doubt had some beneficial results. It has founded the British Empire, the most interesting and perhaps the most successful experiment in government on a large scale that the world has yet seen. It has foiled two formidable attempts to place Europe under the heel of military monarchies. It has brought order and material civilization to many parts of the world which before were barbarous. But these achievements have been counterbalanced by many evils, and in many cases they have done their work. The aggregation of mankind in large towns is itself a misfortune; the life of great cities is wholesome neither for

body nor for mind. The separation of classes has become more complete; the country may even be divided into the picturesque counties where money is spent, and the ugly counties where it is made. Except London and the seaports, the whole of the South of England is more or less parasitic. We must add that in the early days of the movement the workman and his children were exploited ruthlessly. It is true that if they had not been exploited they would not have existed; but a root of bitterness was planted which, according to what seems to be the law in such cases, sprang up and bore its poisonous fruit about two generations later. It is a sinister fact that the worst trouble is now made by the youngest men. The large fortunes which were made by the manufacturers were not, on the whole, well spent. Their luxury was not of a refined type; literature and art were not intelligently encouraged; and even science was most inadequately supported. The great achievements of the nineteenth century in science and letters, and to a less degree in art, were independent of the industrial world, and were chiefly the work of that class which is now sinking helplessly under the blows of predatory taxation. Capitalism itself has degenerated; the typical millionaire is no longer the captain of industry, but the international banker and company promoter. It is more difficult than ever to find any rational justification for the accumulations which are in the hands of a few persons, who are sometimes too much like the robber barons of the Middle Ages.

It is not to be expected that the working class should be less greedy and unscrupulous than the educated; indeed it is plain that, now that they realize their power, they will be even more so. In some way the national character has stood the strain of these unnatural conditions very well. Those who feared that the modern Englishman would make a poor soldier have had to own that they were entirely wrong. But as long as industrialism continues, we shall be in a state of thinly disguised civil war. There can be no industrial peace while our urban population remains, because the large towns are the creation of the system which their inhabitants now want to destroy. They can and will destroy it, but only by destroying themselves. When the suicidal war is over we shall have a comparatively small population, living mainly in the country and cultivating the fruits of the earth. It will be more like the England of the eighteenth century than the England which we know. There will be no very rich men; and if the birth-rate is regulated there should be no very poor men.

On the other important point of his argument, the possibility of the dominance of Asia, he writes:

It is an important question whether a crowded population adds to the security of a nation or not. Numbers are undoubtedly of great importance in modern warfare. The French would have been less able to resist the Germans without Allies in 1914 than they were in 1870. But we must not suppose that France could support a much larger population without reducing her standard of living to the point of under-feeding; and an under-fed nation is incapable of the endurance required of first-class soldiers. A nation may be so much weakened in physique by under-feeding as to be impotent from a military point of view, in spite of great numbers; this is the case in India and China. Deficient nourishment also diminishes the day's work. If European and American capital goes to China, and provides proper food for the workmen, we may have an early opportunity of discovering whether the supporters of the League of Nations have any real conscientious objection to violence and bloodshed. We may surmise that the European man, the fiercest of all beasts of prey, is not likely to abandon the weapons which have made him the lord and the bully of the planet. He has no other superiority to the races which he arrogantly despises. Under a regime of peace the Asiatic would probably be his master.

The Bolshevik Variety of School

Pupils Choose Teachers and Dismiss Them At Will

THE Bolsheviks have done many cruel things and many foolish things; perhaps the foolish things they have done are more clearly indicative of their state of mind than the cruelties. In the *North American Review*, Riley Allen tells the story of Osa, which he calls "the martyred city" because it was held by the Bolshevik forces and its population reduced from 10,000 to 8,000 in a few months by wholesale butchery—one in every five killed. But perhaps the most striking part of his ghastly recital is when he tells of the efforts of the Reds to run the schools, in a Bolshevik way. On this point, he says:

In principle, the Bolshevik had here what they called "free labor Schools." In practice it was a farce—and a tragedy. First there were many school teachers, good ones, killed. Then the Reds installed their own, or the pupils chose them. The Bolsheviks gave to the pupils, even of the grade schools, the right to form students' councils and choose their own teachers. The result was hopeless inefficiency and confusion. The pupils did as they pleased, and if the teacher protested, they dismissed him. They broke up desks and tables, tore down blackboards, and burned school books in frequent outbursts of hoodlumism, unchecked by the so-called committee of education. Few in any school studied, the rest played. The teacher would either give up in despair and go home in the morning for the rest of the day, or get drunk.

To illustrate the Bolshevik theory of education: Here is one instance: Their teachers were told to give astronomy lessons from the Socialistic point of view. Every astronomical fact, every comet and constellation, must have a meaning in the progress and ultimate success of Socialism and communism all over the world. And as the heads of the educational system here were ignoramus their instruction was absolutely ridiculous. Many teachers could not write their own names.

Military Genius Arises in Russia

Kamenev, Who Commands the Bolshevik Armies, is an Able General

OF the twenty-three separate wars that are still going on in Europe, only one is on a colossal scale. In Russia the Bolsheviks are fighting a civil war on two fronts against the forces of Denikin and Kolchak and the carnage approaches almost the dreadful casualty records of the great war. The fact that the Bolshevik movement has not collapsed in the face of this struggle is due to the fact that there is a man leading the Lenin armies who appears to have a wide streak of military genius.

Lenin is quoted in one of the Swiss papers as having admitted the gravity of this military situation from the Soviet point of view. He had not lost hope by any means, he said, as quoted in the Berne *Tagwacht*, which has long been a sort of official medium of his. Lenin lost much of his authority when Denikin's advance grew serious. The Bolsheviks turned then from Lenin and went over to the extremist views of Peters and Dershinsky. The latter will listen to no compromise with the bourgeoisie. They believe the Soviet republic should make no terms of any kind with a power that sends its military forces to any part of Russia. They entrusted command of the Bolshevik forces to Kamenev, the military genius

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thrown up by the Soviet republic. Kamenev was a colonel in the old autocratic army and he is believed to have a capacity for organization quite surpassing anything of the kind yet revealed by Denikin or Kolchak. Kamenev has already come to be known as the Hannibal of Bolshevism and he leads his regiments, improvised often in a hurry, to critical positions and drives Denikin back occasionally. If his policy of an offensive against Denikin and Kolchak should continue to show a reasonable degree of success, Kamenev will, the French dailies agree, be the supreme man in the crisis.

Kamenev, the Bolshevik commander, in his war with Kolchak, Denikin and their Western allies, is in a position which Major-General Sir F. Maurice compares in the London *News* with that of the Germans during the late conflict. The Bolsheviks are centrally placed, while combined action on the part of their enemies on the outside of the circle is extremely difficult. The weak point of the Bolsheviks is that they are unable to replenish their munitions, and for that reason the policy of the ring fence will "probably beat them in the end." The expenditure of ammunition in the sort of guerrilla fighting which has been taking place is trifling and it may take a long time before such stocks as the Bolsheviks possess are exhausted. A military solution was not in sight last August, therefore, but some changes of importance must have occurred in the interval to justify the sudden outburst of confidence in the camp of the anti-Soviet powers. For that reason the war is to continue and, in the light of reports that find space in the London *Times*, the struggle begins to vie in horror the picture of the great war.

Signed Treaty In Nightgown

How the War of 1871 Was Really Settled

AN interesting story is told in *Munsey's Magazine* in connection with the signing of the treaty of 1871. It reads:

Much has been said about the dramatic contrast between the Germans at Versailles in 1871 and the Germans at Versailles in 1919.

Negotiations had almost been broken off over the question of the German armies remaining in occupation of France. The French envoys were in despair, and Pouyer-Quertier had gone to bed in his hotel room, fearing for the worst. Before dawn there was a knock at his door, and the Frenchman got up in his nightgown, to find Bismarck, in full uniform, come to renew the discussion.

After a prolonged talk, saying that it was dry work, he stood up and rang for beer. After the beer had been brought, he rang again, asked for *kirsch*, and poured a quantity of it into the beer. Taking the poker, he made it red-hot in the fire, stirred the mixture of beer and *kirsch* and invited the Frenchman to drink. The Frenchman did so, saying:

"I think of my poor country as I drink."

Bismarck, clapping him on the shoulder, announced he was "a good fellow," and that evacuation of France should take place at once.

There and then the final article of the treaty of Frankfort, putting an end to the Franco-Prussian War, was signed on that small table at the bedside of Pouyer-Quertier in a little hotel in Frankfort.

As a matter of fact, however, the Franco-Prussian War was not ended at Versailles. It was the treaty of Frankfort that marked the termination of that conflict, and it is not without interest to record that Bismarck of the Wagner picture is a different being from the more human character who, at Frankfort, on May 10, 1871, signed this document with M. Pouyer-Quertier, finance minister of the French republic.

Soften the Water

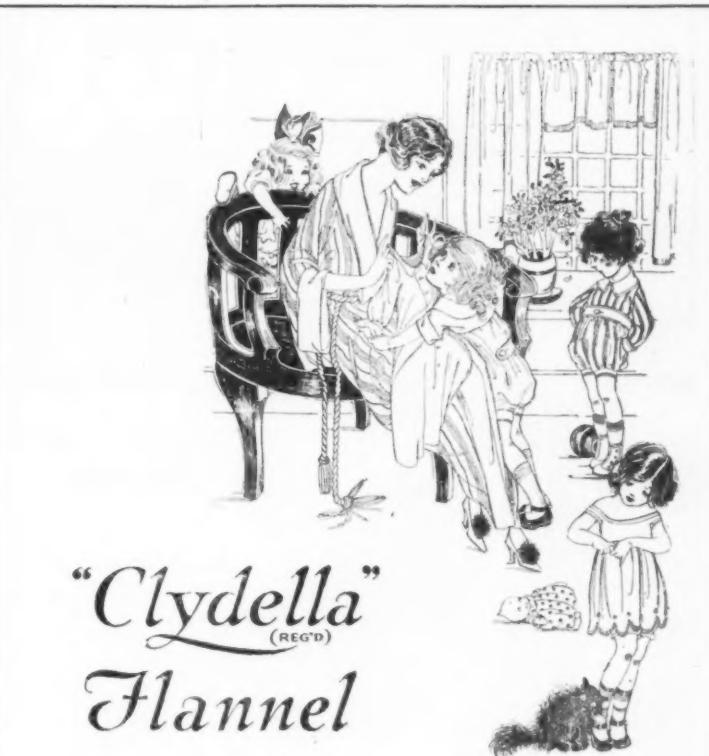
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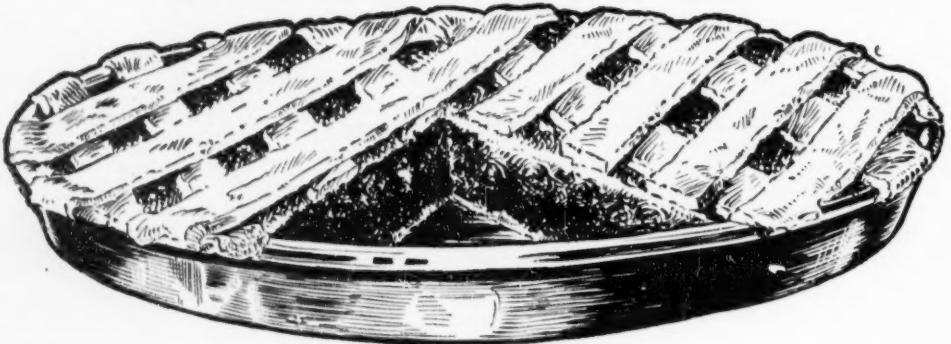
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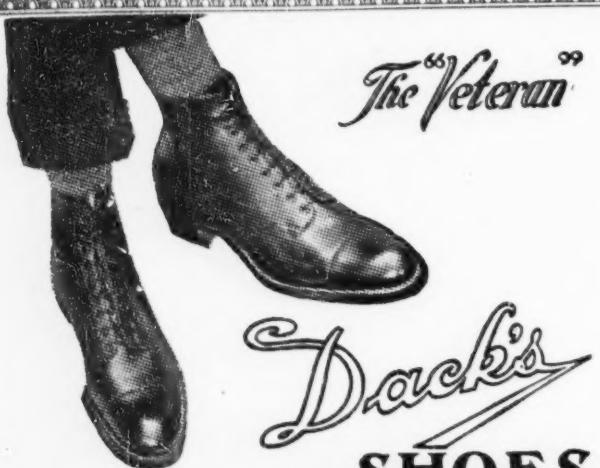
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Decaying Turkey

Atrocities Still Going On—Armenians Have Some Qualities Which Are Not Commendable

GREGORY Mason, the noted traveler and author, reports Turkey still in a condition of decay and chaos. He states, in an article in the *Outlook*, that the Turk does not admit defeat—he admits only bad judgment in backing the wrong side. Mr. Mason has some very kind things to say of the Turk—the Pasha took him to his palace and nursed him back to health after a malarial attack, for example—and he has condemnatory remarks to make about Armenian traits. He writes:

Convinced that the defeat of the Germans and their allies was not his fault, the Turk is unrepentant for his past crimes. This unrepentance is augmented by the delay of the Peace Conference. When the armistice was signed, the Turk believed he would soon feel the iron hand. But ten months have passed since the armistice was declared and the Turk has not yet been punished. He is beginning to think he will go scot-free. Moreover, he is beginning to think that his old game of playing off one Power against another will work again, and he is taking advantage of all the inevitable little jealousies among the Allies. An example of the sort of petty diplomacy at which the Turk is an adept occurred the other day when the Turks complained to Great Britain and France after Rear-Admiral Bristol, commanding the American naval forces in Turkish waters, had warned the Turks that massacres must cease. Rear-Admiral Bristol's warning was informal, but the Turks hoped to arouse indignation among British and French authorities by making it appear that the American Commissioner had overstepped his powers.

Signs of general disorganization are seen on every hand in Turkey to-day. Recently bandits captured a British officer and five Indian soldiers guarding a caravan between Marsovan, which has an American Protestant College, and Samsoon, on the Black Sea coast. It is decidedly risky for a foreigner to travel in most parts of the interior. Government officials are reported to be co-operating with agents of the Committee of Union and Progress in organizing bands of brigands for political purposes and supplying them with arms and ammunition. Perhaps the largest and worst of these bands is that headed by Mustapha Kemel Pasha, who is said to have a staff of forty-two Turkish officers.

Reports of new atrocities against Greeks and Armenians are coming in. The occupation of Smyrna by the Greeks has aroused the temper of the Turks to fighting pitch, and there have been many clashes between the two nationalities.

Judging by the reports of reliable Americans who were on the spot, the atrocities committed by the Turks during the war were horrible. Dr. George E. White, President of Anatolia College, at Marsovan, reports to the American Government that in five years the number of Armenians in his region has been reduced by violence or deportation from fourteen thousand to two thousand. Most of the survivors are women and children. The romantic Argonaut coast, from Sinope, the birthplace of Diogenes, to Cape Jason, was formerly populated mainly by Greeks. Thousands of these have been killed or deported by the Turks, and the few who are straggling back now find only ruined homes awaiting them. In Samsoon alone there were before the war two hundred and fifty thousand Greeks. Between one hundred and twenty-five thousand and one hundred and fifty thousand of these were deported by the Turks, and about seventy-five thousand were killed.

The extent of misery among children in Turkey is frightful. There are many

waiws who are the offspring of Armenian mothers and Turkish fathers. In Urfa alone I was told that there are several thousand Armenian girls homeless after being released from Turkish harems. Most of them are mothers or about to become such.

Ordinarily the Armenians are settled farmers or traders, while the Kurds, who persecute them at the instigation of the Turkish Government, are pastoral nomads. But at present the Armenians are nomads too, for most of them are homeless. They are living like an army on the road. All the way from the Caucasus to Adana, Aleppo, and Jerusalem you find them on the byways, and Bagdad is full of them. They are too tired to think about vengeance. All they want is to get the scattered survivors of their families together again and to build up as well as they can their ruined homes.

This is not the place to discuss the merits of the knotty Armenian-Turkish question. Suffice it to say there are two sides to this question. No fair-minded man will defend the massacres of Armenians by Turks, but neither will he defend such atrocities as Armenians sometimes commit against Turks when they get the upper hand.

No doubt there are political and social reasons for the Turk's dislike of the Armenian, but the main cause of this animosity is economic. The Turk hates the Armenian for the same reason that the Russian hates the Jew. The Armenian is more clever than the Turk, and in trade he is certainly more industrious. The Turk cares little for commercial life. A few Armenians go into a Turkish town and soon have most of the business in their hands. It is easier for the Turks to kill them and

confiscate their wealth than to outdo the Armenians by using the latter's own business methods.

It must be said for the Turk that the Armenian's business methods are often questionable. There is a proverb in this connection which contains a good deal of truth. The saying goes: "The Armenian is never legally wrong and never morally right."

The attitude of American missionaries toward the Armenian is very instructive. After deplored the cruelty of Turks to Armenians, your missionary host will say: "Be careful not to leave your watch or money about your room when you go out—our servants are Armenians."

And again, after telling you a long narrative of Armenian suffering at the hands of the Turks which your missionary friend has heard from an Armenian, your friend will say—apropos of some domestic report that his Armenian servant has made to him—"Of course you can never believe anything an Armenian says."

Whatever the decisions of the Peace Conference in regard to Turkey may be, they ought to be based on a recognition of the following facts, which have been evident to nearly every investigator the Allies have sent to Turkey:

First, the Armenians are not yet capable of self-government.

Second, the Turks are not now capable of self-government, much less capable of governing other races.

Third, whatever arrangement is reached, it ought to be one which will prevent the Turks from bullying other peoples. And, equally important, it ought to be a settlement which will give no other people the power to bully the Turks.

Students Control China

Have Forced Action by the Aggressions of Japan

BRIEF cabled reports from China have told of riots in China by Chinese students. The Chinese students have taken on themselves the burden of protesting against foreign aggression, particularly against Japanese influence in Shantung. The Chinese students have attained extraordinary political power. Paul Jones, an American in Shantung, writes in the *Independent*:

Students are holding the reins of power in China. They do not occupy a single political position; yet within three months they have terminated the official careers of a Minister of Communications, a Minister to Japan, a director of the National Mint; led an entire cabinet to step out of office; caused President Hsu to tender his resignation, and steered the nerves of the Chinese delegates at Paris to astound the powers by refusing to sign the treaty with Germany.

What is the secret of these young stars' herculean power? A righteous cause—the recovery of German rights in Shantung. Shantung is the Alsace-Lorraine of China. It is the sacred province because it gave birth both to Confucius and Mencius. Touch Shantung and you touch the apple of China's eye. Let aggression sow the wind in this sacred province and it will reap a Chinese whirlwind. Germany's aggression in Shantung in 1897-98 was one of the causes of the Boxer rebellion. The fear that Germany's mantle will fall upon the shoulders of Japan has bound together the incoherent masses of China by bands of steel, and "Give us back Tsingtao" has become the battle cry of millions.

This crusade had its birth on May 4, when some Peking (Government) University students broke into the residence of Tsao Ru-lin, the Minister of Communications, set fire to the house, unceremoniously threw Chang Tsung-hsiang, Minister to Japan, who happened to be present, into the street, where

they left him half dead, while Minister Tsao escaped by means of an automobile to the Wagon Lits Hotel in the Legation quarters. By means of secret loans and secret treaties these two men and Lu Tsung-yu, director of the National Mint, had been selling China to Japan, and this night's disgraceful affair was their reward. Instead of imprisoning the "traitors," however, the Government arrested thirty-three students, none of whom seem to have been implicated in the riot. These arrests furnished the martyrs necessary to inflame an exasperated nation.

Three days later, May 7, came the so-called "Day of National Humiliation" on which China from Shanghai to Chengtu and from Canton to Kalgan commemorated the ultimatum of May 7, 1915, by means of which Japan compelled China to accept the majority of the notorious "Twenty-one Demands." In every city students paraded the streets carrying banners inscribed with such impassioned phrases as, "Give us back Tsingtao," "Kill the Traitors," "Remember May 7, 1915," "Avenge the Disgrace," "Might Destroys our Sovereign Right," and "Let Us Lose Our Heads, but Keep Tsingtao." Telegrams flooded to Peking and to Paris demanding the return of Tsingtao to China. The students of Tsinanfu, Shantung, telegraphed to President Hsu that by imprisoning patriots and protecting "traitors" bargaining away their province he had turned right and wrong topsy-turvy. They advised him to punish the "traitors" and to remember that "to eat their flesh and to sleep on their skins" would be much less than they deserved. The delegates in Paris were informed that if they signed a treaty giving the Japanese special privileges in Shantung the fate of Tsao and Chang would await them on their return.

Although the Government liberated the arrested students, it did not cashier the triumvirate of "traitors."

The students of Peking now drew up an ultimatum in which they demanded the punishment of Tsao, Chang and Lu and a definite promise from the Government not to transfer the German rights in Shantung to the Japanese. To enforce these demands the schools of the capital began a strike on May 19,

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HALDANE'S WEAK DEFENCE

By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. B. MACLEAN

OUR Ex-Minister of War, Viscount Haldane, is at last out with his defence, and the extraordinary fact is that he makes it to a foreign nation and not to an outraged British Empire; and we are not permitted to print it in Canada.

But, before dealing with it, let us recall some history. Back in the early nineties, when it became apparent that Russian ambitions, German desire for world dominance, and French desire for revenge were leading towards a great war into which we would be drawn in self-defence, we began to prepare. The first step was a Committee on National Defence under Mr. Balfour. This was followed by the organization of a General Staff exactly on the lines adopted by the Germans under the great Von Moltke, over forty years earlier—but resisted by the British War Office until the lamentable failures in South Africa showed the need for reform. It will please those who think that Germany is not an originator but a developer of ideas to know that this man who revolutionized war had more Highland-Scotch than German blood in his veins. He was in no way connected with the other German family of that name. In fact, Von Moltke—as his nephew, the late Chief of Staff, wrote a few years before the war—was not his real name, but MacMullen. The Liberals came into power in England in 1905, and it was very important that a good man be put in the War Office, who would act in conjunction with the newly and only partially organized General Staff. Haldane had been legal adviser to the Government of Canada, in London, and had imbibed more Imperialistic ideals than any of his colleagues, and in consequence, he was specially asked by the King "to take on the job." That is, the defence of the Empire was placed in his hands. He was the one man upon whom the Cabinet and the nation depended for expert guidance. He worked on it exclusively for seven years. He had an absolutely free hand. From 1912 to 1914, he had an indirect control.

When the great war came it found our war department almost totally unprepared. The public blamed Haldane for this condition, and said he had been so flattered by the attentions of the Kaiser that he had become his dupe. Asquith put him back in the War Office, but the outraged nation raised such an outcry, that he lasted less than 24 hours. During the five years that have since elapsed, he and his friends have always answered the criticisms by looking very solemn and wise, saying: "Wait and see; he has been shamefully misjudged and disgracefully treated; when he is permitted to speak, the nation will get a surprise."

He has spoken, and his explanations confirm the criticisms. They also prove him to be a common political faker in claiming personal credit for the work of others, and suggest that his records should be further investigated by a properly constituted court. Such a proceeding would have great moral influence over such men in the future.

Defence Printed in U. S.

AS I said, we are not allowed to print in Canada his full defence or the details of his many talks, and luncheons and dinners with the Kaiser and his friends, as they were "working" him, just as the ordinary professional gambler, company promoter or blackmailer works his victims. The cases are exactly alike excepting that the nation and the lives of its young men were the stakes. His story appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of Boston, an excellent magazine with a small circulation and but few readers outside the U.S.A. We have here a practical example of what would have happened under Ex-President Taft's Reciprocity Treaty, which, he said confidentially, would make Canadian trade an "adjunct" to the big

cities and manufacturers of the U. S. In literary matters, this is exactly where we stand to-day. Under the British Copyright Act, U. S. publishers absolutely control Canada. They compel an author to print in the States, but will not permit him to do so in Canada.

The article is headed "Some Recollections," and it deals mainly with conversations with the Kaiser and his Chancellor, and also latterly with Von Tirpitz. If we are not allowed to place his story in full before the Canadians—and as far as I know, no British publication has it—we will strain the copyright law by quoting the salient points of his defence and give the parallel from the records, and from writings of his own friends which disprove his statements.

His most important admissions are that he knew war was probable; that the preparations for it were put in his charge; and that if France was overrun, England would be in danger. He thus puts the situation right up to himself.

He opens his article:

"Many things that happened in the years just before 1914, as well as the events of the great war itself, are still too close to permit of our studying them in their full content. At this moment all that can safely be attempted is that actual observers should set down what they have themselves observed. For there has rarely been a time when the judicial maxim, that 'hearsay is not evidence,' ought to be more sternly insisted on. If I now venture to set down what follows in these pages, it is because I had certain opportunities for forming a judgment at first hand for myself. *** from the end of 1905 to the summer of 1912, I had special opportunity for a direct observation. During that period was Secretary of State for War, and from 1912 to April, 1915, I was the holder of another office and a member of the British Cabinet. During the first of these periods, it fell to me to work out the military organization that would be required to ensure, as far as was practicable, against risk, should those strenuous efforts fail into which Sir Edward Grey had thrown his strength. He was endeavoring with all his might to guard the peace of Europe from danger. As he and I had for many years been on terms of close intimacy, it was not unnatural that he should ask me to do what I could by helping in some of the diplomatic work which was his, as well as engaging in my own special task. Indeed, the two phases of activity could hardly be separable. *** In 1906, while War Minister, I paid, on the invitation of the German Emperor, a visit to him at Berlin. *** while at Berlin, I saw much of the Emperor, and I also saw certain of his Ministers, notably, Prince von Bülow, Herr von Thirskey, and General von Einem, the first being at that time Chancellor, and the last two being respectively the Foreign and War Ministers. I was invited to look over for myself the organization of the German War Office, which I wished to study for purposes of reform at home; and this I did in some detail, in company with an expert adviser from my own staff, Colonel Ellison, my military private secretary. There the authorities explained to us the general nature of the organization for rapid mobilization which had been developed under the great von Moltke, and subsequently carried farther. The character of this organization was, in its general features, no secret in Germany, although it was somewhat unfamiliar in Anglo-Saxon countries; and it interested my adviser and myself intensely."

"At that time there was an active military party in Germany, which of course, was not wholly pleased at the reception which we met with from the Emperor, etc., etc."

Further on in the article he admits

that as Minister of War, in January, 1906, he was instructed by the British Cabinet, in view of the probability of Germany attacking France, to take up the plans for the defence of the Empire, and:

"How to mobilize and concentrate at a place of assembly to be opposite the Belgian frontier, a force calculated as adequate (with the assistance of Russian pressure in the East), to make up for the inadequacy of the French armies for their great task of defending the entire French frontier, from Dunkirk down to Belfort—or even further south, if Italy should join the Triple Alliance in an attack."

I will come back to this quotation later.

The remainder and greater part of the article is devoted to his many visits to the Kaiser and Chancellor, and their visits to him in England. In fact, he shows that all questions between Germany and Britain—military, naval, Bagdad railway—were entrusted to this simple-minded stage Englishman. Even at this late date, with all that has been developed, he appears to think that the Kaiser and his Chancellor were as simple and honest as were he and Sir Edward Grey—the latter was living with him through all these eventful years—that the former were surrounded by a few bad men who caused them to break all their gentlemen's agreements—just the ordinary Confidence Game. His dealings with the Kaiser are shown to have been many times worse and more dangerous to the defence of the Empire than the receipt of the letter from the Kaiser by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Tweedmouth, in 1908, which he refused to make public; and Asquith was so alarmed that the letter might get out that he quickly disclaimed Cabinet responsibility and kicked Tweedmouth out of the Government under pressure of an alarmed nation; which then demanded, and got, a reorganized navy which saved us when the war came. For on July 29, 1914, a line of battleships formed across the channel from Dover to Ostend, and effectively prevented German troops being landed in France, and allowed us to send over our Expeditionary Forces unmolested.

The Childlike Faith of Haldane

UNDERLYING Haldane's whole defence is a childish attempt to prove how well informed he was and how it was due to his efforts that Britain was so well prepared. Childlike because the untruthfulness of so many of his statements and inferences is easily proved. He writes in Chapter II: "To say, therefore, that we were caught unprepared is not accurate," and then proceeds to show why they were not fully prepared by explaining that compulsory service was out of the question for Great Britain, and moreover, it would have taken thirty years to organize. Nowhere does he refer to his opposition to Lord Roberts, Colonel Repington and the others who were campaigning for preparedness. Instead he says, "Our main strength was in our navy and its tradition." Just how "naval traditions" were to make up for a shortage of soldiers and machine guns on the Belgian frontier, he does not explain. "Our secondary contribution," he continues, "was a small army, fashioned to fulfill a scientifically measured function. It was of course a very small army, but it had a scientific organization." That tradition and scientifically measured functions failed to stay the German hordes was not his Minister's fault, he explained, but Russia's. The fact is that this splendid little army was so long on science and short on machine guns, because Haldane and Seely and Asquith refused to listen to practical soldiers, that it was unable to defend itself properly and great slaughter was the result. Finally he seems to get angry with those who ask why we were not prepared and falls back upon legal

technicalities. "Anyhow," he says, "we fulfilled our contract, for at eleven o'clock on Monday morning, August 3, 1914, we mobilized, without a hitch, the whole Expeditionary Force," and he asks us to believe that this very successful mobilization was due to him. He says:

"I speak of this with direct knowledge, for as the Prime Minister, who was temporarily holding the seals of the War Department, was overwhelmed with business, he asked me, through the Lord Chancellor, to go to the War Office, and give directions for the mobilization of the machinery with which I was so familiar; and I did so on the morning of Monday, August 3, and a day later handed it over in working order to Lord Kitchener."

It is not necessary to go into details to show how absurd it is for any man, particularly an amateur and a Lord Chancellor, an expert in legal technicalities, who had been away from the War Office for two years, to step back and in a few hours make all arrangements for the mobilization and despatch of the Expeditionary Force and the mobilization of 350,000 militiamen, and hand over the whole outfit, in complete working order in one day. The facts are that this had all been arranged for long before by the professional soldiers, and the mobilization of the Expeditionary Force was completed days before, and much of it was in France before Haldane came to the War Office. The Heavy Artillery Brigade actually left Woolwich July 29, and had landed in Dunkirk the following day. Part, if not all, of the Cavalry were ready and expected to cross the channel August 2, at the latest.

The Formation of the General Staff

THE above is typical of his mental peculiarities and of his other claims for credit to which he is in no way entitled. In the first quotation I make from his article, he refers to his visit to the German War Office and his intense interest in and study of the organization for rapid mobilization. He points out that the von Moltke system was generally unknown in Anglo-Saxon countries. As it was adopted by us, inference is that he was entitled to the credit. As a matter of fact, it was recommended for adoption many years before by the Hartington Committee, but was killed by Haldane's chief, Campbell-Bannerman. It was brought back by Haldane's predecessor, Arnold-Forster. Its backbone is the General Staff, and when Haldane came in he found this coming into being, but it is strange that he had to go to Germany to be convinced. It was well he did, for he gave the General Staff a fairly free hand, excepting where their politics interfered, as he thought, with the Government's popularity with the voters—and we now know that some of this sentiment to which they listened, was German propaganda. It was to the Balfour Defence Committee, and to this General Staff, backed up by Lord Roberts' campaign, that we owe the partial preparations we had made when war came. But for his co-operation with them, we must give Haldane due credit. It is a fact, however, that one of his first acts was to cut down the strength of the army.

In Chapter II, he tells that after one of the Kaiser's inspirational talks with him in 1906:

"The paradox presented itself that a war with Germany, in which we were alone, would be easier than a war in which France was attacked along with us; for, if Germany succeeding in overrunning France, she might establish naval bases on the northern channel ports of that country, quite close to our shore, and so, with the possible aid of the submarines, long range guns, and air machines of the future, interfere materially with our naval position

"in the channel and our naval defences against invasion."

In these words Viscount Haldane asks us to believe that away back in 1906, he foresaw these possibilities. His friends and the facts belie him. One of his chief advisers was Viscount French. The latter writes in "1914":

"It is easy to be 'wise' after the 'event'; but I cannot help wondering why none of us realized what the most modern rifle, the machine gun, the aeroplane and wireless telegraphy would bring about."

And again:

"The first surprise came * * * they were our first experience with artillery heavier than our own."

Nor did our naval experts fear any serious danger from submarines as far back as 1906.

Another example of his simple trusting nature when he "sat in the German Confidence Game" is his reference, already quoted, to the fact that the dominant military party, "was not wholly pleased at the reception we met with from the Emperor." This was part of well-recognized German propaganda, exposed months before Haldane paid his first visit to the Kaiser by Leo Maxse, in the *National Review*; by Colonel Repington, in *The Times* and others. In his recent book, Colonel Repington says: "We were fools in those days. (1905-'6); we were as blind as bats. The Germans used every means to ingratiate themselves with us, and there began that series of mutual visits and fawnings of Anglo-German statesmen, philanthropists, editors and Chambers of Commerce which are part of the stock in-trade of German militant diplomacy and appeal so readily to easy-going, unsuspecting Britshers. All this reached such a pitch towards the end of the year, and the diplomatic situation became so grave, that I published in *The Times*, on December 27, 1905, an article on France and Germany pointing out in plain terms the danger of the situation * * *. The situation remained extremely dangerous until certain decisions were taken in 1906. It was my purpose to describe the most interesting page of history, but am forbidden to do so, and must reserve it for a later period."

The Wily Work of the Kaiser

CHAPTER V of the Recollections gives some interesting side-lights. In 1911, he tells us, the Kaiser paid a visit to King George, and sent a message to Viscount Haldane that "he would like to come and lunch with him to meet people whom otherwise he might not see." The slick and wily Prussian! The noble Viscount tells us: "I acted on my own discretion, and when he came to my house I had a widely selected party of about a dozen to meet him. * * *. The Emperor engaged in conversation with everyone, and all went with smoothness." So smoothly that when war came, at least one-third of the guests, whose names he gives, were outstanding figures in opposition to our putting up any defence, among them being Lord Morley, Ramsay Macdonald, leader of the Labor Party, and the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. The old Kaiser, the clever old jollier!

A couple of paragraphs further along, he innocently confirmed a suspicion of the intrigue and influence of Sir Ernest Cassel, the German financier, in our public affairs, when he tells us that "In January, 1912, an informal

message was given by the Emperor to Sir Ernest Cassel, for transmission, if possible, through one of my colleagues to the Foreign Office." It would be interesting to know who this other member of the Cabinet was who was closer to the Kaiser than Haldane and those we already know of. Also this clearly indicates Sir Ernest was one of the Kaiser's confidential agents in England. He has led a charmed existence since the war, while that other great German banker, Sir Edgar Speyer, was the object of a British press campaign, so bitter that it drove him out of England, which suggests that Sir Edgar and the British press have been made the victim of an outrageous plot to cover the work of Sir Ernest by diverting attention away from him. The object of the message is shown in succeeding chapters to have been the same old plot; to induce the British to let up in the naval programme and sign an agreement to give Germany a free hand by refraining from helping France, Russia or other British Allies in case Germany made war upon them. Viscount Haldane as usual rushed to Berlin and waited subserviently upon the Kaiser, the Chancellor and Admiral von Tirpitz. He gives a fairly complete account of this visit and the efforts he made to meet their wishes. It is quite significant that the Kaiser and his ministers were entirely satisfied with British army preparations for the coming war; Haldane was himself in the War Office, and as long as he was there, they were safe from the menace of Lord Roberts' campaign.

The Need For Practical Men

ONE puts down the magazine with a feeling of great sadness as he thinks of how woefully we have been misgoverned by our great intellectuals and idle rich, moral uplifters, inexperienced in the affairs of life and in the ways of the masses of mankind; and of how different things might have been under a practical man. There would have been no war, no slaughter, no bereaved families, no staggering taxation. Our army would have been as ready as our navy and the Germans would never have fought us.

Haldane's profound knowledge of law, its technicalities, its precedents, from long and careful study has no doubt made him an outstanding figure in the legal profession, and, when instructed by the special information of his clients, a formidable figure in the higher courts where fine points of law, and not common sense, justice, and experience and the ways of the world, govern trick decisions. He was a helpless child in the hands of the astute Kaiser and the far-seeing militarists, shrewd financiers and the aggressive manufacturers and business developers under whose direction he was acting.

Our experience with Haldane, Asquith, Churchill and the bounder, Sir F. E. Smith, and others of their type convinces us that we need not view with any alarm the advent of a Labor Government. A Labor Government could not have done worse. In fact, the experience of this war shows they would have done very much better. The voice of Labor leaders in this war has persistently called for experienced men to replace the failures among the appointees of family and political influence. If I were in England, Tory as I am, I would vote to-day for a Labor Government.



Field, Stream and Road

HOW strange the old-time pictures of sport would look today--baseball teams boasting at least half-a-dozen sets of whiskers--full-bearded cricketers--champions of the scull with their chins concealed.

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Toronto *Globe*, despite the staunchness of its stand for a dry Ontario, lets an occasional tear trickle through its rather heavy editorial columns when it reflects on the fact that it is no longer a stand-up fight with the good Grit claymore striking sparks from the brand of the Tory Sassenach. There is a chastened regret in the *Globe* voice when it remarks: "The province is about to experiment again

with the group system, in an even more pronounced form than in 1894-98, when the Patrons of Industry formed the second largest party in the House. In the 107 contested constituencies there are only 48 in which the fight is left to two candidates. Of these there are only thirteen in which straight Conservatives and straight Liberals are opposed. Party lines are broken or criss-crossed in a way for which there had



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been no example, Federal or Provincial, since Confederation."

Those Pesky Farmers!

BUT the greatest factor in the change, when all is said and done, is the attitude of the farmers. The horny-handed son of the soil has balked. No longer will he allow himself to be hornswoggled into voting for one party or the other when neither has any particular reason to offer him. The farmer, who wants certain things, is going to vote for himself!

The farmers of the West are into politics with both feet and there seems no reason to doubt that, at the next general election, there will be a large number of Western seats go to the straight farmer candidates. In Ontario the U.F.O. (United Farmers of Ontario) are making the election now progressing a distinctly three-cornered one. Even in the Maritime Provinces, where political faiths die harder and men nourish the ideas and traditions of the past with a more enduring zeal, the farmers are organizing. In fact, as the Victoria Colonist puts it: "The creation of a United Farmers party in the Dominion is an upsetting element in all the calculations of political organizations."

Many Western newspapers are openly supporting the cause of the agricultural organization. The Saskatoon Star comes out with a bold forecast as to how things are going in Saskatchewan. It predicts: "Probably nine-tenths of the voters in Assiniboia constituency are farmers, so there is reason for the confidence which the convention seemed to feel that any candidate nominated would certainly be the next member of Parliament. The spirit permeating the Carlyle convention is in evidence throughout the whole province. Because of the forthcoming bye-election, Assiniboia was better organized than the other constituencies, but at the same time the enthusiasm is no more keen than it is elsewhere."

After reviewing the situation from coast to coast, the Regina Daily Post says: "The political movement of the organized farmers is one of high significance. The politicians who are still isolating themselves with memories of the Patrons of Industry and similar movements of the past are due for a rude shock."

And Then the Ladies

FINALLY, there is the fact that woman suffrage is becoming an accomplished fact. It seems to be generally accepted that woman, lovely woman, will not be caught by shop-worn shibboleths or permanently shackled to any party chariot. She is going to be an unknown quantity for a while. Professional politicians look at this askance. They feel that personal considerations and the issues of the day will sway the feminine voter more than the appeal of party loyalty. There is still an idea extant that flattery will help out and so we find the good old Toronto Mail and Empire, after a stodgily long appeal to women to vote for Hearst in Ontario, winding up with the following:

"The women may prove themselves Ontario's best electors. In some respects the feminine judgment is more trustworthy than the masculine judgment, and we are inclined to believe that in the marking of the ballot woman will show her peculiar good sense. Women, we believe, are more inclined to regard the suffrage as a trust than men are. They are more inclined than men to look upon public office rather as a responsibility than as a prize. Their vote is given less as a favor to the receiver than as a call to service. The woman voter puts the business up to the candidate, and the man who is elected will in most cases be made to feel that his women supporters are keeping an eye on him."

But, anyone, who has seen the part that the women of the West are playing in public affairs, knows and knows well that woman's part in the handling of this country is going to be a big one and that it is going to be a progressive and courageous part; and also that the professional politicians may as well pack up their wares in their old kit bags and amble along.

The Search for Missing Men

Continued from page 28

Gentle's face was pitiful to see. Poor Gentle! His problem was soon solved. After some communication between the Searcher and the home people, the news had to be broken to him that his wife, on her way to Australia, with the man who believed himself to be her husband, had been torpedoed and drowned.

Another side issue of war!

The Young Flyer's Story

EVERY nurse or V. A. D., especially those who have served in France, will recall nights when she has sat by some patient—just letting him talk, talk, talk. We often discussed what we were told in these night watches, of course, violating no confidence. This story was told one night:

"Well, you know, I have only been on night duty for a week or so. I always feel at night, somehow, when it is silent and dark, the men are a little—different from in the sunshine. Things that have happened—terrible things sometimes—come crowding back to their minds, they become nervous, and often call you and ask for something, not because they really want it, but because they want to hear you and feel that something human and awake is near; you have noticed that, haven't you?"

Well, in my last ward was a young Air Service Officer, who had no wounds, but was a nerve case—a regular nervous break down—very sudden—he had had. He was sent down the line and on to us. He used to be there, absolutely silent, never speaking, unless when it was really necessary, with the most lonely and despairing eyes I have ever seen. He looked as if he lived in a world of his own, that he could not reach. His body was there in the ward but his eyes seemed to say that he was not one of us, that he was as far removed as if he belonged to another sphere. I had the greatest desire to make him speak, to reach him, as it were, to make him express emotion, to make him one of us. Even to have seen him suffer pain would have been better than this horrible apathy.

When I asked him if he wanted anything—if I could bring him anything—books, flowers—he answered very quietly and courteously:

"Nothing, thank you, Sister. I have everything."

The M. O.'s were at a loss. They could not rouse him. They could not get at the root of the trouble.

"I wish you could make him talk, Sister," they used to say. "Something is on his mind, and until we can get at it, we cannot help him. If he shows any inclination to talk at any time, encourage him."

You know that, as a rule, the doctors don't want us to encourage the patients to talk about their experiences up the line. They rather want them to forget them. But now they told me to do everything in my power to make this one talk. Naturally then, I did my best—starting all kinds of subjects. He always answered in the same toneless way as if he were too much taken up with what he was thinking of, to be interested in anything I could say.

Often through the night, when I made my rounds of the ward, with my little electric torch, I would find him lying motionless, with eyes strained wide open, staring into the darkness.

One night when the others were all asleep, I stood by his bed. It seemed to me that night as if a lost spirit dwelt in his eyes.

"Talk to me a little," I said. "Sometimes I feel lonely in the night, when everyone is asleep around me. Talk to me." The ghost of a smile seemed to flicker about his lips.

"Lonely, Sister, lonely? Do you think you really know what that word means?"

Threw His Pal to Destruction

JUST at that moment, a patient, one of the very highly strung, excitable kind, began to sing in his sleep, that

song that a sergeant of the Fusiliers wrote. You know the men have been singing it a lot lately.

"Keep your head down, Chummy, keep your nut well down. When you're in the trenches, keep your napper down. Bullets are a-flyin', nasty bits of lead. It's all up with you, Matey, if you stop one with your head."

"Keep your head down, Chummy," repeated the boy, "Aye, he's trying to save his pal, but what would you think of a man, Sister, who threw his pal out to destruction?"

"It's coming! It's coming!" I thought, and stood very still, thankful that the noisy, wakeful patient had turned and was sleeping quietly.

"Tell me," I said, for it seemed as if the load were about to be lifted.

"Tell you, Sister! Shall I? Shall I show you the horrible depths to which a man may fall? That would be from the beginning, Sister, when I was only a kid, when I first remember hearing people say: 'What an imagination that child has got!' And as a kid, I could say to myself, 'What does that mean? Does it mean that I *see* things when people only speak of them? Does it mean that when Dad told Mother about the launch bursting up, I could see it flaming to the sky, and see the sailors sizzle in the flames? Ough! Is that imagination? I don't want it! I don't like it!'"

"It followed me, though, Sister, through the school years. It was so vivid. I called it my *Devil Imagination*, and indeed it was more of a curse than a blessing.

Waiting For the Whistle

"THEN the war broke out, and of course, I joined up. I joined an Infantry Corps first, and if I am to tell you the truth, a truth which has never crossed my lips before, I felt even then that I was a coward. Nobody knew it, of course, for I acted a part, but deep in my heart I knew what to fear when I went to France. I feared Fear.

"Well, we went over, and finally came to our time in the trenches. We were going to attack. The zero hour was given. When the whistle blew we were to go over the top."

"Who was to blow the whistle?" I asked, simply for the sake of stopping, for an instant, that tense voice in its terrible monotony.

"I was to blow the whistle. I stood leaning against the parapet—all my preparations were made. I was picturing what was going to happen, the shells bursting, the bayonets, the wounds! Nothing in reality ever came near the ghostly pictures in my mind then.

"I began to feel cold and physically sick.

"The men were standing waiting for the sound of the whistle. They were laughing, talking—even joking.

"How much of it is real?" I wondered.

"Some of them reminded me of hunting dogs straining at the leash—their blood was up—the years of civilization had rolled away—they were back to the elemental things.

"They were old hands. How I envied them! How I honored them! I wondered if they could read my thoughts in my face."

"Stop for a minute," I interrupted him, "you must not let yourself get so excited. Wait till you rest—"

"It is now or never, Sister, and up till to-night I thought it would be never. I raised the whistle to my lips, wondering how I could blow it, when the time came. In doing so, I knocked out my cigarette, which indeed, I was scarcely conscious of holding. Quite mechanically I took out my case for another cigarette. That case, Sister, was given me, when I joined up, by a girl who lived near my home in the country, and who played at Soldiers with me when we were kids. She was with her father on the 'Lusitania' when it went down! God! I could see her tossed by the water! Her white, upturned

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face was more real to me, than yours is now! The curls, that, as a kid, I teased her about, were dripping and filled with sea-weed—she was choking, struggling!!

"That saved me, Sister. For once my imagination had helped me. The blood beat back into my brain—my hands twitched to be at the throats of the Boches who had murdered her. I forgot everything else. Thank God! the sign was given, I blew my whistle and my ears almost burst. I scrambled with shouts over the top—I—"

More of the Devil Imagination
A NOTHER patient had wakened, calling for me, and I went—remaining as long as possible to enforce a little rest on the boy. Whenever I had finished, however, a hoarse whisper called me.

"Come back, Sister, I'll finish now and never again shall I speak of it—

"The horrible spell was broken—you've been told already, Sister, what 'over the top' means—the shells screaming and whining, the rattle of the machine guns, the face-to-face playing with Death, the falling into shell holes; the sudden victorious dash into the enemy front trench!! You've heard it all before. I should have been dead half a dozen times. The earth was ripped up behind me, before me, the bullets sang past my ears, but I was so thankful that the horrible nightmare of fear had left me. I opened my arms, and I almost think I sang aloud.

"Well, when this Hell was over, and those of us, who were left, were panting for breath, some of us dazed with the terrible noise, and the remains of the gas, here was I, with nothing but a mere skin wound, and an obsession to be at their throats again."

"Well, you see," I broke in relieved. "It was only that horrible physical sense of fear which almost every man owns up to, at one time or another. You know, this is the first War that men have not been afraid to say they were afraid!"

"That is not all, Sister. . . . After a few months several of our company resigned in order to join the Air Force. I decided to do the same. I can't tell you exactly why I did it, unless, because the Air Service is supposed to be one of the most dangerous, and I was absolutely determined to bring that Devil Imagination of mine face to face with every kind of horrible facts, until I had brought it completely under my control. I knew the Air Service would give me lots of opportunity. I won't bore you much longer, Sister."

"Please, please don't use that horrible word. You know that instead of bored, I am interested beyond words," I said. "Only I don't want you to do yourself harm with so much excitement."

"Well, I soon became an old hand at it, and France soon followed. The mighty stunts over the enemy trenches, over the clouds! It satisfied me, somehow. I think I was nearer being really happy then, Sister, than for years. One night I was given a special commission.

"One of our Secret Intelligence men was to be taken behind the enemy lines, where he was to descend by parachute. My business was to get him there, and at a given sign, the next night, bring him back if he were lucky enough to be still alive. He was to do the rest. All the details of course are secret. You understand that, and I shall not give you them. This special information which Headquarters required was absolutely necessary, but would be gained at the imminent risk of his life. It was only one chance in many that he could keep out of the hands of the Boches. The night came and he arrived, disguised in a German uniform."

"Did you know him before?" I asked.

"No, I had never seen him though I had often heard of him and the wonderful work he had done. Jove! these fellows have brains and pluck!"

The Skinny, Insignificant Hero

"Did he look the part?" I queried, with the usual woman's curiosity. "Far from it—a small, skinny, insignificant looking soul. I suppose we will always have the old idea that a

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hero must be a broad-shouldered 6-footer—though as a matter of fact it is generally the contrary. Nothing to mark the brains man of his kind must have, except one quick, penetrating glance at the beginning, keen enough to reach your very marrow. It wasn't the first time by many he had been up in a machine, and he seemed to thoroughly enjoy the motion. We went up with the other machines, on their way to the nightly stunt, but presently, we went a little higher, a little further 'port' and after awhile shot up suddenly and found ourselves on a plane by ourselves—"

He stopped there, and, I hoped the story was finished or practically so. He was utterly exhausted; his white face shining out in the darkness. There was a kind of unnatural element in the whole thing. I had left him two or three times to see about other patients but something always drew me back. Of course, as I told you, the doctor had insisted there was something on his mind, preventing his recovery, so I thought it best to let him go on. Do you think I was right, girls?

"Assuredly," we answered, and she went on.

"People often ask me if the stillness, the utter silence, up in the clouds, does not seem uncanny," went on the boy. "They forget that the noise of the machine is so loud that the Pilot can hardly carry on any conversation with the Observer without shouting at the pitch of his voice. One seldom speaks to the other, when the machine is going, unless necessary."

"Well, I carried my passenger over our front line, and over the enemy lines, and presently arrived, as near as I could judge, over the place where I thought he might descend by the parachute. I motioned to him to prepare, and he adjusted the belt. It was the minute for him to drop off the plane."

"To drop into nothingness!" I shuddered.

"Yes, Sister, to leave our tiny ark of safety, floating in immeasurable space, and plunge into that gulf of blackness, which surrounded us. Of course he was attached to the parachute, but what if it did not open? Dropping into that horrible emptiness!"

"I looked swiftly at him, and in his face, I could read his thoughts as if they were my own.

"He had lost his nerve!

"Did one wonder? A mere atom, like a grain of dust, to be dangling in space! Was he looking at the picture now as I was? I was giddy at the thought. It was a hideous nightmare. Two atoms of humanity penetrating the clouds, the immeasurable space which terrifies the limited mind of man! Held up by a few boards and rods of steel, and to suddenly plunge from it—into what?"

"And we never heard of these terrible deeds men are doing for us," I interrupted.

"You will hear, Sister, when it is all over—I am sure you understand how necessary it is to keep everything possible secret now."

"Indeed I do—Go on!" I urged, for the very first beginning of dawn was glimmering through the windows.

"His white face told me that his nerves had got the better of him, and that he was trying to shout to me. His voice came faintly above the noise of the engines:

"Take me back! I can't do it! I tell you I can't! I can't leap into that horrible space!"

"There we were, we two, alone in the world as it seemed, and to all intents and purposes we were. The occasional stars peering at us, seemed almost nearer to us than the world which we could not see, but which we knew to be at our feet. Here, with me, the only other speck of humanity was trying to rise above the horrible fears, that flesh had made him heir to. I knew of the record of brave deeds which he had built for himself, and the invaluable service he had done his country. I had been told of the imminent danger, upon which he, without the slightest hesitation, had thrust himself. I know he had played with the chance of Death!"

The Lurking of Imp Imagination

"AND, therefore, I knew that in this man's brain lurked that imp Imagination which had turned me into a coward, that first day before I went over the top, and that it was now about to wreck his career.

"Supposing I listened to him, and carried him safely back to earth?

"He must then return to his Headquarters and confess that their orders were not carried out, because he had not the courage to do so; that the trust they had placed in him was misplaced because he was a coward. In other words that his honor was torn to rags. What must happen, could I keep a fellow-man to this? Could I allow him to yield to that physical sickening sense of fear, which had him in its power for the moment? Would life be worth living, Sister, after that? Would it?"

"No—" I said hesitatingly, "I suppose—"

"You do not suppose, Sister, you know. To a brave woman, honor is as dear as to a man—I made up my mind hurriedly. I motioned to him as if I could not hear. I saw that he was still attached to the parachute—or vice versa—and I motioned to him to come near, as if I wanted to hear better. Nearer! nearer! He was standing, now quite close to me. With sudden jerk, of my wrist, I caught him and pushed him into that black abyss."

The boy's voice trailed off, and he lay shuddering beneath the sheet.

For a minute I could say nothing. Then he broke in again.

"It was his scream, Sister, when he went over! To the end of my days, that awful, horrible, despairing scream will ring in my ears!"

"But what is the end?" I hurried on.

"You said he was attached to the parachute. Perhaps he landed safely. Did you not find out?"

"I had no time. I became ill immediately after, and was sent down here. I picture him every minute of the day, Sister, as he fell off the plane. I hear his cry at nights."

"But we will find out about him," I insisted. "I shall see that it is done."

Well, I told the M. O. the whole story except that, of course, I could not give names—as I did not know them.

The boy would not even give names to the M. O. He said after all he had told, it was impossible for him to tell the man's name. The doctor came to the conclusion, however, that only if the boy's mind were relieved, could he ever get better. They thought accordingly that they were justified in laying the case before Headquarters—keeping back as much of the story as possible.

They discovered that the Secret Service Member had arrived safely on German territory, had found out his information, but had been taken prisoner.

A few days later further word was sent that he had escaped and was in Holland.

A Canadian Hero "Goes West"

I WAS detailed, at very brief notice, to accompany a hospital train to the Base. I was kept on duty with this train much longer than I had expected.

One afternoon, late, I stood with the M. O. at the side of one of our worst cases. He was Canadian, and this was his first "Blighty" since he had crossed the seas three years ago. It was a leg case, crushed and broken, and because he had been lying out in "No Man's Land" for a considerable time, the mud and dirt had soaked into his wound, and it was septic. The M. O.'s face was very grave and thoughtful.

"I don't want to amputate, if I can possibly help it," he said. "I have tried every possible thing but it seems to me a question of his leg or his life."

"Will it be in time when we arrive at the Base?" I asked.

"Scarcely, I couldn't take the risk. No, Sister, I shall have to do it on the train. It is very rarely that we stop the train ourselves, though often enough we have to wait on a siding for hours to let another train pass. This is serious enough, however, to warrant it."

He hurried off to give orders to have



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the train backed into a siding, and soon we had stopped. The little theatre was in a state of complete readiness for an emergency operation, such as this would be. In a few minutes I had to prepare the lad for his operation. I spoke to him very softly, that the other cases, so very near, might not be disturbed.

"The doctor has told you it is necessary to amputate."

"Sure."

"You're a brave lad to take it so quietly," I couldn't help saying.

"If I . . . if anything goes wrong, Sister, will you write to my folks? They live down East in America. I guess you've got the address, all right." The stretcher-bearers arrived to carry him into the theatre. Heads were raised from pillows as he was carried past. As the orderlies, with their burden, picked their steps among the mattresses, I coming behind, we passed a little, bald-headed man of more than forty, whose nerve was gone, and who was sobbing with pain.

"Cheer-o, old buck," came from the young Canadian who was about to lose his leg. "Cheer up! see you later!" I could not help taking his hand in mine and saying:

"You deserve to win out, Canada, and I believe you will."

Now that the train had stopped, it seemed unnaturally quiet. One missed the rumbling and the noise in which one lived one's life. One forgot, when the operation was being skilfully and quickly carried on, that one was not in a regular hospital, but instead on a train, in a desolate little siding, miles away from town and village. It was completed and the boy was carried back to his berth. I left a train orderly to watch him until he came out of the anaesthetic, and went on with my dressings.

I went back to my Canadian. He was out of the anaesthetic and was perfectly conscious and sensible. But he was in a terrible state of weakness. I sent for the M.O.

"There is a poor chance in any case, Sister. Try to brace up his heart . . ."

WE had started again now and I went to the Canadian's berth. He was sinking. It was too evident. The M.O. came at the same moment and examined him.

"I'm afraid there is no hope, Sister. It was the only chance, and it has failed. Do what you can for him, but I am afraid it will soon be all over." Presently the Canadian opened his eyes:

"It's about time to write that letter, Sister," he said, in weak tones, but a smile in his eyes. I knew it was true: I brought a writing pad, and took out my fountain pen. He thought a few moments, and with a far-away look in his eyes, began:

"Dear Dad,

I have had a corking time. I wouldn't give up my place here for anything in the world. I am jolly glad I came, Dad. Sorry you'll be alone, but this would have been hard on Mother. It takes us men for war, don't it, dad?

Yours ever,
Ed."

"That's all, Sister. Thanks."

I waited with him, till I was obliged to change some dressing further down the coach. Presently I looked up and saw the orderly, who had been left with him, sign to me. I hurried to his side and took his hand in mine.

"Brave! Brave boy!" I whispered to him. He opened his eyes, to smile, and . . . his life was over.

An Enemy Asked For Water

THE train was rumbling along at a very easy pace to prevent more jolting than was necessary. Suddenly a voice from above my head startled me:

"Geben sie mir wasser." (Give me water). German! I raised myself on tiptoes and looked into the cot. A fair-haired boy of seventeen was there, a weak, gentle lad, for all the world like my small brother at home.

"And this is my enemy," I thought. "Or would be only that in hospital one does not distinguish between an enemy and a friend—they are all patients. He



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looked at me with alarm and much pain in his softened blue eyes.

"Where are you hurt?"

"It is mein beine" (leg), he whispered, and I found a smashed bone in the lower leg and the blood oozing from the wound. He already had been dressed at the Field Ambulance. I got off the splint, cleaned and dressed the wound, and arranged the slight, fair-haired boy as comfortably as I could.

"Gut! gut!" he kept whispering, "Schister is gut!" and he looked up at me with eyes like a dumb animal trying to show his thanks.

Below him on the mattress was a young Londoner from the Artists' Rifles. His was not a serious wound,

and I noticed how he watched with great interest the dressing of the little prisoner's wound.

"Say, Boche, where do you come from?" he called up in German, and the boy turned up his young, white face, gazed at him earnestly and answered:

"Von den walde." (From the woods.) "Thought so," muttered the Artist, for he happened to be one of the Artists' Rifles who really was an artist.

"Sister, there is a face—look at it—in which there is no guile." And looking at the face, I knew what he meant.

"Yes, I suppose they have dragged the children of the forest, too, into this devilish business," I replied, hurrying on to the next case.

The Rainbow Death

Continued from page 31

The letter was heard with amazement but without discussion. All were too intent upon finding out what else Helen had to say.

"When I learned from the Belmont clerk that Lefroy had registered just a few days before the receipt of that letter, when I discovered no boats had left New York and that Petersen could not have sailed to Europe at the time I had been led to believe, it seemed reasonable to conclude that either Petersen was still in New York and did not wish to be known, or that there was no such person. I would have cabled Mrs. Ainsworth for a description of the man had not Lena Davis given me something else to think about. She was, as you know, a German agent, whose sole duty to the Wilhelmstrasse was to count the parcels marked with a red label (denoting, I suppose, some chemical ingredient), which left the works and report their numbers to Lefroy."

"A Red label?" muttered Lane. "Those contain t. n. t."

"I thought so!" said Helen, "and she told me further that Lefroy had a laboratory—quite a significant fact considering that he had never hinted of it to me! It was through Lena that Lefroy met Clare Mitchner, but it was through the latter, rather than the girl in his employ, that he was determined to destroy the Chemical Works and all within it. Why, I cannot say, unless he recognized in Miss Mitchner a stealer tool with which to work."

"But she would not have done it?" cried Lane, protestingly.

"How can one say, now? This much I have pieced together from bits of conversation which Lena overheard and did not understand—Lefroy used to threaten to kill you, Mr. Lane, by slow and torturing degrees if Clare Mitchner did not carry out his plans."

"Why should that deter her, if she did not hesitate to sacrifice seven hundred lives?" Drummond interrupted.

"Because she loved her employer," answered Helen, simply. "Lena says that in the excess of her anxiety for him, she used to pray aloud for him without knowing that a sound passed her lips."

"Good God," whispered Lane. "I never knew."

"I fancy that Clare Mitchner would not defy Lefroy, but that she put him off, seeking to gain time and find some way out of the desperate plight. I imagine that gradually Lefroy became suspicious of her and felt she would be better out of his way. I know he must have threatened her, because there was proof that she knew death was near."

"But why, in God's name, Helen," Mr. Fairweather broke in excitedly, "did she not turn the scoundrel over to the police long ago, and why did he connect my poor girl with the affair?"

"To answer your first question—again, I can only conjecture and string together little bits of conversation overheard by Lena... Lefroy must have been too clever not to anticipate some such move and his obvious method was to threaten that if he were betrayed, he had a dozen men who could 'carry on' the work of destruction quite as easily. In regard to the second... I am certain that the similarity in the appearance of the cars, the astounding likeness be-

tween the two girls, the dusk and the urgency for haste, all combined to lead Lefroy into committing a double crime. He must have watched his opportunity to meet the limousine when it was held up at some particularly crowded spot; he evidently appeared at the open window, accomplished his object and disappeared in the throng scarcely a moment later. It was a fiendish plan, thought out by a fiendish brain and executed with some skill. He attracted no attention and apparently left no clue.

"Surprise, pleasure—a greeting in fact, showed plainly in Berenice's expression. On the other hand, fear, horror, fleeting though it was, lay in Clare Mitchner's eyes. She knew his purpose and knew that she could not escape its fulfillment."

"Yes," broke in Chief Magruder, "but what did he do?"

"He touched them with The Rainbow Death," Helen told him.

"I am coming to that.... Learning that Lefroy had a laboratory I went that night on a solitary tour of investigation and to my great relief, it must be confessed, I found Fogarty on the beat. From him I discovered that only the basement of a certain house was in use and that a man was the resident. Fogarty had never been suspicious of this individual in any way nor did he know anything conclusive about him. Giving the policeman instructions to come to me only at a given signal or after the lapse of a certain length of time, I felt my way down the basement steps and picked my way into the place. My first impression was that of being in the best equipped laboratory in the city. There were copper condensers, steel mortars, reagents for dissolving and burettes for gas analysis all over the place; it was evidently the work-shop of an experimenter in the most intricate chemical research work. There was an open blow furnace almost opposite the door. The room at my entrance was but poorly lighted and at first glance I thought it was empty. In a moment, however, I discovered my mistake. Beside the door of the furnace lay Lefroy practically unconscious. He breathed with greatest difficulty and what each gasp cost him I shudder to think. I tasted a little of his hellish invention and I know." She stopped, coughed and asked for water.

"Accidental death, I take it?" interposed the Chief professionally.

"Beyond a doubt. There was nothing to suggest the contrary."

"I saw his body, of course," said Harkness, musingly, "and don't remember anything that looked like a rainbow mark."

"No," returned Helen, "you wouldn't. It did not show one, either. I will try to tell you the reason—although ignorant of the exact nature of the Rainbow Death. I am quite convinced that it is a gas, discovered by Lefroy, who, it goes without saying, possessed a profound knowledge of chemistry and went to Mexico in the interests of his Government. I believe that there, in the swamp district, he experimented with minerals or plants until he found what he required, after which he ruthlessly practised upon the natives. Satisfied that his invention would do all that it was expected of it, he left a supply in

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Mexico and came to New York to carry out a further policy of frightfulness. Of that, more in a moment.

"Now, I think that after making his fatal move in the case of Berenice, and after suspecting that Lena Davis had spoken to me, he was preparing to execute his design against the Chemical Works or possibly some other plant, and had released consciously or otherwise more gas in his laboratory than he realized."

"But you—" broke in Mr. Fairweather, "did you not detect it?"

"Not in the least. I administered every sort of restorative and antidote I knew and was just making for the door to signal Fogarty when my heart seemed to burst in my throat... My tongue swelled up... fire seared my eye-balls and nostrils... in short, good friends, in those horrible moments before I lost consciousness, I said good bye mentally to each one of you."

Drummond cursed under his breath.

"I think that the supply in Mexico is designed for use at the Front," Helen went on. "You know that both the Germans and the Allies are constantly searching for a new gas for which the enemy has no antidote, and one of the features of this which makes it so valuable is that we are not prepared for it. There is no warning. Our boys have no thought of masks. They go into it, breathe it for some time and—and there is no mark left," she hurried on, "in the case of inhalation, but I feel sure that a small quantity dispersed from such an instrument as an atomizer, would leave a mark where the slightest condensation occurred. I also think that death would be much swifter and practically painless."

There was silence for a moment, and then Helen continued:

"Lefroy's effects were searched and evidence brought to light which did not tend to clear his character—lists of chemical and munition plants, names of prominent chemists, political and military leaders and the like. Then the cablegram definitely committed him."

"The cablegram?" echoed Mr. Fairweather.

"Yes. It seemed reasonable to assume that as a German agent he must be communicating with his Government and to Mr. Harkness is due the credit of proving this. He discovered that Lefroy had been sending cables to a clothing firm in Stockholm and that the first message, despatched almost immediately upon his arrival, deciphered, read—have you a copy, Mr. Harkness?"

"Sorry," said the Inspector, "but I haven't. However, the gist of it was that another—another, mind you—consignment was ready for shipment as soon as a U-boat could be sent. Pretty conclusive evidence, eh?"

No one answered the question, and Drummond voiced the thought that was in every mind.

"Good God," he cried excitedly, "isn't there some way in which we can locate the base in Mexico and put a stop to these shipments?"

"And what about a counter-acting chemical?" demanded Lane, turning to Helen.

She spread out her hands and when she spoke a note of despondency had crept into her voice.

"Even while I have been choking and gasping," she said, "I have been at work searching... searching... but I don't seem to get anywhere... I have done nothing for Science and there seemed opportunity for doing so much!"

"Ah, now, Miss Dupont, don't be down-hearted," said the Chief. "Listen to this!" and he waved an official document before her eyes. . . . "German super-U-boat sunk off east coast Mexico, yesterday. . . . That information came to me privately. You can guess what it means. It means that one of the enemy's submarines sent to attack our vessels on the way over was starting home with a load of Lefroy's material. . . . perhaps all of it, who can say? So we will forgive your failure in the interest of Science if you can help us locate a German agent, and sink a super-U-boat every morning before breakfast!"

A Woman on the Bench

Continued from page 36

papers, the males frequently prefer to appear here. Women who are charged singly for any offence, always appear in their own court. There are several advantages in this, the primary one being that each woman gets a chance to make good if she wants to take it.

While we do not always fail, I must own that where the older woman is concerned, she does not readily respond. She may be moved to tears, and may promise better things, but the experiences she has lived through have registered themselves on her nerves and fibre until she seems powerless to help herself. Her will is weakened; her moral nature broken down, and she has become an exile from her common humanity. Such a woman is a dervish on the ocean of life, "a wrecker," and a treacherous trull of whom an old-time writer said, she "has cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her."

When we have industrial homes for the many wayward girls who appear in court—places where they shall be taught three R's and suitable trades—we shall have done a great deal to solve the problem of delinquency. At present we keep them shut up, but teach them almost nothing. It is not wise to take a year out of a girl's life and then turn her out on the street—purer in mind and healthier in body—it is true, but no more capable of maintaining herself than before incarceration. Where is the use of telling a girl to be good when we all know that goodness is largely a by-product of efficiency?

In talking to the girls, and enquiring into their habits, where feeble-mindedness was not a causative factor, I have found the bad girl to be the ignorant, lazy one, who has not been taught to use her hands.

The industrial side of redemptive work is one which requires close and urgent attention on the part of all interested women. Much good work has been done in the past to reclaim the wayward girl, but, after all, the struggles in life are not so much between the good and the bad as between the good and the better. The best way a woman magistrate, or any other woman, can be a savior is not to stoop and save, but to stand by the girl and let her save herself.

If you are looking for an easy job, or one that is calculated to make friends for you, do not be a Police Magistrate.

There being two sides to every case, and the magistrate having to find in favor of one, it is wholly clear that the fifty per centum which represent the other side, whether as plaintiff, defendants, counsel, witnesses, or listeners must go away displeased, or even angry.

Women, in particular, because of their hitherto more secluded lives, are unused to taking reproof in public, and are apt to harbor bitterness.

Because they are of the same sex, the majority expect sympathy and defence from a woman magistrate rather than justice, and are surprised and chagrined that she should "side with" a man on any occasion. This is especially true in cases where indocile women assault their husbands. "He's able to take care of himself, he is," they'll say, whereas a man who is being beaten by his wife is probably the most ludicrous, the most helpless, and—yes, one of the most pitiable objects in the world. If he strikes back, he knows that the result is likely to be serious, and so he must either stand up under the beating or dodge as best he may.

In Northern Alberta, a woman quarreled with her husband over the titles of their farm and, to corroborate her argument, hit him with a stick. Since her childhood she had been blind in her right eye, and wore glasses to save her left one.

When in his rage, her husband hit back, by some awful miscalculation, the blow was landed on the lens of the left eye crushing the glass into her eyeball, forever destroying her vision.

May God, the Pitier, forgive old Philip for this, in that he will never forgive himself!

The offence of husband-beating may be one that is peculiar to the North where the average woman is more vital, more big and unafraid than in the South but, for a certainty, it is not altogether unknown in Alberta.

Having always held it as a cardinal principle that the distinguishing mark of a really fine woman is loyalty to her own sex, it often disturbs me in these cases of sex-antagonisms to see that my value both as a woman and as a magistrate is falling cent by cent, and that presently it will go below par.

Indeed, one woman from the British Isles who had beaten her mentally afflicted husband with a chair rung, and who was bound over to keep the peace, threatened to start a petition to have me officially disqualified as it was quite evident to her that I was "no woman's magistrate."

Another female designated by the police as "a snowbird"—that is to say one who sniffs a preparation of cocaine known as snuff—threatened to shoot me, because of a severe sentence imposed upon her. I might have been frightened by this had I not found, on looking up the matter, that the killing of magistrates is really quite a rare occurrence. Indeed, the only case I could find happened in England when, in the year 1678, a magistrate was found dead in a ditch at the foot of Primrose Hill, a sword having been run through his body.

That magistrates were no more appreciated in those times, is evidenced by a writer of the day having described this murder as the finest piece of art in the seventeenth century.

Then, too, the woman magistrate suffers at the hands of her female admirers, in that they frequently use her as a kind of fearsome bogey to scare their employers, their husbands, or their ice-men. They threaten also to "squeal" on their associates in wrong-doing, and frequently do squeal, usually by means of an anonymous letter or by telephone.

This procedure is not calculated to enhance the magistrate's popularity with the males of the community, so that it is just as well at the beginning of your career to make up your mind to a very considerable amount of resentment from both sexes.

So far as I can recall, the only person who seems to befriend the woman magistrate is the counsel for the defence, who so frequently refers to your wisdom, your well-known fairness, and your ability to digest evidence, hoping you may flatly fall for his pleasant "butter," and so acquit his client. Do I fall for it? Ho! Ho! my curious friends, do you think I'd be after telling if I did?

Speaking of Counsel for the defence, once a barrister pleaded that I should look leniently upon his client and not with the unsympathetic eyes which a woman of the higher class so often turns upon a woman of the lower class.

The request startled me. Was I doing this? Is it true that the over-worked woman of the so-called "lower class," subjected to temptations at an earlier age, becomes more liable to these than the over-fed, idle, and over-developed woman who is reared in more comfortable surroundings?

Should a magistrate rule that each class has its specific soul, or is it true, on the contrary, that

"The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under the skin?"

In my mind, the question is still unsettled, in that I am forced to change my conclusions from day to day in order that justice may not seem to fail. After all, nothing is easier to upset than a conclusion, unless it be a canoe.

There is one distinct benefit, however, in being a police magistrate in a woman's court; you are saved from the risk of stagnancy. You will have the distinction too—albeit a graceless one—of having persecuted more perfectly pure, unoffending ladies than any other woman in your city.

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Two Men—And an Idea

Continued from page 33

story out of John R. Smith, was asked after he came away, if he had succeeded in securing an interview. "No," he replied disgustedly. "Smith succeeded in interviewing me."

The strenuous drift of his career has left an indelible impress on his personality. Outwardly, he wears the unreadable mask of a poker-player, but his speech and actions are indicative of an alert and impulsive mind. If something in a conversation should happen to suggest a real idea to him, he's quite as liable to be away in a flash to put that idea at work while the visitor ponders over the odd eccentricities of grain operators.

His gift for reading and sizing up other men is a by-word. All his executives are hand-picked—by John R. Smith. There's a story told—for the veracity of which I cannot vouch—which illustrates one of his characteristics. John R. Smith has three hobbies: golfing, breaking the speed laws on the motor highways and a rare collection of diamonds. The story is that he one time lost a wallet containing a number of his most highly prized sparklers and a roll of bills amounting to three hundred dollars. A superintendent on one of his farms found it and brought it to him. John R. was so delighted to recover his pet gems that he handed the man the roll of bills. "Here," he said, "keep that change; it's worth it to get the stones back." The man refused the money, and his chief, thinking it was modesty on the farmer's part, took the three hundred dollars to a savings bank where he deposited one hundred dollars each to the credit of the superintendent's three small children. The superintendent took the bank pass books away from the children and carried them back to Mr. Smith stating that he could not accept money that he did not believe he had earned. For his ill-advised action, he received his time and a cheque for the same to date with a curt explanation that "he was too honest to be trusted."

John R. Smith's Own Story

An observant physiognomist might tell you that John R. Smith has the wide, high brow of a dreamer and the aggressive jaw of a man of action. But John R. would be the first to emphatically deny that he is personally gifted with a resourceful imagination, or that he has a Napoleonic knack of fashioning dreams into realities. Let him tell the story himself:

"No, I can't say that either Davidson or myself were ever abnormally ambitious to become either millionaires or ruling factors in commerce," he denied at the suggestion. "Necessity was the parent of almost every one of our undertakings. We were pretty much the creatures of circumstances."

"For instance, we started out as pioneers in the hospital elevator business through the very ordinary observation that there was a wastage in Canada's grain crop through lack of large enough facilities to redeem lower grades. Grain that did not come up to a remarkable standard was actually left on the grower's hands and huge quantities of it rotted on the prairies. It did not require any extraordinary imagination to see that as Western Canada's grain production increased the amount of lower grades would become enormous and the wastage proportionately so if means were not found to turn them into marketable commodities.

"That was the genesis of our first little hospital elevator in Fort William," continued Mr. Smith. "We soon afterwards found that this elevator and other hospital elevators subsequently built by rival concerns were by no means capable of meeting the demands made upon them. So we sold our first enterprise and built the thoroughly modern, fast-handling plant of a million and three-quarters capacity that now operates on the waterfront of Port Arthur."



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The plant which Mr. Smith made reference to is said to be the last word in despatch and efficiency for handling, storing and redeeming off-grade grains. The uninitiated may not know that these cleaning elevators are capable of taking in cargoes that are three-parts dirt, gravel, mustard-seed, wild oats and weeds of all Western varieties and redeeming the grain from this mess. Not only that, but they segregate all the constituents from No. 1 Hard down, so that each may be disposed of on the market for what it is worth. Damp and off-grade grains are also treated by patent processes in these elevators and redeemed for disposal. Hence the name "hospital elevator," which so many people have puzzled over.

How the Business Grew

"IT was in the same manner that all our subsidiary enterprises were suggested," continued Mr. Smith. "In our new waterfront plant we encountered transportation difficulties. We found it would be advantageous to have our own lake transportation service—in fact it became a necessity. So we bought a fleet of six grain steamers to handle our business for us.

"Next, in connection with the operation of the new plant it was found that switching charges and switching operations were such that grain could not be properly nor economically handled for us, principally on account of the high switching tariff. We secured a vessel and made a transfer ship out of her with a capacity of 70,000 bushels. This boat is a self-unloader and can unload at any elevator at the rate of 15,000 bushels an hour. The transfer ship has handled upward of 108,000 bushels in one day.

"I could show you that the ideas behind all our enterprises started in the same way," contended Mr. Smith. "The stock-feed and molasses manufacturing plant was suggested by the amount of off-grade grain that had to be shipped to United States to find a market. We concluded that in Canada, where so much stock feed was imported, there should be a means of making use of it here. This plant has been running continuously, grinding standard stock feed for the Dominion Government.

"Our country elevators, Western merchandising offices, harbor improvement companies, fish-packing plants and so forth all came into being in the self-same manner—that is through some necessity suggested by one of our already going concerns."

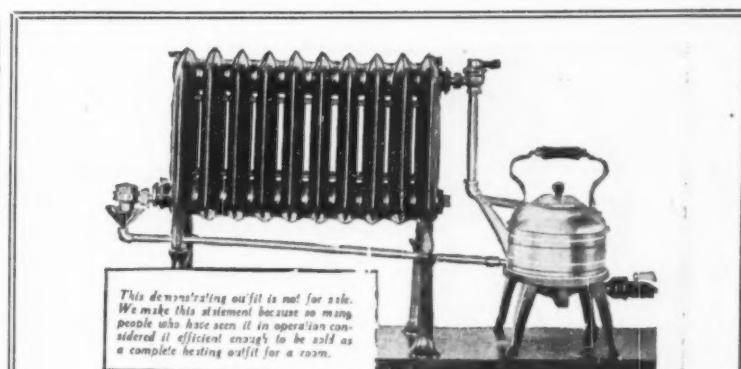
"How about the newspapers?" Mr. Smith was asked. "I understand you own a half dozen or more from Port Arthur to the coast."

"Same thing," came back the grain operator. "We needed the newspapers or we would not have purchased or established them. The man who says he buys a newspaper just to play with is either a fool or a hypocrite. We saw the crying need of a nationwide means of setting forth the position of the grain trade from time to time. You know how restriction after restriction put on by the Government has been gradually killing the grain trade in Western Canada and forcing operators to invest their money elsewhere. We felt that we should have a means of showing the people candidly just what was going on. It has been a slow process to educate the people to the peril of this governmental inquisition, but they will see it sooner or later. I hope they do before the grain trade of Canada, representing as it does years of achievement, is utterly ruined."

He Objects to Restrictions

MR. SMITH is at present rather pessimistic about the future of the Canadian grain-handling business. He even hints that governmental restrictions will sooner or later force a large portion of it into bankruptcy.

"We started out primarily as grain operators," said he. "For years we have made our principal business that of grain-handling. To-day it is fast becoming the opposite. Shipbuilding, marble-quarrying and other industries outside the Dominion are receiving the attention that we once devoted almost exclusively to Canada's leading indus-



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Pure Gold Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
Toronto

try. You can't expect Canadian capital to remain in the country if the Government insists on making a dead horse of the undertakings it has been invested in."

Just the same, John R. Smith and his partner are Canadians to the core and optimists at heart. If they weren't,

how could he and John L. Davidson have promoted the numerous successful Canadian enterprises they are at present conducting?

It would be more apropos to try to scan Canadian opportunities through John R. Smith's vision and ask, "What's next?"

His Majesty's Well-Beloved

Continued from page 40

behalf, you adorably wicked Man," her Ladyship wrote in one of her letters; "but I could wish that you would ask something of me which more closely concerned Yourself."

On another occasion she said: "For the first time yester evening I wrung a half promise from His Majesty; but you cannot conceive in what a predicament you have placed me, for His Majesty hath shown signs of suspicion since I plead so earnestly on behalf of Lord Stour. If my insistence were really to arouse his jealousy, your Protege would certainly lose his head and I probably my place in the King's affections."

And then again:

"It greatly puzzles me why you should thus favour my Lord Stour. Is it not a fact that he hath insulted you beyond the hope of Pardon? And yet, not only do You plead for your enemy with passionate insistence, but You enjoin me at the same time to keep your noble purpose a Secret from him. Truly, but for my promise to You I would th'w up the sponge, and that for your own good. . . . I did not know that Artists were Altruists. Methought that egotism was their most usual foible."

Thus I could no longer remain in doubt as to who the Benefactor was whom my Lord of Stour had to thank for his very life. Yet, withal, the Secret was so well kept that even in this era of ceaseless gossip and chatter everyone, even in the most intimate Court Circle, was ignorant of the subtle Intrigue which had been set in motion on behalf of the young Gallant.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Poisoned Arrows

I

DO you remember, dear Mistress, those lovely days we had in February this year? They were more like days of Spring than of Winter. For a fortnight we revelled in sunshine and a temperature more fitting for May than for one of the Winter months.

In London, rich and poor alike came out into the air like flies, the public Gardens and other Places of common resort were alive with Promenaders; the walks and arbours in the Gray's Inn Walks or the Mulberry Gardens were astir with brilliant Company. All day, whether you sauntered in Hyde Park, refreshed yourself with a collation in Spring Gardens or strolled into the New Exchange, you would find such a crowd of Men and Women of mode, such a galaxy of Beauty and bevy of fair Maids and gallant Gentlemen as had not been seen in the town since that merry month of May, nigh on two years ago now, when our beloved King returned from exile and all vied one with the other to give him a cheerful welcome.

To say that this period was one of unexampled triumph for Mr. Betterton would be to repeat what You know just as well as I do. He made some truly remarkable hits in certain Plays of the late Mr. William Shakespeare, notably in "Macbeth," in "King Lear" and in "Hamlet." Whether I like these Plays myself or not is beside the point; whatever I thought of them I kept to myself, but was loud in my admiration of the great Actor who indeed had by now conquered all hearts, put every other Performer in the shade and raised the Status of the Duke's Company of Players to a level far transcending that ever attained by Mr. Killigrew's old Company.

This opinion, at any rate, I have the honour of sharing with all the younger

generation of Playgoers who flock to the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, even while the King's House in Vere Street is receiving but scanty patronage. Of course my Judgment may not be altogether impartial, seeing that in addition to Mr. Betterton, who is the finest Actor our English stage has ever known, the Duke's house also boasts of the loveliest Actress that ever walked before the curtain.

You, dear Mistress, were already then, as you are now, at the zenith of your Beauty and your Fame, and your damask cheeks would blush, I know, if you were to read for yourself some of the Eulogies which the aforementioned Mr. Samuel Pepys in his letters to Mr. Betterton bestows upon the exquisite Mistress Saunderson—"Ianthé," as he has been wont to call you ever since he saw You play that part in Sir William Davenant's "The Siege of Rhodes."

Of course I know that of late no other sentimental tie hath existed outwardly between Mr. Betterton and yourself save that of Comradeship and friendly Intercourse; but often when sitting in the Pit of the Theatre I watched You and him standing together before the curtain and receiving the plaudits of an enthusiastic Audience, I prayed to God in my heart to dissipate the cloud of misunderstanding which had risen between You; ay! and I cursed fervently the Lady Barbara and her noble Lover, who helped to make that cloud more sombre and impenetrable.

II

I NATURALLY heard a great deal more of Society Gossip these days than I was wont to do during the time that I was a mere Clerk in the employ of Mr. Theophilus Baggs. My kind Employer treated me more as a friend than as a Servant. I had fine clothes to wear, accompanied him on several occasions when he appeared in Public, and was constantly in his tiring room at the Theatre, when he received and entertained a never-ending stream of Friends.

Thus, toward the end of the Month, I gathered from the conversation of Gentlemen around me that the Marquess of Sidbury had come up to Town in the Company of his beautiful Daughter. He had, they said, taken advantage of the fine weather to make the journey to London, as he desired to consult the Court Physician on the matter of his health.

I shall never forget the strange look that came into Mr. Betterton's face when first the Subject was mentioned. He and some Friends—Ladies as well as Gentlemen—were assembled in the small reception room which hath lately been fitted up behind the Stage. Upholstered and curtained with a pleasing shade of green, the Room is much frequented by Artists and their Friends, and it is always crowded during the performance of those Plays wherein one of the leading Actors or Actresses has a part.

We have taken to calling the place the Green Room, and here on the occasion of a performance of Mr. Webster's "Duchess of Malfy," in which You, dear Mistress, had no part, a very brilliant Company was assembled. Sir William Davenant was there, as a matter of course, so was Sir George Etherege, and that brilliant young dramatist, Mr. Wycherley. In addition to that, there were one or two very great Gentlemen there, members of the Court Circle and enthusiastic Playgoers, who were also intimate Friends of Mr. Betterton. I am referring particularly to the Duke

of Buckingham, to my Lord Rochester, Lord Orrery and others. A brilliant Assembly soothed, which testified to the high esteem in which the great Artist is held by all those who have the privilege of knowing him.

I told You that when first the name of the Lady Barbara was mentioned in the Green Room, a strange Glance which I was unable to interpret shot out of Mr. Betterton's eyes, and as I gazed upon that subtle, impalpable change which suddenly transformed his serene Expression of Countenance into one that was almost evil, I felt a curious sinking of the heart—a dread premonition of what was to come. You know how his lips are ever ready to smile: now they appeared thin and set, while the sensitive Nostrils quivered almost like those of the wild Beasts which we have all of us frequently watched in the Zoological Gardens, when the Attendants bring along the food for the day and they, eager and hungry, know that the Hour of Satisfaction is nigh.

"The fair Lady Babs," one of the young Gallants was saying with studied flippancy, "is more beautiful than ever, methinks; even though she goes about garbed in the robes of sorrow."

"Poor young thing!" commented His Grace of Buckingham kindly. "She has been hard hit in that last affair."

"I wonder what has happened to Wychwood," added Lord Rochester, who had been a known Friend of Lord Douglas.

"Oh! he reached Holland safely enough," another Gentleman whom I did not know averred. "I suppose he thinks that it will all blow over presently and that he will obtain a free pardon—"

"Like my Lord Stour," commented Mr. Betterton drily.

"Oh! that's hardly likely," interposed Sir George Etherege. "Wychwood was up to the neck in the Conspiracy, whilst Stour was proved to be innocent of the whole affair."

"How do you know that?" Mr. Betterton asked quietly.

"How do I know it?" retorted Sir George. "Why? . . . How do we all know it?"

"I was wondering," was Mr. Betterton's calm rejoinder.

"I imagine," broke in another Gentleman, "that at the trial —"

"Stour never stood his trial, now you come to think of it," here interposed my Lord of Rochester.

"He was granted a free pardon," asserted His Grace of Buckingham, "two days after his arrest."

"At the instance of the Countess of Castlemaine, so I am told," concluded Mr. Betterton.

YOU see, he only put in a Word here and there, but always to some purpose; and oh! that Purpose I simply dared not guess. I was watching him, remember, watching him as only a devoted Friend or a fond Mother know how to watch; and I saw that set look on his Face grow harder and harder and a steely, glittering light flash out of his eyes.

My God! how I suffered! For with that intuition which comes to us at times when those whom we love are in deadly peril, I had suddenly beheld the Abyss of Evil into which my Friend was about to plunge headlong. Yes! I understood now why Mr. Betterton had pleaded with my Lady Castlemaine for his Enemy's life. It was not in order to confer upon him a lasting benefit and thus shame him by his Magnanimity; but rather in order to do him an Injury so irreparable that even Death could not wipe it away.

But You shall judge, dear Mistress; and thus judging You will understand much that has been so obscure in my dear Friend's Character and in his actions of late. And to understand all is to forgive all. One thing you must remember, however, and that is that no Man of Mr. Betterton's worth hath ever suffered in his Pride and his innermost Sensibilities as he hath done at the hands of that young Jackanapes whom he hated—as I had good cause to know now—with an intensity which was both cruel and relentless. He meant to be even with him, to fight him with his own

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weapons, which were those of Contempt and of Ridicule. He meant to wound there, where he himself had suffered most, in Reputation and Self-Respect.

I saw it all, and was powerless to do aught save to gaze in mute heart-agony on the marring of a noble Soul. Nay! I am not ashamed to own it: I did in my heart condemn my Friend for what he had set out to do. I too hated Lord Stour, God forgive me! but two months ago I would gladly have seen his arrogant Head fall upon the Scaffold; but this subtle and calculating Revenge, this cold Intrigue to ruin a Man's Reputation and to besmirch his Honour, was beyond my ken, and I could have wept to see the great Soul of the Man, whom I admired most in all the World, a prey to such an evil purpose.

"We all know," one of the young Sparks was saying even now, "that my Lady Castlemaine showed Stour marked favour from the very moment he appeared at Court."

"We also know," added Mr. Betterton with quiet irony, "that the whisper of a beautiful Woman often drowns the loudest call of Honour."

"But surely you do not think —?" interposed Lord Rochester indignantly, "that—that —?"

"That what, my Lord?" queried Mr. Betterton calmly.

"Why, demme, that Stour did anything dishonourable?"

"Why should I not think that?" retorted Mr. Betterton, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

"Because he is a Stourcliffe of Stour, Sir," broke in Sir George Etherege in that loud, blustering way he hath at times; "and bears one of the greatest names in the land."

"A great name is hereditary, Sir," rejoined the great Actor quietly. "Honesty is not."

"But what does Lady Castlemaine say about it all?" interposed Lord Orrery.

"Lady Castlemaine hath not been questioned on the subject, I imagine," interposed Sir William Davenant drily.

"Ah!" rejoined His Grace of Buckingham. "There you are wrong, Davenant. I remember speaking to her Ladyship about Stour one day—saying how glad I was that he, at any rate, had nothing to do with that abominable affair."

"Well?" came eagerly from everyone. "What did she say?"

His Grace remained thoughtful for a time, as if trying to recollect Something that was eluding his memory. Then he said, turning to Mr. Betterton:

"Why, Betterton, you were there at the time. Do You recollect? It was at one of Her Ladyship's supper parties. His Majesty was present. We all fell to talking about the Conspiracy, and the King said some very bitter things. Then I thought I would say something about Stour. You remember?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Mr. Betterton.

"What did Lady Castlemaine say?"

"I don't think she said anything. Methinks she only laughed."

"So she did!" assented His Grace; "and winked at You, you rogue! I recollect the circumstance perfectly now, though I attached no importance to it at the time. But I can see it all before me. His Majesty frowned and continued to look glum, whilst the Countess of Castlemaine vowed with a laugh that, anyway, my Lord Stour was the handsomest Gentleman in London and that 'twere a pity to allow such a beautiful head to fall on the Scaffold."

"It certainly sounds very strange," mused my Lord Rochester, and fell to talking in whispers with Sir George Etherege, whilst His Grace of Buckingham went and sat down beside Mr. Betterton and obviously started to discuss the incident of the supper party all over again with the great Actor. Other isolated groups also formed themselves, and I knew that my Lord Stour's name was on everyone's lips.

TRADUCEMENT and gossip is meat and drink to all these noble and distinguished Gentlemen, and here they had something to talk about which would transcend in Scandal anything that had gone before. The story about my Lord Stour would spread with the rapidity which only evil-loving tongues can give.

Alas! my poor Friend knew that well enough when he shot his poisoned Arrows into the air. I was watching him whilst His Grace of Buckingham conversed with him: I saw the feverishly keen look in his eyes as he, in his turn, watched the ball of Slander and Gossip being tossed about from one group to another. He said but little, hardly gave answer to His Grace; but I could see that he was on the alert, ready with other little poisoned Darts whenever he saw signs of weakening in the volume of backbiting which he had so deliberately set going.

"I liked Stour and I admired him," Lord Rochester said at one time. "I could have sworn that Nature herself had written 'honest man' on his face."

"Ah!" interposed Mr. Betterton, with that quiet sarcasm which I had learned to dread. "Nature sometimes writes with a bad pen."

III

IT is not to be wondered at that the Scandal against my Lord Stour, which was started in the Green Room of the Theatre, grew in magnitude with amazing rapidity. I could not tell you, dear Mistress, what my innermost feelings were in regard to the Matter: being an humble and ignorant Clerk and devoted to the one Man to whom I owe everything that makes life pleasing, I had neither the wish nor the mental power to tear my heart to pieces in order to find out whether it beat in sympathy with my Friend or with the Victim of such a complete and deadly Revenge.

My Lord Stour was not then in London. He too, like many of his Friends—notably the Marquis of Sidbury and others not directly accused of participation in the aborted Plot—had retired to his country Estate, probably unwilling to witness the gaieties of City life while those he cared for most were in such dire Sorrow. But now that the Lady Barbara and her father were once more in Town, there was little doubt that he too would return there presently. Since he was a free Man and Lord Douglas Wychwood had succeeded in evading the Law, there was no doubt that the natural Elasticity of Youth coupled with the prospect of the happy future which lay before him, would soon enable him to pick up the Threads of Life there where they had been so unexpectedly and ruthlessly entangled.

I imagine that when his Lordship first arrived in Town and once more established himself in the magnificent Mansion in Canon's Row which I had bitter cause to know so well, he did not truly visualize the atmosphere of brooding suspicion which encompassed him where'er he went. If he did notice that one or two of his former Friends did give him something of a cold shoulder, I believe that he would attribute this more to political than to personal Reasons. He had undoubtedly been implicated in a Conspiracy which was universally condemned for its Treachery and Disloyalty, and no doubt for time he would have to bear the brunt of public Condemnation, even though the free Pardon which had so unexpectedly been granted him proved that he had been more misguided than really guilty.

His arrival in London, his appearance in Public Places, his obvious ignorance of the cloud which was hanging over his fair Name, were the subject of constant discussion and comment in the Green Room of the Theatre as well as elsewhere. And I take it that his very Insouciance, the proud carelessness wherewith he met the cold reception which had been granted him, would soon have got over the scandalous tale which constant Gossip alone kept alive, except that one tongue—and one alone—never allowed that Gossip to rest.

And that tongue was an eloquent as well as a bitter one, and more cunning than even I could ever have believed.

How oft in the Green Room, in the midst of a brilliant Company, have I listened to the flippant talk of gay young Sparks, only to hear it drifting inevitably toward the Subject of my Lord Stour and that wholly unexplainable Pardon which had left him a free Man whilst all his former Associates

had either perished as Traitors or were forced to lead the miserable life of an Exile, afar from Home, Kindred and Friends.

Drifting, did I say? Nay, the Talk was invariably guided in that direction by the unerring Voice of a deeply outraged Man who, at last, was taking his Revenge. A Word here, an Insinuation there, a witty Remark or a shrug of the shoulders, and that volatile sprite Public Opinion would veer back from any possible doubt or leniency to the eternally unanswered riddle: "When so many of his Friends perished upon the Scaffold, how was it that my Lord Stour was free?"

How it had come about I know not, but it is certain that very soon it became generally known that his Lordship had been entrusted by his Friends with the distribution of Manifestos which were to rally certain Waverers to the cause of the Conspirators. And it was solemnly averred that it was in consequence of a Copy of this same Manifesto, together with a list of prominent Names, coming into the hands of my Lady Castlemaine, that so many Gentlemen were arrested and executed, and my Lord Stour had been allowed to go scot-free.

How could I help knowing that this last Slander had emanated from the Green Room with the object of laying the final stone to the edifice of Calumnies, which was to crush an Enemy's reputation and fair fame beyond the hope of retrieval?

IV

A DAY or two later my Lord Stour, walking with a Friend in St. James's Park, came face to face with Mr. Betterton, who had Sir William Davenant and the Duke of Albemarle with him as well as one or two other Gentlemen, whilst he leaned with his wonted kindness and familiarity on my arm. Mr. Betterton would, I think, have passed by; but my Lord Stour, ignoring him as if he were dirt under aristocratic feet, stopped with ostentatious good-will to speak with the General.

But his Grace did in truth give the young Lord a very cold shoulder and Sir William Davenant, equally ostentatiously, started to relate piquant Anecdotes to young Mr. Harry Wordsley, who was just up from the Country.

I saw my Lord Stour's handsome face darken with an angry frown. For awhile he appeared to hesitate as to what he should do, then with scant Ceremony he took the Duke of Albemarle by the coat-sleeve and said hastily:

"My Lord Duke, You and my Father fought side by side on many occasions. Now, I like not your attitude towards me. Will you be pleased to explain?"

The General tried to evade him, endeavored to disengage his coat-sleeve, but my Lord Stour was tenacious. A kind of brooding obstinacy sat upon his good-looking face and after awhile he reiterated with almost fierce insistence:

"No! no! you shall not go, my Lord, until You have explained. I am tired," he added roughly, "of suspicious looks and covert smiles, an atmosphere of ill-will which greets me at every turn. Politically, many may differ from Me, but I have yet to learn that a Gentleman hath not the right to his own Opinions without being cold-shouldered by his Friends."

THE Duke of Albemarle allowed him to talk on for awhile. His Grace obviously was making up his mind to take a decisive step in the matter. After a while he did succeed in disengaging his coat-sleeve from the persistent clutch of his young Friend, and then, looking the latter straight between the eyes, he said firmly:

"My Lord, as you say, your Father and I were Friends and Comrades in Arms. Therefore you must forgive an old Man and a plain Soldier a pertinent question. Will you do that?"

"Certainly," was my Lord Stour's quiet reply.

"Very well then," continued His Grace, while all of us who were there held our breath, feeling that this colloquy threatened to have a grave



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issue. "Very well. I am glad that you have given me this opportunity of hearing some sort of Explanation from you, for in truth, rumour of late hath been over busy with your Name."

"An Explanation, my Lord?" the young man said, with an added frown.

"Aye!" replied His Grace. "That's just the word. An Explanation. For I, my Lord, as your Father's Friend, will ask you this: how is it that while Teammouth, Campfield and so many of your Associates perished upon the Scaffold, You alone, of those implicated in that infamous plot, did obtain an unconditional Pardon?"

Lord Stour stepped back as if he had been hit in the face. Boundless astonishment was expressed in the gaze which he fixed upon the General, as well as wrathful indignation.

"My Lord!" he exclaimed, "that question is an insult!"

"Make me swallow mine own words," retorted His Grace imperturbably, "by giving me a straight answer."

"Mine answer must be straight," rejoined Lord Stour firmly, "since it is based on truth. I do not know."

The Duke shrugged his shoulders, and there came a sarcastic laugh from more than one of the Gentlemen there. "I give your Lordship my word of honor," Lord Stour insisted haughtily. Then, as His Grace remained silent, with those deep-set eyes of his fixed searchingly upon the young Man, the latter added vehemently: "Is then mine honour in question?"

Whereupon Mr. Betterton, who hitherto had remained silent, interposed very quietly:

"The honour of some Gentlemen, my Lord, is like the manifestation of Ghosts—much talked of... but always difficult to prove!"

YOU know his Voice, dear Mistress, and that subtle carrying power which it has, although he never seems to raise it. After he had spoken You could have heard the stirring of every little twig in the trees above us, for no one said another word for a moment or two. We all stood there, a compact little group: Lord Stour facing the Duke of Albemarle and Mr. Betterton standing a step or two behind His Grace, his fine, expressive face set in a mask of cruel irony. Sir William Davenant and the other Gentlemen had closed in around those three. They must have felt that some strange storm of Passions was brewing, and instinctively they tried to hide its lowering clouds from public gaze.

Fortunately there were not many Passers-by just then, and the little scene remained unnoticed by the idly curious, who are ever wont to collect in crowds whenever anything strange to them happens to attract their attention.

My Lord Stour was the first to recover speech. He turned on Mr. Betterton with unbridled fury.

"What?" he cried, "another sting from that venomous Wasp? I might have guessed that so miserable a calumny came from such a vile Caitiff as this!"

"Abuse is not Explanation, my lord," interposed the Duke of Albemarle firmly. "And I must remind you that you have left my question unanswered."

"Put it more intelligibly, my Lord," retorted Lord Stour haughtily. "I might then know how to reply."

"Very well," riposted His Grace, still apparently unmoved. "I will put it differently: I understand that your Associates entrusted their treasonable Manifestos to you. Is that a fact?"

"I'll not deny it."

"You cannot," rejoined the Duke drily. "Sir James Campfield, in the course of his Trial, admitted that he had received his summons through you. But a Copy of that Manifesto came into the hands of my Lady Castlemaine just in time to cause the Conspiracy to abort. How was that?"

"Some traitor," replied Lord Stour hotly, "of whom I have no cognizance."

"Yet it was You," riposted the General quietly, "who received a free pardon... no one else. How was that?" he reiterated more sternly.

"I have sworn to You that I do not

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"know," protested my Lord Stour fiercely.

He looked now like a man at bay, trapped in a net which was closing in around him and from which he was striving desperately to escape. His face was flushed, his eyes glowed with an unnatural fire. And always his restless gaze came back to Mr. Betterton, who stood by, calm and impassive, apparently disinterested in this colloquy wherein a man's Honour was being tossed about to the winds of Slander and of Infamy. Now Lord Stour gazed around him, striving to find one line of genuine Sympathy on the stern faces which were confronting him.

"My word of Honour, Gentlemen," he exclaimed with passionate earnestness, "that I do not know!"

HONESTLY I think that one or two of them did feel for him and were inclined to give him credence. After all, these young Fops are not wicked; they are only mischievous as Children or young Puppies are wont to be, ready to snarl at one another, to yap and to tear to pieces anything that happens to come in their way. Moreover, there was the great bond of Caste between these people. They were, in their innermost hearts, loth to believe that one of themselves—a Gentleman, one bearing a great Name—could be guilty of this type of foul crime which was more easily attributable to a Plebeian. It was only their love of scandal-mongering and of backbiting that had kept the story alive all these weeks. Even now there were one or two sympathetic murmurs amongst those present when my Lord Stour swore by his honour.

But just then Mr. Betterton's voice was heard quite distinctly above that murmur.

"Honour is a strangely difficult word to pronounce on the stage," he was saying to Sir William Davenant, apparently apropos of something the latter had remarked just before. "You try and say it, Davenant; you will see how it almost dislocates your jaw, yet produces no effect."

"Therefore, Mr. Actor," Lord Stour broke in roughly, "it should only be spoken by those who have a glorious Ancestry behind them to teach them its true significance."

"Well spoken, my Lord," Mr. Betterton rejoined placidly. "But you must remember that but few of His Majesty's Servants have a line of glorious ancestry behind them. In that way they differ from many Gentlemen, who, having nothing but their Ancestry to boast of, are very like a turnip—the best of them is under the ground."

This sally was greeted with loud laughter and by a subtle process which I could not possibly define, the wave of Sympathy, which was setting in the direction of my Lord Stour, once more receded from him, leaving him wrathful and obstinate, His Grace of Albermarle stern, and the young Fops flippancy and long-tongued as before.

"My Lord Stour," the General now broke in once more firmly, "tis you sought this Explanation, not I. Now you have left my question unanswered. Your Friends entrusted their Manifestos to You. How came one of these in Lady Castlemaine's hands?"

And the young Man, driven to bay, facing half a dozen pairs of eyes that held both contempt and enmity in their glance, reiterated hoarsely:

"I have sworn to You that I do not know." Then he added: "Hath loyalty then left this unfortunate land, that You can all believe such a vile thing of me?"

And in the silence that ensued, Mr. Betterton's perfectly modulated voice was again raised in quietly sarcastic accents.

"As you say, my Lord," he remarked, "loyalty hath left this unfortunate Country. Perhaps," he added with a light shrug of the shoulders, "to take refuge with your glorious ancestry."

THIS last gibe, however, brought my Lord Stour's exasperation to a raging fury. Pushing unceremoniously past His Grace of Albermarle, who stood before him, he took a step for-

ward and confronted Mr. Betterton, eye to eye, and drawing himself up to his full height, he literally glowered down upon the great Artist, who stood his ground, placid and unmoved.

"Insolent Varlet," came in raucous tones from the young Lord's quivering lips. "If you had a spark of chivalry or of honour in You—"

At the arrogant insult every one drew their breath. A keen excitement flashed in every eye. Here was at last a quarrel, one that must end in bloodshed. Just what was required—so thought these young Rakes, I feel sure—to clear the atmosphere and to bring abstruse questions of Suspicion and of Honour to a level which they could all of them understand. Only the Duke of Albermarle, who, like a true and great Soldier, hath the greatest possible abhorrence for the gentlemanly Pastime of Duelling, tried to interpose. But Mr. Betterton, having provoked the quarrel, required no interference from anyone. You know his way, dear Mistress, as well as I do—that quiet attitude which he is wont to assume, that fraction of a second's absolute Silence just before he begins to speak. I know of no Elocutionist's trick more telling than that. It seems to rivet the Attention and at the same time to key up Excitement and Curiosity to its greatest strain.

"By your leave, my Lord," he said slowly, and his splendid voice rose just to a sufficient pitch of loudness to be distinctly heard by those immediately near him, but not one yard beyond. "By your leave, let us leave the word 'honour' out of our talk. It hath become ridiculous and obsolete now that every Traitor doth use it for his own ends."

But in truth my Lord Stour now was beside himself with fury.

"By gad!" he exclaimed with a harsh laugh. "I might have guessed that it was your pestilential tongue which stirred up this treason against me. Liar!—Scoundrel!"

He was for heaping up one insult upon the other, lashing himself as it were into greater fury still, when Mr. Betterton's quietly ironical laugh broke in upon his senseless ebullitions.

"Liar?—Scoundrel, am I?" he said lightly, and still laughing, he turned to the Gentlemen who stood beside him. "Nay! if the sight of a Scoundrel offends his Lordship, he should shut himself up in his own room—and break his mirror!"

At this, my Lord Stour lost the last vestige of his self-control, seized Mr. Betterton by the shoulder and verily, I thought, made as if he would strike him.

"You shall pay for this insolence!" he cried.

But already, with perfect sang-froid, the great Artist had arrested his Lordship's uplifted hand and wrenched it away from his shoulder.

"By your leave, my Lord," he said, and with delicate fingers flicked the dust from off his coat. "This coat was fashioned by an honest tailor, and has never been touched by a traitor's hand."

I thought then that I could see Murder writ plainly on My Lord's face, which had suddenly become positively livid. The excitement around us now was immense. In truth I am convinced that every Gentleman there present at the moment felt that something more deep and more intensely bitter lay at the root of this quarrel between the young Lord and the great and popular Artist. Even now some of them would have liked to interfere, whilst the younger ones undoubtedly enjoyed the spectacle and were laying, I doubt not, imaginary Wagers as to which of the two Disputants would remain master of the situation.

HIS Grace of Albermarle tried once more to interpose with all the authority of his years and of his distinguished Position, for indeed there was something almost bestial in Lord Stour's wrath by now. But Mr. Betterton took the words at once out of the great General's mouth.

"Nay, my Lord," he said with quiet firmness, "I pray you, do not inter-



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fere. I am in no danger, I assure you. My Lord Stour would wish to kill me, no doubt. But, believe me, Fate did not ordain that Tom Betterton should die by such a hand...the fickle Jade hath too keen a sense of humour."

Whereupon he made a movement as if to walk away. I felt the drag upon my arm where his slender hand was still resting. The others were silent. What could they say? Senseless Num-skulls though they were for the most part, they had enough perception to realize that between these two Men there was hatred so bitter that no mere Gentlemanly Bloodshed could ever wipe it away.

But ere Mr. Betterton finally turned to go, my Lord of Stour stepped out in front of him. All the rage appeared to have died out of him. He was outwardly quite calm, only a weird twitching of his lips testified to the Storm of Passion which he had momentarily succeeded to keep under control.

"Mr. Actor," he said slowly, "but a few weeks ago you asked me to cross swords with you...I refused then, for up to this hour I have never fought a Duel save with an equal. But now, I accept," he added forcefully, even while the words came veiled and husky from his throat. "I accept. Do you hear me?...for the laws of England do not permit a Murder, and as sure as there's a Heaven above me, I am going to kill You."

Mr. Betterton listened to him until the end. You know that power which he hath of seeming to tower above everyone who stands nigh him? Well! he exercised that power now. He stepped quite close to my Lord Stour, and though the latter is of more than average height, Mr. Betterton literally appeared to soar above him with the sublime Magnificence of an outraged Man coming into his own at last.

"My Lord of Stour," he said, with perfect quietude, "a few weeks ago you insulted me as Man never dared to insult Man before. With every blow dealt upon my shoulders by your Lackeys, You outraged the Majesty of Genius...yes! its Majesty!...its Godhead!...You raised your insolent hand against be—against me, the Artist, whom God himself hath crowned with Immortality. For a moment then, my outraged Manhood clammed for satisfaction. I asked You to cross swords with me, for You seemed to me...then...worthy of that Honour. But to-day, my Lord of Stour," he continued, whilst every word he spoke seemed to strike upon the ear like blows from a relentless hammer; "Traitor to your Friends, Liar and Informer!!! Bah! His Majesty's Well-Beloved Servant cannot fight with such as You!"

In truth I do not remember what happened after that. The unutterable Contempt, the Disgust, the Loathing expressed in my Friend's whole attitude, seemed to hit even me between the eyes. I felt as if some giant hands had thrown a kind of filmy grey veil over my head, for I heard and saw nothing save a blurred and dim vision of uplifted arms, of clenched fists and of a general scrimmage, of which my Lord Stour appeared to be the centre, whilst my ears only caught the veiled echo of words flung hoarsely into the air:

"Let me go! Let me go! I must kill him! I must!"

Mr. Betterton, on the other hand, remained perfectly calm. I felt a slight pressure on my arm and presently realized that he and I had turned and were walking away down the avenue of the park and leaving some way already behind us a seething mass of excited Gentlemen, all intent on preventing murder being committed then and there.

What the outcome of it all would be, I could not visualize. Mr. Betterton had indeed been able to give Insult for Insult and Outrage for Outrage at last; for this he had schemed and worked and planned all these weeks. Whether God and Justice were on his side in this terrible Revenge, I dared

not ask myself, nor yet if the Weapon which he had chosen were worthy of his noble character and of his integrity. That public opinion was on his side, I concluded from the fact that the Duke of Albermarle and Sir William Davenant both walked a few yards with him after he had turned his back on my Lord, and that His Grace constituting himself Spokesman for himself and Sir William, offered their joint services to Mr. Betterton in case he changed his mind and agreed to fight my Lord Stour in duel.

"I thank your Grace," was Mr. Betterton's courteous reply; "but I am not likely to change my mind on that score."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

I

The Lady Pleads

I AM not able quite to determine in my own mind whether the Lady Barbara Wychwood did hear and see something of the violent Scene which I have just attempted to describe.

I told you, dear Mistress, that fortunately for us all this part of the Park where the Scene occurred was for the moment practically deserted. At any rate, no Crowd collected around us, for which, methinks, we were, every one of us, thankful. If a few of the Passers-by heard anything of the altercation, they merely hurried past, thinking no doubt that it was only one or two young city Sparks, none too sober even at this morning hour, wh' were quarrelling among themselves.

When we walked away down the Avenue which leads in the direction of Knightsbridge, Mr. Betterton's well-known, elegant figure was remarked by a few Pedestrians on their way to and fro, as was also the familiar one of the Duke of Albemarle, and some People raised their hats to the great Artist while others saluted the distinguished General.

Presently His Grace and Sir William Davenant took leave of Mr. Betterton, and a few moments later the latter suggested that we should also begin to wend our way homewards.

We retraced our steps and turned back in the direction of Westminster. Mr. Betterton was silent; he walked quite calmly, with head bent and firm footsteps, and I, knowing his humour, walked along in silence by his side.

Then suddenly we came upon the Lady Barbara,

That she had sought this meeting I could not doubt for a moment. Else, how should a Lady of her Rank and Distinction be abroad, and in a public Park, unattended? Indeed, I was quite sure that she had only dismissed her maid when she saw Mr. Betterton coming along, and that the Wench was lurking somewhere behind one of the shrubberies, ready to accompany her Ladyship home when the interview was at an end.

I said that I am even now doubtful as to whether the Lady Barbara saw and heard something of the violent Altercation which had taken place a quarter of an hour ago between her Lover and the great Actor. If not, she certainly displayed on that occasion that marvellous intuition which is said to be the prerogative of every Woman when she is in love.

She was walking on the further side of Rosamond Pond when first I caught sight of her, and when she reached the Bridge, she came deliberately to a halt. There is no other way across the Pond save by the Bridge, so Mr. Betterton could not have escaped the meeting even if he would. Seeing the Lady, he raised his hat and made a deep bow of respectful salutation. He then crossed the Bridge and made as if he would pass by, but she held her Ground, in the very centre of the Path, and when he was quite near her, she said abruptly:

"Mr. Betterton, I desire a word with you."

He came at once to a halt, and replied with perfect deference:

"I await your Ladyship's commands."

To be continued

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Spanish Doubloons

Continued from page 26

Leeward Island measures roughly four miles across from east to west by three from north to south. The core of the island is the peak, rising to a height of nearly three thousand feet. At its base on three sides lies a plateau, its edges gnawed away by the sea to the underlying rocky skeleton. On the southeastern quarter the peak drops by a series of great precipices straight into the sea.

Back from the cove stretches a little hollow, its floor rising gently to the level of the plateau. Innumerable clear springs which burst from the mountain converge to a limpid stream, which winds through the hollow to fall into the little bay. All the plateau and much of the peak are clothed with woods, a beautiful bright green against the sapphire of sea and sky. High above all other growth wave the feathery tops of the cocoa-palms, which flourish here luxuriantly. You saw them in their thousands, slender and swaying, tossing all together in the light sea-wind with their crowns of nodding plumes.

The palms were nowhere more abundant than in the hollow by the cove where our camp was made, and their size and the regularity of their order spoke of cultivation. Guavas, oranges and lemons grew here, too, and many beautiful banana-palms. The rank forest growth had been so thoroughly cleared out that it had not yet returned, except stealthily in the shape of brilliant-flowered creepers which wound their sinuous way from tree to tree, like fair Delilahs striving to overcome arboreal Samsons by their wiles. They were rankest beside the stream, which ran at one edge of the hollow under the rise of the plateau.

At the side of the clearing toward the stream stood a hut, built of cocoapalm logs. Its roof of palm-thatch had been scattered by storms. Nearer the stream on a bench were an old decaying wash-tub and a board. A broken frying-pan and a rusty axe-head lay in the grass.

In the hut itself was a rude bedstead, a small table, and a cupboard made of boxes. I was excited at first, and fancied we had come upon the dwelling of a marooned pirate. Without taking the trouble to combat this opinion, Mr. Shaw explained to Cuthbert Vane that a copra gatherer had once lived here, and that the place must have yielded such a profit that he was only surprised to find it deserted now. Behind this cool, unemphatic speech I sensed an ironic zest in the destruction of my pirate.

AFTER their thrilling experience of being ferried from the Rufus Smith to the island, my aunt and Miss Browne had been easily persuaded to dispose themselves for naps. Aunt Jane, however, could not be at rest until Mr. Tubbs had been restored by a cordial which she extracted with much effort from the depths of her handbag. He partook with gravity and the rolled up eyes of gratitude, and retired grimacing to comfort himself from a private bottle of his own.

The boats of the Rufus Smith had departed from the island, and our relations with humanity were severed. The thought of our isolation awed and fascinated me as I sat meditatively upon a keg of nails watching the miracle of the tropic dawn. The men were hard at work with bales and boxes, except Mr. Tubbs, who gave advice. It must have been valuable advice, for he assured everybody that a word from his lips had invariably been enough to make Wall Street sit up and take notice. But it is a far cry from Wall Street to Leeward Island. Mr. Tubbs, ignored, sought refuge with me at last, and pointed out the beauties of Aroarer as she rose from the embrace of Neptune.

"Aroarer Borealis, to be accurate," he explained, "but they didn't use



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parties' surnames much in classic times."

The glad cry of breakfast put an end to Mr. Tubbs's exposition of mythology.

So does reality clog the feet of dreams that it proved impossible to begin the day by digging up the treasure. Camp had to be arranged, for folk must eat and sleep even with the wealth of the Indies to be had for the turning of a sod. The cabin was roofed and set apart as the bower of Aunt Jane and Miss Browne. I declined to make a third in this sanctuary. You could tell by looking at her that Violet was the sort of person who would inevitably sleep out loud.

"Hang me up in a tree or anywhere," I insisted, and it ended by my having a tarpulin shelter rigged up in a group of cocoa-palms.

Among our earliest discoveries on the island was one regrettable from the point of view of romance, though rich in practical advantages; the woods were the abode of numerous wild pigs. This is not to write a new chapter on the geographical distribution of the pig, for they were of the humdrum domestic variety, and had doubtless appertained to the copra gatherer's establishment. But you should have seen how clean, how seemly, how self-respecting were our Leeward Island pigs to realize how profoundly the pig of Christian lands is a debased and slandered animal. These quadrupeds would have strengthened Jean Jacques' belief in the primitive virtue of man before civilization debauched him. And I shall always parapnize the familiar line to read: "When wild in woods the noble porker ran."

AUNT JANE had been dreadfully alarmed by the pigs, and wanted to keep me immured in the cabin o' nights so that I would not be eaten. But nothing less than a Bengal tiger would have driven me to such extremity.

"Though if a pig should eat me," I suggested, "you might mark him to avoid becoming a cannibal at second hand. I should hate to think of you, Aunt Jane, as the family tomb!"

"Virginia, you are most unfeeling," said Aunt Jane, getting pink about the eyelids.

"Ah, I didn't know you Americans went in much for family tombs," remarked the beautiful youth interestingly.

"No, we do our best to keep out of them," I assured him, and he walked off meditatively revolving this.

If the beautiful youth had been beautiful on shipboard, in the informal costume he affected on the island he was more splendid still. His white cotton shirt and trousers showed him lithe and lean and muscular. His bared arms and chest were like cream solidified to flesh. Instead of his nose peeling like common noses in the hot salt air, every kiss of the sun only gave his skin a warmer, richer glow. With his striped silk sash of red and blue about his waist, and his crown of ambrosial chestnut curls—a development due to the absence of a barber—it would not have needed an especially guileless savage to take the Honorable Cuthbert Vane for the island's god.

Camp was made in the early hours of the day. Then came luncheon, prepared with skill by Cookie, and eaten from a table of packing cases laid in the shade. Afterwards every one, hot and weary, retired for a siesta. It was now the cool as well as the dry season on the island, yet the heat of the sun at midday was terrific. But the temperature brought us neither illness nor even any great degree of lassitude. Always around the island blew the faint, cooling breath of the sea. No marsh or stagnant water bred insect pests or fever. Every day while we were there the men worked hard and grew lean and sun-browned, and thrived on it. Every afternoon with unfailing regularity a light shower fell, but in twenty minutes it was over and the sun shone again, greedily lapping up the moisture that glittered on the leaves. And

forever the sea sang a low muttering bass to the faint threnody of the wind in the palms.

ON this first day we gathered in the cool of the afternoon about our table of packing-boxes for an event which even I, whose role was that of skeptic, found exciting. Miss Browne was at last to produce her map and reveal the secret of the island. So far, except in general terms, she had imparted it to no one. Everybody, in coming along, had been buying a pig in a poke—though to be sure Aunt Jane had paid for it. The Scotchman, Cuthbert Vane had told me incidentally, had insured himself against loss by demanding a retaining fee beforehand. Somehow my opinion both of his honesty and of his intelligence had risen since I knew this. As to Cuthbert Vane, he had come purely in a spirit of adventure, and had paid his own expenses from the start.

However, now the great moment was at hand. But before it comes, I will here set down the treasure-story of Leeward Island, as I gathered it later, a little here and there, and pieced it together into a coherent whole through many dreaming hours.

In 1820, the city of Lima, in Peru, being threatened by the revolutionaries under Bolivar and San Martin, cautious folk began to take thought for their possessions. To send them out upon the high seas under a foreign flag seemed to offer the best hope of safety, and soon there was more gold afloat on the Pacific than at any time since the sailing of the great plate-galleons of the seventeenth century. Captain Sampson, of the brig Bonny Lass, found himself with a passenger for nowhere in particular in the shape of a certain Spanish merchant of great wealth, reputed custodian of the private funds of the bishop of Lima. This gentleman brought with him, besides some scanty personal baggage—for he took ship in haste—a great iron-bound chest. Four stout sailors of the Bonny Lass staggered under the weight of it.

The Bonny Lass cruised north along the coast, the passenger desiring to put in at Panama in the hope that word might reach him there of quieter times at home. But somewhere off Ecuador on a dark and starless night the merchant of Lima vanished overboard—"and what could you expect," asked Captain Sampson in effect, "when a lubber like him would stay on deck in a gale?" Strange to say, the merchant's body-servant met the fate of the heedless also.

SHRUGGING his shoulders at the carelessness of passengers, Captain Sampson bore away to Leeward Island, perhaps from curiosity to see this old refuge of the buccaneers, where the spoils of the sack of Guayaquil were said to have been buried. Who knows but that he, too, was bent on treasure-seeking? Be that as it may, the little brig found her way into the bay on the northeast side of the island, where she anchored. Water was needed, and there is refreshment in tropic fruits after a diet of salt horse and hardtack. So all hands had a holiday ashore, where the captain did not disdain to join them. Only he went apart, and had other occupations than swarming up the palms for cocoanuts.

One fancies, then, a moonless night, a crew sleeping off double grog, generously allowed them by the captain; a boat putting off from the Bonny Lass, in which were captain, mate, and one Bill Halliwell, able seaman, a man of mighty muscle; and as freight an object large, angular and ponderous, so that the boat lagged heavily beneath the rower's strokes.

Later, Bill, the simple seaman, grows presumptuous on the strength of this excursion with his betters. It is a word and blow with the captain of the Bonny Lass, and Bill is conveniently disposed of. Dead, as well as living, he serves the purpose of the captain, but of that later.

Away sailed the Bonny Lass, sailing once for all out of the story. As for Captain Sampson, there is a long gap in his history, hazily filled by the story of his having been lieutenant to

Benito Bonito, and one of the two survivors when Bonito's black flag was brought down by the British frigate Espiegle. But sober history knows nothing of him until he reappears years later, an aged and broken man, in a back street of Bristol. Here was living a certain Hopperdown, who had been boatswain on the Bonny Lass at the time she had so regrettably lost her passengers overboard. He too had been at Leeward Island, and may have somewhat wondered and questioned as to the happenings during the brig's brief stay there. He saw and recognized his old skipper hobbling along the Bristol quays, and perhaps from pity took the shabby creature home with him. Hopperdown dealt in sailors' slops, and had a snug room or two behind the shop. Here for a while the former Captain Sampson dwelt, and after a swift illness here he died. With the hand of death upon him, his grim lips at last gave up their secret. With stiffening fingers he traced a rough map to refresh Hopperdown's memory after the lapse of time since either had seen the wave-beaten cliffs of Leeward Island. For Captain Sampson had never been able to return to claim the treasure which he had left to Bill Halliwell's silent guardianship. Somehow he had lost his own vessel, and there would be rumors about, no doubt, which would make it difficult for him to get another. If he had, indeed, sailed with Bonito, he had kept his secret from his formidable commander. Even as he had dealt with Bill Halliwell, so might Bonito deal by him—or at least the lion's share must be yielded to the pirate captain. And the passion of Captain Sampson's life had come to be his gold—his hidden hoard on far-off Leeward Island. It was his, now, all his. The only other who knew its hiding-place, his former mate, had been killed in Havana in a tavern brawl. The secret of the bright, unattainable treasure was all the captain's own. He dreamed of the doubloons, gloated over them, longed for them with a ceaseless gnawing passion of desire. And in the end he died, in Hopperdown's little shop in the narrow Bristol by-street.

Hopperdown, an aging man himself, and in his humble way contented, fell straightway victim to the gold-virus. He sold all he had, and bought passage in a sailing ship for Valparaiso, trusting that once so far on the way he would find means to accomplish the rest. But the raging of the fever in his thin old blood brought him to his bed, and the ship sailed without him. Before she was midway in the Atlantic Hopperdown was dead.

The old man died in the house of a niece, to whom by way of legacy he left his map. For the satisfaction of his anxious mind, still poring on the treasure, she wrote down what she could grasp of his instructions, and then, being an unimaginative woman, gave the matter little further heed. For years the map lay among other papers in a drawer, and here it was at length discovered by her son, himself a sailor. He learned from her its history, and having been in the Pacific and heard the tales and rumors that cling about Leeward Island like the everlasting surf of its encompassing seas, this grand-nephew of old Hopperdown's, by name David Jenkins, became for the rest of his days a follower of the *ignis fatuus*. An untaught, suspicious, grasping man, he rejected, or knew not how to set about, the one course which offered the least hope, which was to trade his secret for the means of profiting by it. All his roaming, restless, hungry life he spent in wandering up and down the seas, ever on the watch for some dimly imagined chance by which he might come at the treasure. And so at last he wandered into the London hospital where he died.

And to me the wildest feature of the whole wild tale was that at the last he should have parted with the cherished secret of a lifetime to Miss Higglesby Browne.

IN a general way, every one of us knew this history. Even I had had an outline of it from Cuthbert Vane. But so far nobody had seen the map. And now we were to see it; the time

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that intervened before that great event had already dwindled down to minutes, to seconds—

But no; for Miss Browne arose and began to make a speech. The beginning of it dealt in a large and generalizing manner with comradeship and loyalty, and the necessity of the proper mental attitude in approaching the business we had in hand. I did not listen closely. The truth is, I wanted to see that map. Under the spell of the island, I had almost begun to believe in the chest of doubloons.

Suddenly I awoke with a start to the fact that Miss Browne was talking about me. Yet, I indubitably, was the Young Person whose motives in attaching herself to the party were so at variance with the amity and mutual confidence which filled all other breasts. It was I who had sought to deprive the party of the presence, counsel and support of a member lacking whom it would have been but a body without a soul. It was I who had uttered words which were painful and astounding to one conscious of unimpeachable motives. In the days of toil to come, we were reminded, that the Young Person, to wit, myself, would have no share. She would be but skeptic, critic, drone in the busy hive. Thus it was obvious that the Young Person could not with any trace of justice claim part or lot in the treasure. Were it not well, then, that the Young Person be required to make formal and written renunciation of all interest in the golden hoard soon to reward the faith and enterprise of the Harding-Browne expeditions? Miss Browne requested the sense of the meeting on the matter.

Under the fire of this arraignment I sat hot-cheeked and incredulous, while a general wave of agitation seemed to stir the drowsy atmosphere. Aunt Jane was quivering, her round eyes fixed on Miss Higglesby-Browne like a fascinated rabbit's on a serpent. Mr. Hamilton H. Tubbs had pursed his lips to an inaudible whistle, and alternately regarded the summits of the palms and stole swift ferret-glances at the faces of the company. Captain Magnus had taken a sheath-knife from his belt and was balancing it on one finger, casting about him now and then a furtive, crooked, roving look, to meet which made you feel like a party to some hidden crime. Mr. Vane had remained for some time in happy unconsciousness of the significance of Miss Browne's oration. It was something to see it gradually penetrate to his perceptions, vexing the alabaster brow with a faint wrinkle of perplexity, then suffusing his cheeks with agonized and indignant blushes. "Oh, I say, really, you know!" hovered in unspoken protest on his tongue. He threw imploring looks at Mr. Shaw, who alone of all the party sat imperturbable, except for a viciously bitten lip.

MISS Higglesby-Browne had drawn a deep breath, preparatory to resuming her verbal ramble, but I sprang to my feet.

"Miss Browne," I said, in tones less coldly calm than I could have wished, "if you have thought it necessary to—orate at this length merely to tell me that I am to have no share in this ridiculous treasure of yours, you have wasted a great deal of energy. In the first place, I don't believe in your treasure." (Which, of course, despite my temporary lapse, I really didn't.) "I think you are—sillier than any grown-up people I ever saw. In the second place, anything you do find you are welcome to keep. Do you think I came along with people who didn't want me, and have turned my own aunt against me for the sake of filthy lucre? Did I come intentionally at all, or because I was shanghaied and couldn't help myself? Aunt Jane!" I demanded, turning to my stricken relative, who was gazing in anguish and doubt from Miss Browne to me, "haven't you one spark left of family pride—I don't talk of affection any longer—that you sit still and hear me made speeches at in this fashion? Have you grown so sordid and grasping that you can think of nothing but this blood-stained pirate gold?"

Aunt Jane burst into tears.

"Good gracious, Virginia," she wailed, "how shocking of you to say such things! I am sure we all got along very pleasantly until you came—and in that dreadfully sudden way. You might at least have been considerate enough to wire beforehand. As to blood-stains, there was a preparation your Aunt Susan had that got them out beautifully—I remember the time the little boy's nose bled on the drawing-room rug. But I should think just washing the gold would do very well!"

It was impossible to feel that these remarks helped greatly to clear the situation. I opened my mouth, but Miss Browne was beforehand with me.

"Miss Virginia Harding has herself admitted that she has no just or equitable claim to participate in the profits of this expedition—I believe I give the gist of your words, Miss Harding?"

"Have it your own way," I said shrugging.

"I move, then, Mr. Secretary"—Miss Browne inclined her head in a stately manner toward Mr. Tubbs—"that you offer for Miss Virginia Harding's signature the document prepared by you."

"Oh, I say!" broke out Mr. Vane suddenly, "I call this rotten, you know!"

"In case of objection by any person," said Miss Browne loftily, "the matter may be put to a vote. All those in favor say aye!"

An irregular fire of ayes followed. Mr. Tubbs gave his with a cough meant so far as possible to neutralize its effect—with a view to some future turning of the tables. Captain Magnus responded with a sudden bellow, which caused him to drop the gleaming knife within an inch of Aunt Jane's toe. Mr. Shaw said briefly, "I think the distribution of the treasure, if any is recovered, should be that agreed upon by the original members of the party. Aye!"

Aunt Jane's assenting voice issued from the depths of her handkerchief, which was rapidly becoming so briny and inadequate that I passed her mine. From Cuthbert Vane alone there came a steadfast no—and the Scotchman put a hand on the boy's shoulder with a smile which was like sudden sunlight in a bleak sky.

MR. TUBBS then produced a legal-looking document which I took to be the original agreement of the members of the expedition. Beneath their signatures he had inscribed a sort of codicil, by which I relinquished all claim on any treasure recovered by the party. Mr. Tubbs took evident pride in the numerous aforesaid and theretofore other rolling legal phrases of his composition, and Miss Browne listened with satisfaction as he read it off, as though each word had been a nail in the coffin of my hopes. I signed the clause in a bold and defiant hand, under the attentive eyes of the company. A sort of sigh went round, as though something of vast moment had been concluded. And indeed it had, for now the way was clear for Violet's map.

I suppose that with a due regard for my dignity I should have risen and departed. I had been so definitely relegated to the position of outsider that to remain to witness the unveiling of the great mystery seemed indecently intrusive. Let it be granted, then, that I ought to have got up with stately grace and gone away. Only, I did nothing of the sort. In spite of my exclusion from all its material benefits, I had an amateur's appreciation of that map. I felt that I should gloat over it. Perhaps of all those present I alone, free from sordid hopes, would get the true romantic zest and essence of it.

Covertly I watched the faces around me. Mr. Tubbs' eyes had grown bright; he licked his dry lips. His nose, tilted and slightly bulbous, took on a more than usually roseate hue. Captain Magnus, who was of a restless and jerky habit at the best of times, was like a leashed animal scenting blood. Beneath his open shirt you saw the quick rise and fall of his hairy chest. His lips, drawn back wolfishly, displayed yellow, fang-like teeth. Under the raw, crude greed of the man

you seemed to glimpse something indescribably vulpine and ferocious.

The face of Dugald Shaw was controlled, but there was a slight rigidity in its quiet. A pulse beat rapidly in his cheek. All worldly good, all hope of place, power, independence, hung for him on the contents of the small, flat package, wrapped in oil-silk, which Miss Browne was at this moment withdrawing from her pocket.

Only Cuthbert Vane, seated next to me, maintained without effort his serenity. For him the whole affair belonged in the category known as sporting, where a gentleman played his stake and accepted with equanimity the issue.

AS Miss Browne undid the package everybody held his breath, except poor Aunt Jane, who most inopportune swallowed a gnat and choked.

The dead sailor's legacy consisted of a single sheet of time-stained paper. Two-thirds of the sheet was covered by a roughly-drawn sketch in faded ink, giving the outline of the island shores as we had seen them from the Rufus Smith. Here was the cove, with the name it bears in the Admiralty charts—Lantern Bay—written in, and a dotted line indicating the channel. North of the bay the short line was carried for only a little distance. On the south was shown the long tongue of land which protects the anchorage, and which ends in some detached rocks or islets. At a point on the seaward side of the tongue of land, about on a line with the head of the bay, the sketch ended in a swift backward stroke of the pen which gave something the effect of a cross.

To all appearance the map was merely to give Hopperdown his direction for entering the cove. There was absolutely no mark upon it to show where the treasure had been buried.

Now for the writing on the sheet below the map. It was in another hand than that which had written Lantern Bay across the face of the cove, and which, though labored, was precise and clear. This other was an uneven, wavering scrawl:

He sed it is in a Cave with 2 mouths near by the grave of Bill Halliwell which was cut down for he new to much. He sed you can bring a boat to the cave at the half Tide but beware the turn for the pull is strong. He sed to find the Grave again look for the stone at the head marked B. H. and a Cross Bones. In the Chist is gold Dubloons, a vast lot, also a silver Cross which he sed leve for the Grave for he sed Bill walks and that unlucky.

That was all. A fairly clear direction for any friend who had attended the obsequies of Bill and knew where to look for the stone marked B. H. and a Cross Bones, but to perfect strangers it was vague.

A blank look crept into the intent faces about the table.

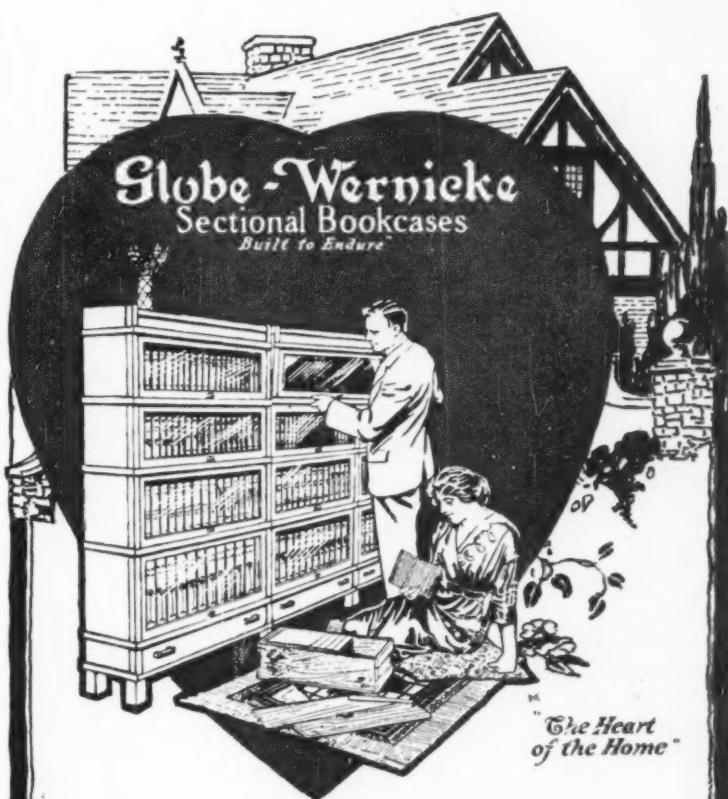
"It—don't happen to say in more detail just precisely where the cave might be looked for?" inquired Mr. Tubbs hopefully.

"In more detail?" repeated Miss Browne challengingly. "Pray, Mr. Tubbs, what further detail could be required?"

"A good deal more, I am afraid," remarked the Scotchman grimly.

MISS Browne whirled upon him. In her cold eye a spark had kindled. And suddenly I had a new vision of her. I saw her no longer as the deluder of Aunt Jane, but as herself the deluded. Her belief in the treasure was an obsession. This map was her talisman, her way of escape from an existence which had been drab and dull enough, I dare say.

"Mr. Shaw, we are given not one, but several infallible landmarks. The cave has two mouths, it can be approached by sea, it is in the immediate neighborhood of the grave of William Halliwell, which is to be recognized by its headstone. As the area of our search is circumscribed by the narrow limits of this island, I fail to see what further marks of identification can be required."



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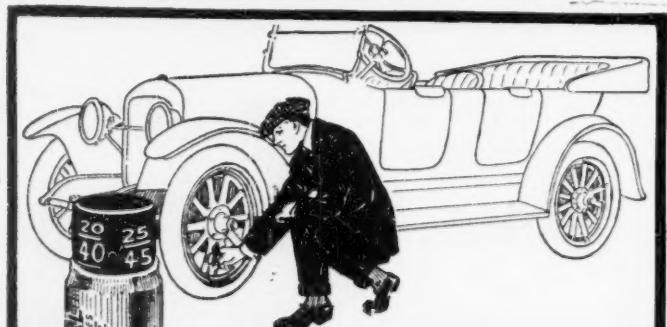
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"A grave ninety years old and hidden beneath a tropical jungle is not an easy thing to find, Miss Browne. As to caves, I doubt but they are numerous. The formation here makes it more than likely. And there'll be more than one with two mouths, I'm thinking."

"Mr. Shaw"—Miss Browne gave the effect of drawing herself up in line of battle—"I feel that I must give expression to the thought which comes to me at this moment. It is this—that if the members of this party are to be chilled by carpings doubts, the wave of enthusiasm which has floated us thus far must inevitably recede, leaving us flotsam on a barren shore. What can one weak woman—pardon, my unfaltering Jane!—two women, achieve against the thought of failure firmly held by him to whom we looked to lead us boldly in our forward dash? Mr. Shaw, this is no time for crawling earthworm tactics. It is with the bold and sweeping glance of the eagle that we must survey this island, until, the proper point discerned, we swoop with majestic flight upon our predestined goal!"

Miss Browne was somewhat exhausted by this effort, and paused for breath, whereupon Mr. Tubbs, anxious to retrieve his recent blunder, seized with dexterity this opportunity.

"I get you, Miss Browne, I get you," said Mr. Tubbs with conviction. "Victory ain't within the grasp of any individual that carries a heart like a cold pancake in his bosom. What this party needs is pep, and if them that was calculated on to supply it don't, why there's others which is not given to blowin' their own horn, but which might at a pinch dash forward like Arnold—no relation to Benedict—among the spears. I may be rather a man of thought than action, ma'am, and at present far from my native heath, which is the financial centres of the country, but if I remember right it was Ulysses done the dome-work for the Greeks, while certain persons that was depended on sulked in their tents. Miss Higgleby Browne, you can count—count, I say—on old H. H.!"

"I thank you, Mr. Tubbs, I thank you!" replied Miss Browne with emotion. As for Aunt Jane, she gazed upon the noble countenance of Mr. Tubbs with such ecstatic admiration that her little nose quivered like a guinea-pig's.

VI

OBSCURE as were the directions which Hopperdown's niece had taken from his dying lips, one point at least was clear—the treasure-cave opened on the sea. This seemed an immense simplification of the problem, until you discovered that the great wall of cliffs was honeycombed with fissures. The limestone rock of which the island was composed was porous as a sponge. You could stand on the edge of the cliffs and watch the green water slide in and out of unseen caverns at your feet, and hear the sullen thunder of the waves that broke far in under the land.

One of the boats which had conveyed us from the Rufus Smith had been left with us, and in it Mr. Shaw, with the Honorable Cuthbert and Captain Magnus, made a preliminary voyage of discovery. This yielded the formation above set down, plus, however, the thrilling and significant fact that a cave seemingly predestined to be the hiding place of treasure, and moreover a cave with the specified two openings, ran under the point which protected the anchorage on the south, connecting the cove with the sea.

Although in their survey of the coast the voyagers had covered only a little distance on either side of the entrance to the bay, the discovery of this great double-doored sea-chamber under the point turned all thoughts from further explorations. Only the Scotchman remained exasperatingly calm and declined to admit that the treasure was as good as found. He refused to be swept off his feet even by Mr. Tubbs' undertaking to double everybody's money within a year, through the favor

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of certain financial parties with whom he was intimate.

"I'll wait till I see the color of my money before I reckon the interest on it," he remarked. "It's true the cave would be a likely and convenient place for hiding the chest; the question is: Wouldn't it be too likely and convenient? Sampson would maybe not choose the spot of all others where the first-comer who had got wind of the story would be certain to look."

Miss Browne, at this, exchanged darkly significant glances with her two main supporters, and Mr. Tubbs came to the fore with an offer to clinch matters by discovering the grave of Bill Halliwell, with its marked stone, on the point above the cave within twenty-four hours.

"Look for it if you like," replied Mr. Shaw impatiently. "But don't forget that your tombstone is neither more nor less than such a boulder as there are thousands of on the island, and buried under the tropic growth of ninety years besides."

Miss Browne murmured to Aunt Jane, in a loud aside, that she well understood now why the eminent explorer had not discovered the South Pole, and Aunt Jane murmured back that to her there had always been something so sacred about a tombstone that she couldn't help wondering if Mr. Shaw's attitude were really quite reverential.

"Well, friends," remarked Mr. Tubbs, "there's them that sees nothin' but the hole in the doughnut, and there's them that see the doughnut that's around the hole. I ain't ashamed to say that old H. H. is in the doughnut class. Why, the Old Man himself used to remark—I guess it ain't news to some here about me bein' on the inside with most of the leading financial lights of the country—he used to remark, 'Tubbs has it in him to pull the market on a Black Friday.' Ladies, I ain't one that's inclined to boast, but I jest want to warn you not to be too astonished when H. H. makes acquaintance with that tombstone, which I'm willing to lay he does yet."

"Well, good luck to you," said the grim Scot, "and let me likewise warn all hands not to be too astonished if we find that the treasure is not in the cave. But I'll admit it is as good a place as any for beginning the search, and there will be none gladder than I if it turns out that I was no judge of the workings of Captain Sampson's mind."

THE cave which was now the centre of our hopes—I say our, because somehow or other I found myself hoping and fearing along with the rest, though carefully concealing it—ran under the point at its farther end. The sea-mouth of the cave was protected from the full swell of the ocean by some huge detached rocks rising a little way offshore, which caught the waves and broke them. The distance was about sixty feet from mouth to mouth, and back of this transverse passage a great vaulted chamber stretched far under the land. The walls of the chamber rose sheer to a height of fifteen feet or more, when a broad ledge broke their smoothness. From this ledge opened cracks and fissures under the roof, suggesting in the dim light infinite possibilities in the way of hiding places. Besides these, a wide stretch of sand at the upper end of the chamber, which was bare at low tide, invited exploration. At high water the sea flooded the cavern to its farthest extremity and beat up on the walls. Then there was a great surge and roar of waters through the passage from mouth to mouth, and at turn of tide—in hopeful agreement with the legend—the suck and commotion of a whirlpool, almost, as the sea drew back its waves. Now and again, it was to prove, even the water-worn pavement between the two archways was left bare, and one could walk dry-shod along the rocks under the high land of the point from the beach to the cave. But this was at the very bottom of the ebb. Mostly the lower end of the cave was flooded, and the explorers went back and forth in the boat.

A certain drawback to boating in our island waters was the presence of hungry hordes of sharks. You might forget them for a moment and sit happily trailing your fingers overboard, and then a huge moving shadow would darken the water, and you saw the ripple cut by a darting fin and the flash of a livid belly as the monster rolled over, ready for his mouthful. I could not but admire the thoughtfulness of Mr. Tubbs, who, since his submergence on the occasion of arriving, had been as delicate about water as a cat, in committing himself to strictly land operations in the search for Bill Halliwell's tombstone.

Owing, I suppose, to the stoniness of the soil, the woods upon the point were less dense than elsewhere, and made an agreeable paradise ground for Mr. Tubbs and his two companions—for he was accompanied in these daring explorations with unwavering fidelity by Aunt Jane and Miss Higglesby-Browne. Each of the three carried an umbrella, and they went solemnly in single file, Mr. Tubbs in the lead to ward off peril in the shape of snakes or jungle beasts.

"To think of what that man exposes himself to for our sakes!" Aunt Jane said to me with emotion. "With no protection but his own bravery in case anything were to spring out!"

But nothing ever did spring out but an angry old sow with a litter of piglets, before which the three umbrellas beat a rapid retreat.

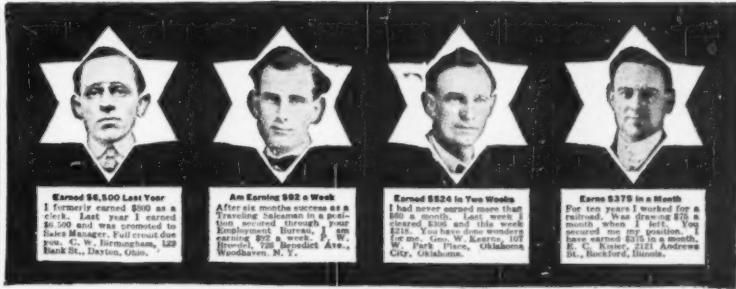
THE routine of life on the island was now established for everyone but me, who belonged neither to the land nor sea divisions, but dangled forlornly between them like Mahomet's coffin. Aunt Jane had made a magnanimous effort to attach me to the umbrella contingent, and I had felt almost disposed to accept, in order to witness the resultant delight of Miss Higglesby-Browne. But on second thoughts I declined, even though Aunt Jane was thus left unguarded to the blandishments of Mr. Tubbs, preferring, like the little bird in the play, to flock all alone, except when the Honorable Cuthbert could escape from his toil in the cave.

What with the genius of Cookie and the fruitfulness of our island, not to speak of supplies from the Army and Navy Stores, we lived like sybarites. There were fish from stream and sea, coconuts and bananas and oranges from the trees in the clearing. I had hopes of yams and breadfruit also, but if they grew on Leeward, none of us had a speaking acquaintance with them. Cookie did wonders with the pigs that were shot and brought in to him, though I never could sit down with appetite to a massacred infant served up on a platter, which is just what little pigs look like.

"Jes' yo' eas' yo' eye on dis yere innahcent," Cookie would request, as he placed the sucking before Mr. Tubbs. "Tendah as a new-bo'n babe, he am. Jes' lak he been tucked up to sleep by his mammy. Sho' now, how yo' got de heart to stick de knife in him, Mistah Tubbs?"

It was significant that Mr. Tubbs, after occupying for a day or two an undistinguished middle place at the board, had somehow slid into the carver's post at the head of the table. Flanking him were the two ladies, so that the land forces formed a solid and imposing phalanx. Everybody else had a sense of sitting in outer darkness, particularly I, whom fate had placed opposite Captain Magnus. Since landing on the island, Captain Magnus had forsaken the effeminacy of forks. Loaded to the hilt, his knife would approach his cavernous mouth and disappear in it. Yet when it emerged Captain Magnus was alive. Where did it go? This was a question that agitated me daily.

The history of Captain Magnus was obscure. It was certain that he had his captain's papers, though how he had mastered the science of navigation sufficiently to obtain them was a problem. Though he held a British navigator's license, he did not appear to be an Englishman. None of us ever knew,



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I think, from what country he originally came. His rough, mumbling, unready speech might have been picked up in any of the seaports of the English-speaking world. His manners smacked of the forecastle, and he was altogether so difficult to classify that I used to toy with the theory that he had murdered the real Captain Magnus for his papers and was masquerading in his character.

The captain, as Mr. Vane had remarked, was Miss Browne's own find. Before the objections of Mr. Shaw—evidently a negative influence from the beginning—had caused her to abandon the scheme, Miss Browne had planned to charter a vessel in New York and sail around the Horn to the island. When nursing this project she had formed an extensive acquaintance with persons frequenting the New York waterfront, among whom was Captain Magnus. As I heard her remark, he was the one nautical character whom she found sympathetic, by which I judge that the others were skeptical and rude. Being sympathetic, Captain Magnus found it an easy matter to attach himself to the expedition—or perhaps it was Violet who annexed him, I don't know which.

Mr. Vane used to view the remarkable gastronomic feats of Captain Magnus with the innocent and quite unscrupulous curiosity of a little boy watching the bears in the zoo. Evidently he felt that a horizon hitherto bounded mainly by High Staunton

Manor was being greatly enlarged. I knew now that the Honorable Cuthbert's father was a baron, and that he was the younger of two sons, and that the elder was an invalid, so that the beautiful youth was quite certain in the long run to be Lord Grasmere. I had remained stolid under this information, feelingly imparted by Aunt Jane. I had refused to ask questions about High Staunton Manor. For already there was a vast amount of superfluous chaperoning being done. I couldn't speak to the b. y.—which is short for beautiful youth—without Violet's gray eye being trained upon us. And Aunt Jane grew flustered directly, and I could see her planning an embroidery design of coronets, or whatever is the proper headgear of barons, for my trousseau. Mr. Tubbs had essayed to be facetious on the matter, but I had coldly quenched him.

BUT Mr. Shaw was much the worst. My most innocent remark to the beautiful youth appeared to rouse suspicion in his self-constituted guardian. If he did not say in so many words, *Beware dear lad, she's stringing you!* or whatever the English of that is, it was because nobody could so wound the faith of the b. y.'s candid eyes. But to see the fluttering, anxious wing the Scotchman tried to spread over that babe of six-feet-two you would have thought me a man-eating tigress. And I laughed, and flaunted my indifference in his sober face, and went away with bitten lips to the hammock they had swung for me among the palms—

The Honorable Cuthbert had a voice, a big, rich, ringing baritone like floods of golden honey. He had also a ridiculous little ukulele, on which he accompanied himself with rhythmic strumming. When, like the sudden falling of a curtain, dusky, velvet, star-spangled, the wonderful tropic night came down, we used to build a little fire upon the beach and sit around it. Then Cuthbert Vane would sing. Of all his repertory, made up of music-hall ditties, American ragtime, and sweet old half-forgotten ballads, we liked best a certain wild rollicking song, picked up I don't know where, but wonderfully effective on that island where Davis, and Benito Bonito, and many another of the roving gentry—not to mention that less picturesque villain, Captain Sampson of the Bonny Lass—had resorted between their flings with fortune.

Oh, who's, who's with me for the free life of a rover?
Oh, who's, who's with me for to sail the broad seas over?
In every port we have gold to fling,
And what care we though the end is to swing?
Sing ho, sing hey, this life's but a day,
So live it free as a rover may.

Oh, who's, who's with me at Fortune's call to wander?

Then, lads, to sea—and ashore with gold to squander!
We'll set our course for the Spanish Main
Where the great plate-galleons steer for Spain.
Sing ho, sing hey, this life's but a day,
Then live it free as a rover may.
Then leave toil and cold to the lubbers that will bear it.
The world's fat with gold, and we're the lads to share it.
What though swift death is the rover's lot?
We've played the game and we'll pay the shot.
Sing ho, sing hey, this life's but a day,
Then live it free as a rover may.

"Sing ho, sing hey!" echoed the audience in a loud discordant roar, Cookie over his dishpan flinging it back in a tremendous basso. Cookie was the noble youth's only musical rival, and when he had finished his work we would invite him to join us at the fire and regale us with plantation melodies and camp-meeting hymns. The negro's melodious thunder, mingled with the murmur of wind and wave like a kindred note, and the strange plaintive rhythm of his artless songs took one back and back, far up the stream of life, until fire upon a beach seemed one's ancestral hearth and home.

I realized that life on Leeward Island might rapidly become a process of reversion.

To be continued



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Men and Money

Continued from page 17

lived in the companion house next door, who had no son to send, was perfectly sure she could not have gone, if it had been her two boys who were going away. She was too sensitive and full of imagination. But some people, she agreed, were not so fine in the grain, and it was well for them.

It was a dull winter morning, with a cloudy, red sunrise, and deep white frost on the trees, when the boys went away. A winter morning before sunrise is always dull and shivery, and does not make for cheerfulness; but there was no voice steadier than Mrs. Brown's, when she said goodbye to her two boys.

Mrs. Wilson noticed how she trembled, when she helped her into the back seat of their car, but it was not Mrs. Brown who was crying as they rode together on their way back from the station.

Mrs. Wilson did not try to frame any casual word of sympathy as she watched her friend, in deep admiration. At the top of the street they stopped to watch the train as it throbbed its way across the prairie. The smoke wreath lay against the sunrise, and was touched by the first beams that came over the edge of the earth.

"There's nothing more beautiful than smoke!" said Mrs. Wilson, absently.

Mrs. Brown did not hear her. Her eyes were fixed on the disappearing train, and her ears were strained to catch the last echo of its strident whistle.

When it was gone from her view, something like a sob broke from her, but she sat very straight, and her voice was steady when she said, as if to herself—

"It seems right that they should go together."

IN the front seat, Mr. Wilson was speaking:

"Brown, I congratulate you with all my heart. It's a wonderful service, to fight for the liberty of the whole world, when a terrible danger threatens it, and you're able to send two men to fight for all of us. I'm not going to tell you I sympathize with you—I don't, I envy you—and I'm very humble, in your presence."

Billy Brown's face was pale and twitching with many emotions, but he made no reply. He probably did not hear what the other man said. There was a little scene being enacted in the dark recesses of his memory, and he saw himself opening the door of his house and calling:

"John Brown!"

From a litter of homemade toys he saw his eldest son, in a blue romper suit, with a tangled head of yellow curls, rise to his feet, and placing his little fat heels together, and lifting one plump pink hand in token of salute, answer:

"Present."

"They have answered the call," he said brokenly. "They have answered!"

IT was a lonely house, when the boys were gone, although Mrs. Brown did not spend a moment in idle grieving. She went bravely to the boys' room that afternoon, and carefully put away all their things, sometimes pressing a kiss on a cap or coat.

Her neighbor across the fence ran in to see her that afternoon, and found her in the midst of her work. She took it as a further proof of Mrs. Brown's lack of sentiment. "She never seems to think anything will happen, and actually talks of when the boys come home. I can't understand a mother being so composed at a time like this. And she's going to take boarders! I would have thought she would want to keep that room just as the boys left it, with everything in it to remind me of them. I know if it were my case, I couldn't bear to touch a thing. But then—every one isn't like me!"

By her efforts in keeping boarders, Mrs. Brown was able to supply her two boys with many comforts, and the thought that she was able to follow them, with the ministry of her love, comforted her in many a tragic mom-

ent, when the horror of it all seemed more than she could bear. Then it was that, to keep the bitter waters from going over her head, that she sang as she worked, sang—to keep herself from thinking—and her neighbor, hearing her singing, wondered at her lightness of heart. She forgot that people sometimes whistle going past a graveyard, and it isn't because they are light-hearted, but only frightened.

WHEN the first Victory Loan was launched, there were many reasons why Herbert Wilson was made the Chairman of the Committee. He knew the business men: he had time: he had enthusiasm: he was a good speaker: he was a heavy subscriber.

His first address made a great impression.

"I have, unfortunately," he said, "no one to send"—and his voice trembled with deep emotion. "I am one of those, whose life has not been blessed with children—but I will fully, freely, gladly give myself and of my means, to the cause of human liberty!"

To the first loan, he subscribed twenty thousand dollars: His picture was published in the city papers: A large poster hung in the plate-glass window of the drawing-room in the big house!

THE war is over now. The Armistice is signed. The nations are explaining!

If this were a story—a piece of fiction—a romance—I would give it a different ending!

But it is not my story, and I have no option.

It was in August, 1917, when the sweet peas were spilling their perfume all over the garden, and the tomatoes were turning red upon the vines, that the news came!

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had come in from church, and were getting dinner ready, working together as usual. Two S. O. S. boys, working on farms nearby, had come home with them for dinner, and to them Mrs. Brown was telling an episode in Tom's life, when he had run away to the swimming pool, and some of the boys had stolen his clothes, and he had to stay hidden in the rushes until it got dark enough for him to make his way home unobserved, and how he had dressed himself in his best suit, and gone out to find the gang who had robbed him.

They were laughing so much, they did not hear the door-bell, and the boy with the telegram came around to the back door.

The telegram regretted to inform them that Private Thomas Brown had been hit by a piece of shell and instantly killed, on August 1st.

The next Sunday, the other telegram came. It regretted to inform them that Private John Brown had been hit by a piece of shell on August 8th, and instantly killed!

IN the front window of the small house, still in need of repairs, the scarlet leaves of the Service Flag have been changed to gold. A small woman, whose hair is all gray now, goes softly about her work, often stopping absent-mindedly, as if she were listening for some sound which she does not expect to hear. The springiness has gone from her movements, and the neighbor across the fence says Mrs. Brown is "ageing." But she still has a smile when her husband comes home, and to him she often says: "It seems right that they should go together!"

At the desk in the inside office of the implement house, Billy Brown still keeps the accounts of the firm. People say he bears up wonderfully well. Sometimes when he is all alone, his shoulders sag a little, and he has been known to talk to himself, generally just a word, a name, "John Brown!" he whispers . . . and then, away back in the garden of memory, he sees a chubby fist go up; he sees a sudden flash of

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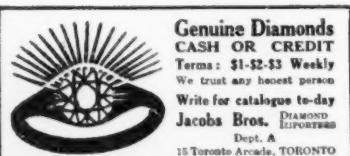
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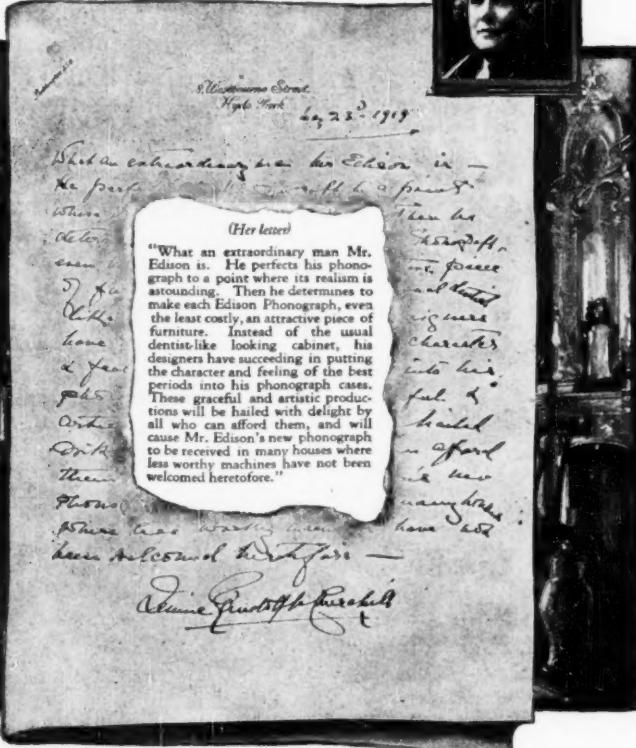
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A Letter from Lady Randolph Churchill



This interior shows the Chippendale Cabinet. There are sixteen other Edison Period Phonographs.



Lady Randolph Churchill is the mother of Winston Churchill, Secretary for War in the British Government, and the sister-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough.

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blue eyes—and a toss of golden curls—and then he hears a childish voice make answer:

"Present!"

"They did not fail," he whispers—"when their country called—they answered."

He is not unhappy, for the past has its pleasures too, as well as the present.

THE assigned pay ceased when the boys were killed; and there are no pensions paid, for their mother is not a widow, neither were they the sole support of anyone. There came, however, from the Department at Ottawa, two typed letters, just alike, expressing polite sorrow!

The Wilsons have enlarged their house again, and Mrs. Wilson has her own car now. Why not? The money which they loaned their grateful country, has been a good investment. It pays five and a half per cent. interest, and is free from taxation. Twice a year the cheques come, which speak a nation's gratitude.

For the loan of money, our Nation is very, very grateful. It is only the gift of men, that is forgotten!

Idle Hands at Ottawa

Continued from page 24

hand it over to some wicked Tory follower. They spend the entire afternoon on the subject and prolong their wails far into the night. Now all is changed. A question as to Post-Office affairs brings the stereotyped answer from some member of the Cabinet: "I shall make inquiries and inform the Honorable member." And the subject drops. The Minister is not there. He is in the Senate. Why disturb the sleeping or try to awake the dead?

There are other Ministers in the Senate. In fact it is a peculiar thing that the three departments of the Government which are at present in the public eye are all represented by Ministers sitting in the Red Chamber. These are Labor, Post-Office and Soldiers' Civil Establishment. The Minister of Labor, Hon. Gideon Robertson, you have met before. Just recently, however, there has been a flash of the spotlight for him. Has he not been chairman of the Industrial Conference, that altruistic gathering that undertook to make the capitalistic lion lie down with the labor lamb without decreasing the supply of butcher's meat? The net result of that conference appears to be that the capitalists discovered that in the matter of oratory the labor leaders had them beaten a block. As to getting any closer together on the matter of wages and hours of work—well, nobody expected they would anyway. But that conference was a nice thing to hold. Also it made assembled labor and capital wonder why Sir Robert hadn't selected a real labor man for Minister of Labor. For Hon. Gideon looked like a schoolboy when compared with many of the labor men he was supposed to represent in this Union Government that is supposed to be representative of all classes of the community. Probably he answers the purpose for which Sir Robert Borden picked him. Anyway, Sir Robert was never very much interested in the labor species of biped. There is another and different branch in the Senate—it's leader, in fact is its representative—whom the Premier has studied with much greater interest. For Sir James Lougheed is the kind of man Sir Robert Borden admires. If you don't think so, turn to Sir Robert's other friends, Sir George Perley and Sir Edward Kemp. All are men of vast possessions, each knows the true value of every nickel of those possessions—and each is entitled to write Sir in front of his name, in token of Knightly deeds he may have performed or contemplated. Save and Conserve is the motto that might be written on the doormats of all three. And all are in the various stages of official holdings that Royal favor can confer. Sir James is still a Minister of the Crown. He is re-establishing soldiers and doing it despite their protests against his personality. Nor will

War Office Fought Tanks

They Were "Put Across" Only By Defying Prejudices of Generals Galore

COLONEL SIR ALBERT STERN, C. K. B. E., C. M. G., who had more to do with the success of Tanks than any other man, relates in the *Strand* how they had to fight the British War Office before they could fight the enemy. Certain support was also given by Sir Eustace d'Eyncourt, Winston Churchill and Lloyd George, which permitted Tanks to be made, though dilatorily, in sufficient quantities to figure largely in the final two months of the war. After relating the inception of the idea of a land car, Major Stern says:

In those days we thought only of crossing the Rhine, and this seemed a solution.

I remember Hetherington proposing to fire shells at Cologne by having a shell which, when it reached the top of its trajectory, would release a second shell inside it, with planes attached, and this second shell would plane down, making one hundred miles in all. It is strange that the Germans later tried and succeeded in firing about eighty miles, but not in this way.

Mr. Churchill came to the dinner and was delighted with the idea of a cross-country car. He then set up a committee to study the question, and Mr. Eustace Tennyson d'Eyncourt, C. B., the Director of the Naval Construction,

was appointed chairman on the twenty-fourth of February, 1915. It was to be known as the Landship Committee. When I took over the duties of secretary of the Landship Committee in April, 1915, Mr. d'Eyncourt was directing affairs, assisted by Major Hetherington, who carried out his instructions, with Colonel Crompton as engineer. On June 16th Mr. d'Eyncourt asked me to reorganize the committee on business lines. This was done and approved by Mr. d'Eyncourt.

At this period no Government department could provide any office accommodation for us, so on June 21st, 1915, I took an office at my own expense at 83 Pall Mall, and installed in it my entire organization, which consisted of myself and Mr. Percy Anderson, at that time a petty officer in the Armoured Car Division. A controversy raged on this subject for six months between the Admiralty, the Ministry of Munitions, and the Office of Works.

The Admiralty referred to it as a troublesome case, and informed the Office of Works that a temporary lieutenant, Albert G. Stern, R. N. V. R., had straightway proceeded to take an office for himself at 83 Pall Mall, and apparently did not understand the subtleties of the procedure in the Civil Service.

On July 2nd, Squadron 20 of the Royal Naval Armoured Car Division, later to become famous as the "wet nurse" of Tanks, was placed, for this work, under the direction of Mr. d'Eyncourt.

A number of experiments were made, and in August Mr. Tritton, of Messrs.

Foster and Co. of Lincoln, and Lieutenant Wilson had started to draw out a machine on the same lines but of stronger material and better design. On August 26th, Mr. Tritton, Lieutenant Wilson, and I viewed the full-sized wooden model of this machine. It was known as the "Tritton" Machine, and later as "Little Willie." On the same day, at a meeting at the White Hart Hotel, Lincoln, we discussed fresh requirements which we had just received from the War Office. They asked that the machine should be able to cross a trench five feet wide with a parapet four feet six inches high. Lieutenant Wilson and Mr. Tritton thereupon started work on a type designed to do this. It would, they told me, require a sixty-foot wheel.

The contour of this sized wheel became more or less the shape of the underside of the new machine, which was called first the "Wilson" Machine, then "Big Willie," and finally "Mother."

This machine, to all intents and purposes, was, and remains, the Heavy Tank of to-day—the Mark V.

In August the whole of the Armoured Car Division was disbanded!

This disbandment was stopped by the personal intervention of Mr. d'Eyncourt. It was one of the many occasions on which he saved the landships (and future Tanks) from extinction. I also made a personal request to the Minister of Munitions, and was told by him that the Admiralty informed him that the order was to be disregarded.

Mr. MacNamara then suggested, for secrecy's sake, to change the title of the Landships Committee. Mr. d'Eyncourt agreed that it was very desirable to retain secrecy by all means, and proposed to refer to the vessel as a

"Water Carrier." In Government offices, committees and departments are always known by their initials. For this reason I, as secretary, considered the proposed title totally unsuitable. In our search for a synonymous term, we changed the words "Water Carrier" to "Tank," and became the "Tank Supply," or "T. S." Committee. This is how these weapons came to be called "Tanks," and the name has now been adopted by all countries in the world.

The first Tank, "Mother," was finished on January 26th, 1916, and sent by train to Hatfield Station, where it was unloaded in the middle of the night and driven up to the special ground in Hatfield Park. A detachment of Squadron 20, under the command of Major Hetherington, had previously been sent to Hatfield.

Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey arranged for Mr. McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to travel down to the Hatfield trials in my car. I explained to him our ideas of mechanical warfare and its value in the saving of life and shells. After the trials, Mr. McKenna said that it was the best investment he had yet seen, and that if the military approved, all the necessary money would be available.

Mr. Balfour, amongst others, took a ride in the Tank, but was removed by his fellow-Ministers before the machine tried the widest of the trenches. This was a trench more than nine feet wide which Lord Kitchener wished to see it cross, but which it had never attempted before. As Mr. Balfour was being removed feet first through the sponson door, he was heard to remark that he was sure there must be some more artistic method of leaving a Tank!

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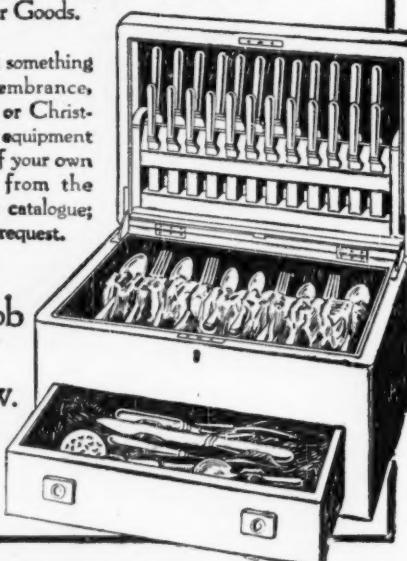
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Sir William Robertson was well satisfied with the machine. Colonel Swinton, who was acting at this time as Assistant Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence, was entrusted with the task of raising and training a corps to man the Tanks, and a camp was taken at Thetford, in Norfolk. It was kept a great secret, and the whole ground, several miles in extent, was surrounded by armed guards. Several displays were given there during the summer, and live six-pounder shells were used. The King, Mr. Lloyd George, and Sir William Robertson were among those who saw our displays; and in June Colonel Estienne, who later on was to command the French Tanks, visited the camp.

It was decided that in September, Tanks should go to France. The Tanks at Thetford were entrained at night and taken by rail to Avonmouth. There they were shipped to Havre, taken to a village near Abbeville, and from there sent up to a point fifteen miles behind the line. Moving Tanks was in those days a very difficult business. The sponsons, each weighing tons, had to be unbolted and put on separate trucks, and in that journey from Thetford to the Front this process was gone through five times. The first party of the men of the Heavy Machine Gun Corps crossed to France on August 13th. Other parties followed, and on September 15th, seven months after the first order was given by Mr. Lloyd George, the Tanks went into action.

Tanks in Action

September, 1916, to October, 1916

The Tanks were already in France and waiting to go into battle, but the secret had been well kept—how well was shown by a thing that happened on the very morning in September when I was leaving for the Somme, for the first Tank action.

A Civil servant, an assistant secretary, came to see me on this eventful morning just as I was starting. He told me as my department was of no real importance, since he had no knowledge what it was, he had arranged that during the next Sunday all my papers and drawings were to be moved out into a small flat in a back street opposite the Hotel Metropole.

This was no time to argue; my train left in a few minutes; once more the famous Squadron 20 to the rescue. I told him that the department could not move, as it was concerned in matters of the greatest national importance, and would require before long a very large building of its own. This had no effect on him, so I gave instructions to one of my officers in his presence to put an armed guard on my office while I was away, and to resist any attack. Should the assistant secretary make an attempt he was to be arrested, taken to Squadron 20's headquarters at Wembley, tied to a stake for twenty-four hours, and the reason carefully explained to all and sundry, especially newspaper reporters.

Fortunately no attempt was made. On Sunday, the 17th, Sir Douglas Haig appeared in front of General Butler's office and congratulated Colonel Swinton and me. He said, "We have had the greatest victory since the Battle of the Marne. We have taken more prisoners and more territory, with comparatively few casualties. This is due to the Tanks. Wherever the Tanks advanced we took our objectives, and where they did not advance, we failed to take our objectives." He added: "Colonel Swinton, you shall be head of the Tank Corps; Major Stern, you shall be Head of the Construction of Tanks. Go back and make as many more Tanks as you can. We thank you." Immediately after my return we were ordered to build a thousand Tanks.

The mere tactical record of what the Tanks did at Flers and Guedencourt gives no idea of the moral effect of the first appearance of this new and strange weapon. It astonished and terrified the enemy. It astonished, delighted, and amused its friends. War correspondents vied with each other to do

Continued on page 106



Film on Teeth

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Not the Teeth

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Millions of Teeth Are Wrecked by It

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The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

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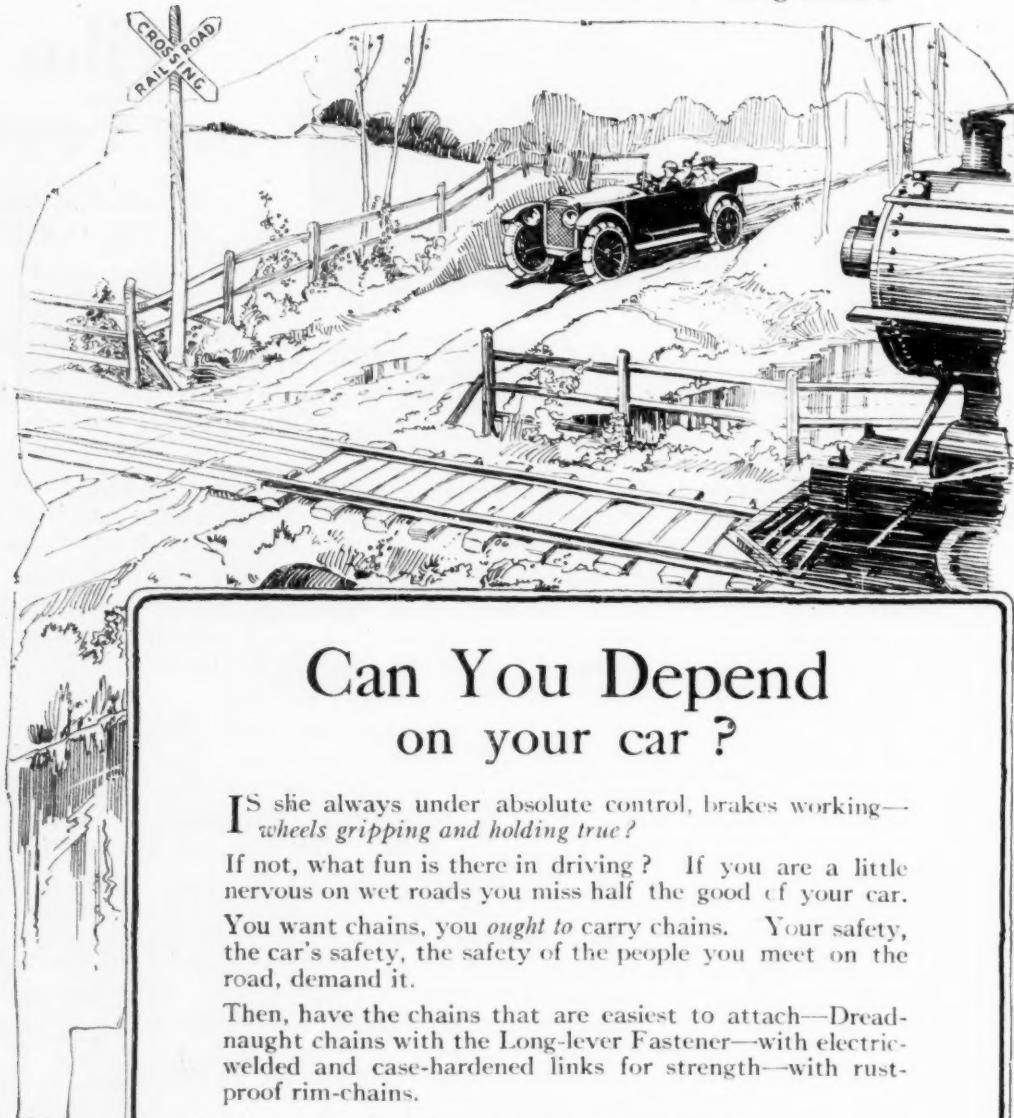
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Berlin Gambles and Gambols

The Lid is Off, and Lower and Upper Classes Are Insensately Dancing and Gaming

IN *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, Charles Victor, a writer of keen observation, describes the orgies in Berlin to-day, and explains why the uppermost and lowest classes indulge so freely and promiscuously, while the middle class steers fairly clear of these ultra-indulgences. He says:

The riotousness of the night life in all of the large German cities, the apparently unquenchable thirst of the people for amusement, and the absolute disregard of the seriousness of the hour which the form of amusement indicates, have been the subject of wide comment. This remarkable condition has been explained as a psychological phenomenon which invariably accompanies revolutions—vide the French revolution—and the impression has gone abroad that all Berlin is dancing a sort of sinister bacchanale over the charred victim of the latest "Putsch."

Let me correct this impression. In the first place it is not *all* Berlin that takes part in the bacchanale. The great steady middle class of Germans are about as steady as they always were, except that their nerves have got somewhat on edge through underfeeding and over-excitement. I have met people living in the residential sections of Berlin who have seen nor heard no more of war and revolution than the average stay-at-home New Yorker, whose knowledge of events is based solely on the newspapers. This conservative sort of German is wont to comment upon the "fearful depravity," the complete "moral break-down" of the masses about as glibly as an editorial writer several thousand miles away. As for the rest of the people, the great masses above and below, it is true that they are generally obsessed by desire to have as good a time as possible, but their motives differ as radically as the manner in which they arrive at their ends. The rich—especially the newly rich, who seem to be in the majority—spend their money like the proverbial drunken sailor, to be gay while they may, for the sword of Damocles, the tax collector, is constantly hanging over their heads.

The poor who have suffered and are still hungry, realizing that they have been cheated out of nearly five years of life by a corrupt ruling class, are determined to make up for lost time. But the sober middle class, whose state of mind is one of apathy mixed with disgust, merely tries to forget its troubles by an increased indulgence in the sort of pleasures which it always preferred. These are the people who nightly fill the theatres where serious plays are being given, the concert halls where Beethoven reigns more supremely than ever, and the lecture halls where elocutionists recite classic poetry—with an occasional "revolutionary" evening thrown in—and where professors explain the psychology of everything with the usual German thoroughness. Not to forget the moving pictures, which flourish here as everywhere, and are notable only for the complete absence of all reference to war and revolution. Supposedly English detectives assisted by London bobbies are still as popular as would-be American acrobats and "teams" in the vaudeville.

And the amusement business flourishes better than any other in Germany. Everybody goes, a little more than usual, and everything is sold out in consequence. As far as the great mass of people is concerned this is not a sign of depravity nor even superficiality; it is the normal result of the nervous tension and the misery of the last few years. But this does not account for the really vicious aspects offered by the gambling clubs and the dance halls that are the most characteristic features of German night life to-day. These re-

sarts are patronized by the rich—war profiteers and "upper classes" of the old régime—on the one hand, and the "tenderloin" element on the other. But the really sad feature is the opportunity they offer to the morally weak section of Germany's rising generation, which is both physically and morally deteriorated through lack of parental care, inadequate feeding and insufficient schooling.

The gambling establishments are scattered all over Berlin. They spring up like mushrooms and thrive wonderfully under government restriction, police prosecution and public censure. They have been "abolished" by decrees, taxed out of existence, raided and what not, but they are doing as well as ever. In the most select section of the Tiergarten quarter, on the Kurfürstendamm, in Charlottenburg, everywhere that private houses or gorgeous apartments can be secured, these so-called "sport clubs" may be found. A few of them existed before the war, as town headquarters of real racing clubs, where the gambling instincts developed at the track could be indulged between seasons; now there are hundreds of others that have nothing whatever to do with any sport except the well-known indoor one, that are in fact not clubs at all, but private establishments where anyone may go upon proper "introduction." The guest registers of these clubs would probably take the prize for pseudonymity.

The two occupations of the patrons are gambling and eating. The last is quite as important, for in many cases it furnishes the motive. Whatever the condition of Berlin's larder you could always get good food, even luxurious food, in the gambling clubs. In the darkest days of the armistice blockade, when the poor population was all but starving on its "rations," I have seen corpulent, greasy-looking gentlemen and disgustingly bejeweled ladies in gorgeous evening toilettes eating large slices of Westphalian ham alternating with soft-boiled eggs—three at a time—washing it all down with quarts of champagne. In the cheap clubs it was bad German *Ersatz*, in the fashionable ones real pre-war champagne—"Friedensware"—always "Sekt" of one kind or another. In one of the clubs in the "West" the following menu was served:

- Lobster Patty
- Bouillon with Egg
- Birds' Eggs with Sauce Béarnaise
- Calf's Cutlet and Spinach
- Roast Fowl, Lettuce
- Apple Pudding
- Layer Cake
- Coffee

Price to most of the patrons is, of course, no object. Money is more plentiful with them than anything else. But the food here is usually cheap in comparison with restaurant prices—that is one of the attractions. The buffet is in action constantly, and patrons take the much-needed nourishment every now and then between games. Meantime the crowd around the baccarat tables never diminishes, money changes hands in sums that one thought did not exist after eight war loans: twenty, thirty thousand marks at a turn of the hand. And this constant round of gaming and eating goes on literally all night—no one thinks of leaving before dawn, and the faithful remain for breakfast.

If you ask the average German what kind of people frequent these places, he uses one word: "Schieber." A Schieber is any kind of shady business man, a war profiteer, a smuggler, sneak-trade merchant or any one of the hundreds of varieties of human insect produced by the war; "Kriegsgewinner" and now there are also "Revolutionsgewinner" (revolution profiteers), they say. But to believe that these are the only gambling patrons would be naïve. I have seen many a Herr von So-and-So, even barons and counts, displaying spotless shirtfronts and cuffs

with crowns engraved on the links, about the green table. Retired officers and officers' wives are not infrequent visitors, and indeed the iron cross insignia are as common here as anywhere else. Young lieutenants in "civils" have told me frankly that they expected to improve their finances in this way before they leave—for Argentina or Brazil or Japan and whereall they are going. None of them appears to want to remain in Germany—in such a "wreck." The sumptuously decorated rooms of the "club" may not look much like wreck, but your officers know better. Aren't many of them studying stenography and bookkeeping?

How is this sudden gambling fever among the Germans going to be explained? Of all people none are naturally less inclined to take chances. In sporting parlance they are "pikers." But the war and the great collapse have changed all that. They have got into the habit of trusting to chance and nothing else. "What will happen next?" and "What are we coming to?" are the most common expressions. Was not the war itself the great example? Somebody high up took a big chance and—lost. But he might have won. Ludendorff is very aptly called the great "hazarder"—Scheidemann himself gave him the title. And the same spirit of hazard has got into all classes (always excepting the conservative middle class) down to the ragged ex-soldier and the poorest shop girl. In the North End of Berlin the spectacle of the gaming "clubs" is repeated. On the open streets there one may see the roulette wheel whirling and the dice rolling day in and day out. Before the war such things were unknown to the people of Germany.

The dance craze, which seems to have hit Germany with the same force as it hit America about six years ago, may be more difficult to explain. Large halls, gaily decorated and lighted, some brilliant—even according to the scale of New York—are filled nightly with thousands of the young people of Berlin, with a general admixture of the elderly man-about-town. Girls—shop girls, chorus girls, anything that can get away from mother—go there in fancy costumes some of which would immediately cause police interference in New York, and dance with impromptu acquaintances. There are merry-go-rounds, swings and all sorts of foolish amusements, and almost the only refreshment is wine. The food here is, in contrast to the gambling clubs, positively miserable. Like the gambling clubs the dance halls are open all night, despite police regulations. When, during the March riots and again during the "peace mourning week" all public dance establishments were ordered closed, they simply constituted themselves into "clubs" and refused to mourn. While blood flowed in the streets, the bands "jazzed" in the halls and the girls screamed with laughter as they whirled around the "may pole." They, too, knew that the revolution was on. They were told that at last Germany was free, but to them liberty meant license—which had been restrained in the war. That Germany lost made no difference; the war was over and the lid was off. One young dancing girl of eighteen explained it all to me: "You see, for four years and a half I starved and sewed for the soldiers—now I'm going to have a good time." Four years ago she was fourteen, and life was about to begin. Now it has begun, but how will it end?

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MACLEAN'S is my very best friend in the magazine world.
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War Office Fought Tanks

Continued from page 103

justice to its half-terrible, half-comic strangeness (and yet give away no secrets), and the humorists of the battalions sharpened their wits on it. They communicated their gaiety, through their letters, to the people at home. The jolliest, most fantastic of them all was a letter from a soldier to his sweetheart, which appeared in the newspapers at the time. It could not be left out of an article on Tanks:

A Tommy on Tanks

"They can do up prisoners in bundles like straw-binders, and, in addition, have an adaption of a printing machine, which enables them to catch the Huns, fold, count, and deliver them in quires, every thirteenth man being thrown out a little further than the others. The Tanks can truss refractory prisoners like fowls prepared for cooking, while their equipment renders it possible for them to charge into a crowd of Huns and, by shooting out spokes like porcupine quills, carry off an opponent on each. Though 'stuck-up' the prisoners are, needless to say, by no means proud of their position.

"They can chew up barbed wire and turn it into munitions. As they run they slash their tails and clear away trees, houses, howitzers, and anything else in the vicinity. They turn over on their backs and catch live shells in their caterpillar feet, and they can easily be adapted as submarines, in fact most of them crossed the Channel in this guise. They loop the loop, travel forwards, sideways, and backwards, not only with equal speed but at the same time. They spin round like a top, only far more quickly, dig themselves in, bury themselves, scoop out tunnel, and come out again ten miles away in half an hour."

On October 10th, I received an official instruction from the Army Council cancelling the order for a thousand Tanks.

All the manufacturers who had had any experience of the methods of the Tank Department up till then had worked with the greatest enthusiasm. This sudden cancellation came as a thunderbolt. I immediately went to see Mr. Lloyd George, the Secretary of State for War. He said that he had heard nothing of the instruction.

The order for the production of a thousand Tanks was reinstated next day.

In May, 1917, Sir Douglas Haig wrote a letter to Lord Derby, the Secretary of State for War, in which he said that the importance of Tanks was firmly established and that there should be a special department at the War Office to look after them.

A Committee was therefore set up, with General Capper as Chairman. On July 27th, Sir Eustace d'Eyncourt and I ceased to attend the meetings of the Committee. We found that the three military members, who a month before had never even seen a Tank, laid down all rulings even with regard to design and production. They were in the majority and we could do nothing.

Instead of orders being given for thousands of Tanks, as I hoped, Mr. Churchill told me that the requirements for the Army for 1918 were to be one thousand three hundred and fifty fighting Tanks. This I determined to fight with every means in my power, and I told Mr. Churchill so.

On October 15th, I was told by Sir Arthur Duckham that three Generals at the War Office had asked for my removal.

Next day, Sir E. d'Eyncourt and I asked for an interview with Mr. Churchill. He refused to see Sir E. d'Eyncourt and told me that, with regret, he had decided to appoint a new man in my place, and, therefore, there was no object in discussing the situation. He added that he was in power, and, therefore, it was his responsibility, and that he had taken the advice of the Council Member, Sir Arthur Duckham. I told him that I would not resign, as I

believed it to be against the public interest, but that he could dismiss me.

Next day I received the following letter from him:

"Ministry of Munitions,
"Whitehall Place, S. W.
"October 16th, 1917.

"DEAR COLONEL STERN.—As I told you in our conversation on Friday, I have decided, upon the advice of the Member of Council in whose group your department is, and after very careful consideration of all the circumstances, to make a change in the headship of the Mechanical Warfare Supply Department.

"I propose, therefore, to appoint Vice-Admiral Sir Gorden Moore to succeed you and this appointment will be announced in the next two or three days.

"I shall be glad to hear from you without delay whether those other aspects of activity in connection with the development of Tanks in France and America, on which Sir Arthur Duckham has spoken to you, commend themselves to you.

"Meanwhile, I must ask you to continue to discharge your duties until such time as you are relieved.

"Yours very truly,
"WINSTON S. CHURCHILL."

I had an interview with Sir Arthur Duckham on the same day, and he told me that Mr. Churchill was unable to persuade the War Office to have a larger number of Tanks, but that as he was a believer in Mechanical Warfare, it was his opinion that America should be persuaded to arm herself with the necessary number of Tanks for next year's fighting.

He told me that Mr. Churchill considered it my duty, as the War Office did not wish to develop Mechanical Warfare on a large scale, to undertake its development among the Allies, and chiefly the Americans. At this time I also saw the Prime Minister and said that I was willing to undertake any duties which the country might call upon me to perform.

On October 29th, I accepted the position of Commissioner for Mechanical Warfare (Overseas and Allies). On the same day I warned Mr. Churchill once more that the progress of design and the output of the Tanks would most surely suffer. In the meantime, Admiral Sir A. G. H. W. Moore had been appointed the Controller of the Mechanical Warfare Department.

Up to the date of his appointment, Admiral Moore had never even seen a Tank!

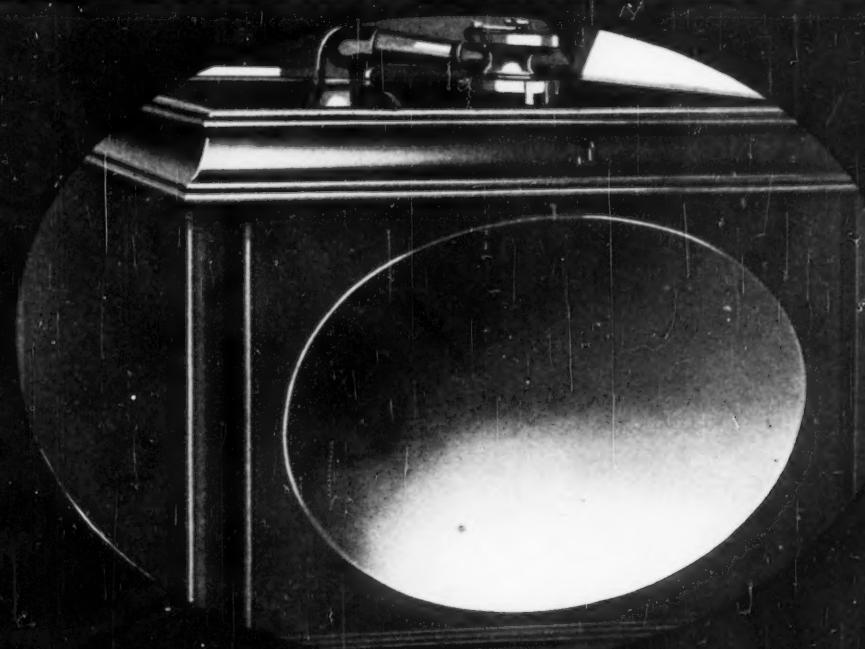
On April 8th, 1918, Lord Milner, who up till this time had been Cabinet Minister at Versailles, and was now appointed Secretary of State for War, came to see me at the offices of the Mechanical Warfare (Overseas and Allies) Department in Paris. I explained to him the development of Mechanical Warfare and told him that the Tanks had great power of destruction quite out of proportion to their own total cost of humanity, which was limited to eight men a Tank. I told him that a special department, like the Air Ministry, should be formed, and that this Ministry or Board should be managed by those who had directed the development from the beginning. In this way a highly technical development could be carried out by a practical man with the advice of the military authorities.

Finally, I begged him to see Sir Eustace d'Eyncourt and to discuss the question of some proper authority to control and develop Mechanical Warfare.

From this date a new era of progress started for Mechanical Warfare at the War Office, with Sir Henry Wilson as Chief of the Imperial General Staff and General Harrington as Deputy Chief.

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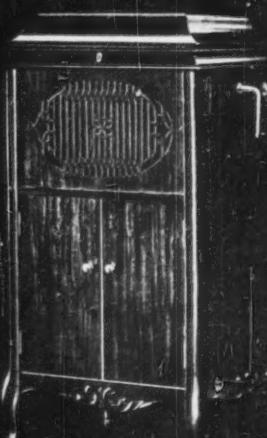
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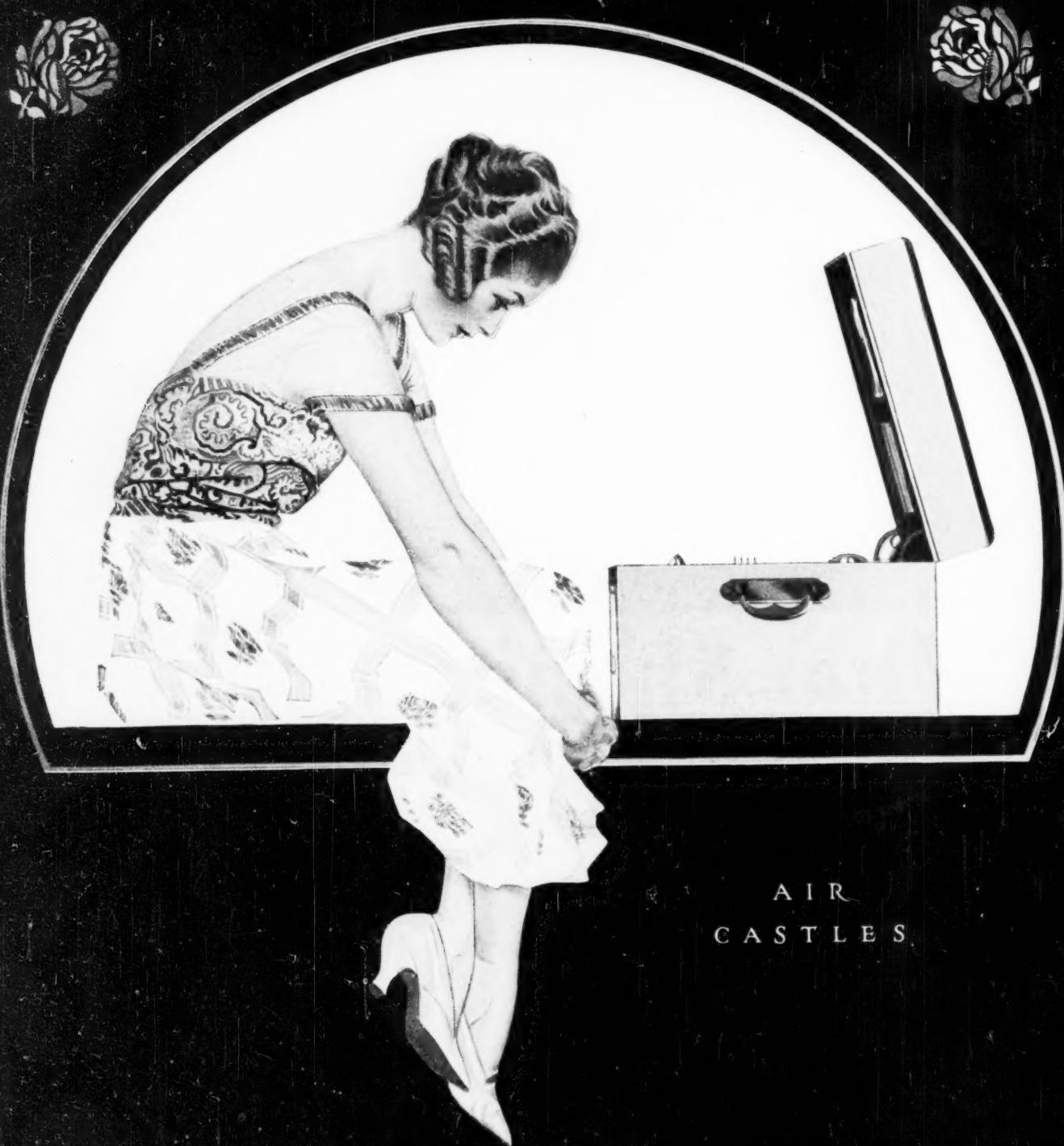
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MACLEAN'S has made rapid progress in the past few years. To-day the circulation is running well over the 70,000 mark and from every indication will keep on breaking the altitude records. The news stand sales have reached a total of 20,000. Editorially, the magazine has been developing faster even than the circulation and to-day it presents the very best material that is being written about Canada by Canadians.

Time and again, readers have said to the publishers, "Why don't you issue MACLEAN'S oftener? We can't get too much reading matter about our own country." And so, in response to this demand, as well as in recognition of the fact that the road of further advancement lies in the direction of more frequent publication, it has been decided that from now on two issues of MACLEAN'S shall be put out each month instead of one.

Under the new arrangement the magazine is going to be better, brighter, more vital than ever before. No effort or expense is to be spared to give the readers the very best possible service. It is never possible to tell very far in advance the editorial plans of a magazine in any detail. But this can be said: The coming issues of MACLEAN'S will bulge with bright stories and the strongest kind of articles. Arrangements are being completed with all the greatest Canadian writers.

Among the contributors to MACLEAN'S in the past have been the quite illustrious names in the appended list. It is expected that all will appear more or less frequently during 1920:

Sir Gilbert Parker
Arthur Stringer
Stephen Leacock
W. A. Fraser
Robert W. Service
Onoto Watanna
Private Peat
George Pearson
Charles G. D. Roberts

Agnes C. Laut
Arthur E. McFarlane
Nellie L. McClung
L. M. Montgomery
Alan Sullivan
Arthur Beverly Baxter
Janey Canuck
Theodore Goodridge Roberts
Archie P. McKishnie

and many others.

Among those to be added to the list are two of the very greatest of living novelists of Canadian birth:

Ralph Connor, who starts a series of articles in this issue.

Basil King, whose next novel, "The Thread of Flame," starts in the December Number.

In other words, MACLEAN'S is not only going to be twice as frequent a visitor, but twice as welcome. Start the Twice-A-Month habit and we'll guarantee to make it stick.



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WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

Edited by Ethel M. Chapman

MARRIAGE and THE LAW

By LILLIE YOUNG MCKINNEY

THE first marriage of which we have any record was when Adam took Eve to be his wife. Since that time many marriages have taken place. Many have been consummated with much pomp and ceremony, and yet there has been little more definiteness to the transaction than to the first wedding in the garden of Eden. We do not know whether Adam said "With my worldly goods I thee endow" or not, but if he did he probably meant it as little as does the average modern bridegroom.

In casting about to see if other forms of contracts have become more definite with the advance of time, I find that they have. The code of laws of the different provinces invariably devote much space to partnership and company acts. It is the object of these acts to define the duties, responsibilities, and liabilities, first of the companies and then of the individual members; to define their relations to each other, and to safeguard their interests in every way.

I turn from these acts to the ones on marriage and nowhere do I find an effort to define marriage, or the duties and responsibilities of either party, or to safeguard the rights of either. The act tells who may marry, how they may marry, and little else. Now don't tell me that the reason for this is that marriage is an older institution than written law; certainly it is, but so are partnerships and companies. Abraham and Lot formed a partnership and dissolved it too, satisfactorily to both as far as appears. Joseph cornered the corn of Egypt and dispensed it to the advantage of the king without a word being said about profiteering either. All this without written law so far as we know.

Not finding anything definite in our laws as to what marriage is, I turn to our old friend the dictionary. There I find this definition: "Marriage is the act of uniting a man and woman for life." Nothing very illuminating in that; so I turn to the official titles of the two contracting parties. I find that a husband is "a married man" and a wife is "a woman who has a husband." Indeed, I had surmised as much.

Even the marriage covenant in any form known to the writer is explicit in one thing only, that these twain are now one. Which one, as the wag said, remains to be determined. Our laws, which in every other form of contract endeavor to be explicit, here in relation to marriage leave the individuals to make of it what they will, or rather what they can. Arrayed on one side is masculine directness hedged about by centuries of custom and innumerable laws. On the other, woman's diplomacy handicapped by all of these things. If there is not war in every household it is in spite of our laws and not because of them.

TO be sure these two have such a wonderful love for each other that neither will ever want to do anything



which the other does not wish. But they soon discover that all human love almost, except mother love, is selfish. We do not like to own it but it is true. It would be far safer to form a business partnership without legal provisions and safeguards than a marriage contract. The partners would at least have an even start. But in marriage the very fact of their love makes them less likely to be just. The desire to hold their happiness makes them selfish. Very few ever learn that in giving and not getting is happiness. If that lesson is learned it is often by only one, so that the results of even a good thing may prove disastrous.

As human beings are and always will be human, why not deal with this question in a human manner? Instead of that we attempt to pile on so much sanctity that the lack of common sense and common justice will not be noticed. Is it reasonable to expect that a man who is a very ordinary man in every other connection of life, will become a very paragon of a husband when he has every opportunity to be otherwise? Or is it likely that a woman, made of very common clay, and the daughter of generations of men as well as of women, will be an angel wife if she feels injustice at every turn? And so to-day, the husband because he has little to guide him but tradition, becomes the traditional husband. He wants (or thinks he wants) the wife of long ago. Can you find a greater anomaly than this? The wife, who is a woman of today, rebels at having to be the wife of the long dead past; she frets and chafes and can you wonder if she becomes a nagging wife?

In the partnership and companies acts, responsibilities, privileges, disbursements of profits, and winding up the business are all embraced under one act. Now why not in marriage? Why not have under one act called for instance "The Partnership of Marriage" the various acts called marriage, guardianship of children, property rights of women, wills, devolution of estates, etc.? Pray tell me why? The first is the contract, the rest the results or profits of that contract.

Now on the supposition that we are going to put a large part of the foregoing into one act, we will just suggest the following form, which should prove very popular, and it has the advantage (or disadvantage) of being the facts in the most of the provinces.

Come now John Doe and Mary Smith desiring to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony. John Doe affirms that he will be to Mary Smith a true and loving husband until death do them part. John

Doe agrees that any property that Mary Smith may have now, or in future earn in business by herself and without his help, or any property which may be given her, she may have to do with as she likes. (As this is to be really legal John Doe will forget to say "with my worldly goods I thee endow.")

Mary Smith in like manner affirms that she will be a true and loving wife to John Doe until death do them part. Mary Smith further agrees, that the guardianship of any children that may be born to them shall be vested in her husband; that he shall say in what religion they shall be raised; and that at his death he may give them (even if unborn) to whoever he may see fit. She however having the right to bring suit at King's Bench in case she does not want what he wants. The said Mary Smith also agrees that all properties that are the result of their united labors belong to her husband John Doe, and she agrees that at his death he may will every cent away from her children and herself, (save only the homestead which some provinces give her the use of for her lifetime). One province gives the wife a real dower right in all the property). The said Mary Smith further agrees (in most of the provinces) that she will at all times live where the said John Doe wishes, and agrees that if she objects and will not live where the said John Doe wishes, then John Doe is not bound to provide for her.

THIS is the result of putting a part of what is really one act, into one contract. How do you like it? I believe it is true that it is not legal, that it is not a contract, unless there is some consideration. Do you think that this contract would be legal? Would it not be more likely to stand if the groom would give the bride one dollar, so that the contract could read, "in consideration of one dollar, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged?" Pray tell me why these facts have been placed in a number of acts, instead of all in one contract form so that all could be placed before the contracting parties. Surely if these laws are all right and need no changing, all parties will be glad to have them given as much publicity as possible. Surely any man would be proud to place such a contract before his sweetheart for her signature.

AS women become better informed the contract form of marriage will be insisted upon by them unless the laws are made more just. The contract, however, will not be the above. The number of contract marriages is increasing every year, and their legality is now recognized. Woman will insist upon this not only because she wants justice for herself, but because she can never thoroughly respect a man who in-

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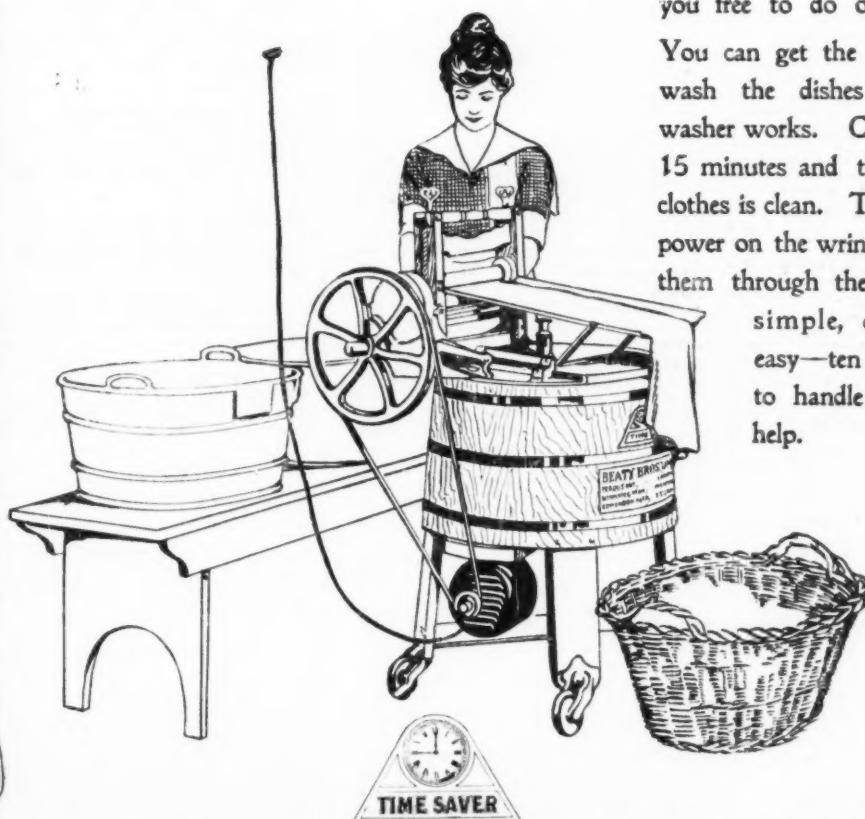
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sists on marriage being such a one-sided affair.

It is certainly true that this injustice is a constant menace to every home, and that it causes open rupture in many. The marriage contract of the future will be so worded that after the first statement the words man and woman or husband and wife will not be needed. It will be "the parties to this contract mutually agree." Conditions have so changed that even the work of either cannot be stated. We find to-day too many women who are from necessity bread winners, for us longer to make any attempt at defining the duties of each. And legal partnership of all that they possess, both of children and property, is only justice.

Do you say that that would lead to wholesale divorce? Granted that it will lead to some. In this Dominion are many women who are to-day leading a life of very torment rather than leave their children. And this often with a man whom the neighbors call a good man. The children are her husband's, and the money with which to bring action in court is her husband's. Granted that in such conditions as this (and they are not so rare as we would like to think) there would be a divorce or a separation if the woman had the power to get it. But had the marriage contract been a legal partnership in the first place would such a condition have existed? Is it not wiser that our legislation be directed toward avoiding trouble rather than bidding for it?

When men are willing to meet and wed women on an absolutely equal footing, with no special privileges for themselves, then will be born in each sex a new admiration for each other. Men have never thoroughly respected women, because they would allow themselves to be so handicapped; and many women have in their inmost hearts a feeling which is just a little more than a lack of respect for men, because under the guise of protecting women, they are really handicapping them and insisting upon such odds in their own favor. We know that all marriage should be truly a partnership, "a love that says not mine and thine, but ours for ours is thine and mine." Shall we make of this a fact or a travesty?

Potting Bulbs for Color Effects

By ELIZABETH HOUSER

A LITTLE originality in potting bulbs for winter blooming adds immeasurably to the pleasure of waiting for results, and unusual effects may be gained by using forethought.

A brown reed basket brimming over with gracefully drooping stalks of Roman hyacinths can lend just the right note of light to a sombre corner, while an equally interesting though different effect can be gained by rose-crimson Darwin tulips in a lustre bowl of goblin blue. The Darwins are seldom forced indoors, but the beauty of their grey-green foliage alone makes them worth the growing. The flowers are more delicately shaded than when grown out of doors and the stem sometimes seems insufficient to hold the bloom erect, which may be remedied, and an attractive addition made, by using pussy willows as a supporting stake.

The Dutch hyacinths are inclined to effect an air of stolidity which is difficult to make artistic, but I have always had the most satisfaction by planting only one color or variety in a jar.

The addition of maiden hair fern—even the "pressed" variety—materially aids in softening their stolid contentment.

The Narcissus group is a splendid forcer and embraces the well-known large trumpet daffodil, the double daffodil and the cup or chalice varieties. This group alone affords choice for a season's bloom, and bowls of laughing daffodils radiating sunshine and warmth cheer even the bleakest of winter days.

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If She Wants To Be a Doctor

The second of a Series of Articles on Choosing a Girl's Vocation.

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

THIS stork had made his perilous passage with safety, and the girl doctor was getting the new baby ready for its first sleep. She made an unusual picture with her white gown and pink cheeks and burnished red hair under the light. She was only twenty-four years old but she worked with the deftness and assurance of training and experience, and the mother's praises of her skill always ended with the tribute "And she's so lovely and restful to have around." Perhaps just that in itself contributed more to her success than either she or her patients knew. She is a specialist in another line now with some remarkable cures to her credit, but the sunny, sympathetic, natural personality remains unspoiled.

There was another girl who graduated and started a practice when she was quite young. She was ambitious and highly efficient—so much so that she was soon performing operations with a skill that rather staggered older heads in the profession. These older doctors were not surprised when she announced her plans to specialize in surgery. It was her social friends who were shocked. They could not reconcile their impression of the operating-room with the winsome girl who always looked as though she might be setting out for the tennis-court instead of going to see some patient whose life, so far as material considerations go, depended on her skill and judgment.

After about two years' general practice in Toronto she went to take up surgery in the Women's Medical College at Ludhiana, India. When the war began she volunteered for service in the military hospitals. Her work in India had given her a high standing and she was the first Canadian woman surgeon appointed by the British War Office. The Hospital records show a long list of limbs saved and broken bodies made whole and perfect through the miracles of her hands but hospital records like other records tell only a part of the story. Her value on the hospital staff consisted not only in her efficiency but in her sparkle and character; she was a wholesome, womanly presence in the ward. The boys whom she was able to save received something more than surgical treatment—an inspiring encouragement that the standards they had tried to keep were right. And those whom she could not save, went out more comforted, no doubt, because she was there—for the woman who makes a successful doctor acquires a wonderful understanding of human troubles and how to help them.

SO when we consider the question of what natural qualities a girl must have in order to be a good doctor, we would not put first, what are commonly called "masculine" qualities. Even the girl who faints during her first observation lesson in the operating-room need not worry, some men students have done it and have turned out to be excellent surgeons afterwards. But the girl must have good nerves and hands that can be trained to be skilful and steady, a brain capable of mastering some rather complicated studies in science, a love for humanity and a personality that inspires confidence. It meant a great deal to the nervous little mother that her girl doctor was "so

lovely and restful to have around." The study and practice of medicine does not of itself interfere with a woman's naturalness. The woman doctor who lets it do this in an effort to be "professional," sacrifices one of the finest traits she could bring to her work.

Next to the matter of personal fitness comes the question of what special education is required and what it will cost. The standard set for the M. D. degree seems to be

steadily going up. Last year at the University of Toronto it was increased from five to six years. The fees are one hundred and fifty dollars a year and there is the cost of books and board besides. It is difficult to set any definite estimate on these because the cost of board varies appreciably with conditions, and the economical student may save a considerable amount by buying second-hand books.

THEN comes the inevitable question: "Is the medical profession for women overcrowded, or are there reasonable chances for advancement?" The profession is assuredly not overcrowded; the more successful women doctors there are the more popular will the woman doctor become. It was the first one or two women who took their degrees and set out to build up a practice in a city where the woman doctor was a strange thing to the people, it was these pioneers who had a hard time. They had to work against a popular prejudice, but they didn't let it discourage them and the confidence won by the ability and character of the finest of these women has paved the way for the girl entering the profession today. If there were any serious lack of faith in the woman-doctor now, we would not have, in one Canadian city, about thirty of them, each handling a thriving practice, and women specialists in obstetrics, orthopedics, nose and throat, and nerve diseases each ranking well with the men specialists in her own line. It is rather strange that few of the women doctors make a specialty of children's troubles—perhaps this is one of the greatest opportunities awaiting the girl entering the profession today. It would be something rather big, ten or twenty years from now, to be rated as one of the country's leading child specialists, wouldn't it?

BUT there are other lines of medical work apart from actual practice looming up for the future. Everywhere people's minds are turning more and more to health protection instead of waiting to have a trouble cured after the disease has established itself. One of the objects of the municipal hospital scheme in the West is to have "health centres" throughout the country where people will learn to come regularly for advice—where they will learn to correct a wrong way of living before it has had time to seriously affect their health, and where inevitable troubles may be cured in their early stages. The idea is so sane that it can scarcely help catching on and spreading to other provinces. An Ontario doctor expresses the opinion that the time will come when the Department of Health of this province will have its Health Teachers in every municipality just as the Department of Agriculture has its representative in every county. The field of the Health Teacher's work might ex-



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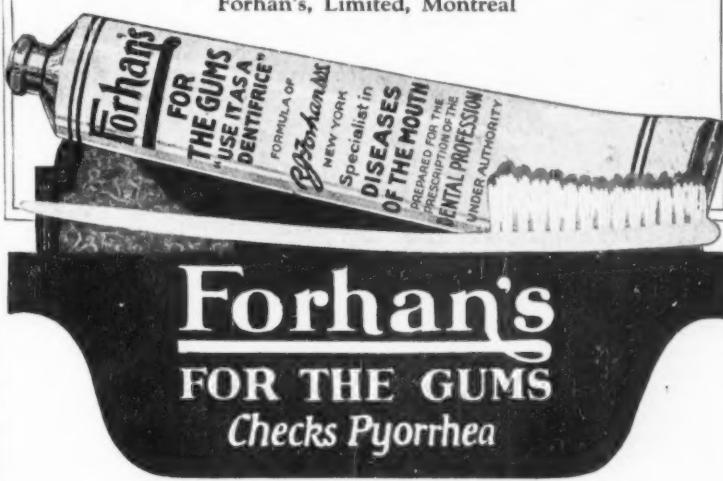
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tend to emergency calls and almost anything, as the scope of such an office usually does, but it would properly be the teaching of the health-care of the family in the home, public and home and school sanitation, the teaching of home nursing classes and whatever else the time and occasion might require. The medical inspection of school children, which is already being made a constant, permanent thing in Ontario, and being extended to all the provinces will always, properly, be the work of a woman doctor. Then, with the new child welfare movement sweeping the country, baby clinics are going to require the services of a lot of women doctors who can give all their time to it.

And what of the unusual lines like the work which Dr. Annie Ross has been doing in connection with Macdonald Institute? She isn't the college doctor, though when any of the girls are ill she usually directs the nursing on her own account—but she takes charge of their physical culture; and she teaches physiology in a way that has an ethical as well as a physical importance; and she teaches home nursing and child study and is, in general, a guiding personality about the place. . . . Dr. Helen MacMurchy's work for the feeble-minded and as Inspector of Public Institutions may be primarily the expression of a big soul and a natural understanding of human nature, but she couldn't have done it without her professional training. There is no doubt about the future of the medical profession for women.

IN the first article of this series we mentioned that the serious-minded girl, considering the possibilities of any vocation, would not be satisfied with something that simply offered an interesting and remunerative future for herself. She would also ask "Will it help anyone else—be of any real service to humanity?" The question is already partly answered. The red-haired girl doctor realized keenly just of how much service it was, every time she met the stork on a dangerous trip and brought the two lives through safely. She realizes it now as an orthopedic specialist every time she takes a maimed or crooked limb in her hands and makes it straight and perfect, every time a child with an arm hanging limp from infantile paralysis comes to the hospital for treatment and goes away able to use that arm almost as well as the other. The girl surgeon in the military hospital knew whether her profession was of any service every time a mangled body was put on her table and carried away mended with incredible skill, with every chance of going back into the world whole and uncrippled and able to enjoy living. Oh, there's no question about the usefulness.

But we must mention one special line of missionary work where some of our Canadian women doctors have been most helpful—the work in the Women's Christian Medical College at Ludhiana, India. Dr. Margaret Patterson, who was the first Canadian on the staff, and who has since devoted a great deal of interest to securing help for the College from Canada, says that "A mission hospital and dispensary is a laboratory of Christianity." It is a well-known fact that the death rate in maternity cases in India is appallingly high; and it is not surprising when we consider that at the present time in India there is less than one trained woman of any degree, doctor, nurse or midwife, for three hundred thousand women of the population. As most of the native women are in Purdah they can of course be cared for only by women, so it is the purpose of the College to train native young women to go out and practise among their own people. We see how practical this plan is when we know that one doctor in the College trains one hundred and forty-seven native girls. Incidentally, the doctor gets some valuable experience for himself. The Canadian women who have been on the staff are Dr. Margaret Patterson; Dr. Edna Guest, who volunteered for military service at the beginning of the war and was the first Canadian woman surgeon appointed by the British War Office—she is now returning to Canada; nurse Edith MacAlpine, and Miss Idonea Nourse; Dr. Susan Fotheringham, who died during the influenza epidemic in India last fall. Dr. Fotheringham was a gifted musician as well as a clever doctor and the native girls and the College staff miss her music as much as her work. Dr. Mary Roberts, a specialist in surgery. Dr. Annabel McEwen and Dr. Anna Otta, with nurses Kathleen Tucker and Flora Alexander, are still in India.

One more question the girl will ask herself—(we are so foolish about some things that she might hesitate to ask anyone else): "If I am married will it make me a better homemaker and wife and mother?" Well, one of a woman's big problems in her own home is taking care of the health of her family, isn't it? A doctor knows how to do that. And a mother should be infinitely wise in understanding people—that is another part of a doctor's work. Theoretically it ought to be the best training in the world. In the practical working out—of the women doctors I know who have children of their own or adopted ones, they are among the most companionable, lovely mothers I know. I don't feel competent to judge what kind of wife any girl would make, but of the girl doctors I know, there are many with whom some supposedly pretty far-seeing men would be willing to take the risk.

What Is a Dietitian?

By DORIS McHENRY

THE other day I was making some purchases in our corner drug store, and while waiting for my parcels, entered into a conversation with the proprietor, a well-educated man of probably fifty.

"I suppose your holidays will soon be over," he remarked.

"Yes," I replied. "In a couple of weeks I'll be commencing my work as a dietitian."

The druggist looked blank for a moment, then his face brightened.

"A dietitian. Oh yes, you diagnose people, do you not?"

Being justly proud of my profession, such ignorance on the subject of dietitians and their work did not appeal to my sense of humor, especially as the ignorance seems widespread, even among the supposedly most enlightened people.

Having only recently attained the right to call myself a dietitian, perhaps I am over-sensitive on the subject, yet I cannot repress a strong feeling of disappointment when I mention my newly acquired profession to intelligent acquaintances, and see that blank look ap-

pear on their faces, or listen to theories similar to that expounded by the worthy druggist.

It is true that the dietitian is comparatively an innovation, and that our forefathers thrived fairly well on meals planned in ignorance of the great scientific laws of feeding. Yet, now that an increasing number of young women elect to spend four arduous years in grappling with this vital problem, it is advisable that the world at large should at least be able to attach some significance to the term "dietitian." Having once mastered the difficulties of the meaning of the word, it is our fond hope that the world will advance one step farther, and endeavor to assimilate some of the rudimentary lessons connected with the science of dietetics.

The general inclination of those not intimately concerned, is to treat the subject of balanced meals and scientific feeding in a bantering manner. In the case of really intelligent people, however, one can detect, underneath, a genuine interest in the vague rumors of such things as calories and vitamins,

which are so often heard these days in connection with food.

This summer a discussion in dietetics arose at the dinner table of a crowded hotel, where I had been endeavoring to instil some of my pet theories.

Everyone had eaten a very hearty meal and as we lingered over our coffee a jocular youth exclaimed:

"By the way, what happens when you consume too many calories? Is there any danger of being blown up from internal combustion?"

Before I could reply, an eminent business man present confessed his entire ignorance of the nature of a caloric and requested some information on the subject.

"Well, doubtless you know, that when food is taken into the body it undergoes certain chemical changes, thus producing heat and energy. The heat produced is measured in calories, which is merely a convenient unit used for meal purpose. Scientists have been able to estimate the number of calories that will be yielded by definite quantities of all types of food, when ingested, hence it is possible to regulate the number of calories produced in the body each day. The caloric requirements vary with the individual. Naturally a man engaged in strenuous physical labor has a higher requirement than the man whose work is mental. The average man's diet should yield two thousand five hundred calories per day. Many restaurants are printing the caloric value of each dish in the margin of the menu. Thus every individual can control his diet and yet have little knowledge of the subject."

"What else do you consider in planning a balanced diet?" enquired a pretty young girl, whose left hand signified an approaching interest in all concerns of the kitchen.

"I have mentioned the two most important phases, but in an accurate diet the exact amount of mineral matter in the form of calcium, phosphorus and iron is estimated. A definite amount of each of these is essential in the diet each day, but I won't trouble you with the figures. They are best supplied by plenty of milk, fresh vegetables and fruit."

"Don't forget the little vitamines," interrupted the jocular youth, who was by this time beginning to look bored, although the eminent business man and the pretty girl still showed signs of interest.

"Didn't you say they were little crawly things in the food, and that if they missed your mouth the result was slow death?"

I saw that my hour had passed. A tone of levity was again creeping into the conversation. However, I hastened to reprove the youth.

"Vitamines are not 'crawly things.' Scientists haven't been able to ascertain their exact nature; they merely know that there are certain accessory bodies present in foods apart from the ordinary nutrients, which are essential for growth and development. If you have plenty of butter, milk and vegetables, you need not worry about the vitamines."

"My interest is centred in those calories," commented the eminent business man. "But how am I to know whether my wife fulfills my caloric requirements at each meal? Henceforth, I will be filled with a feeling of distrust."

"I might lend you some literature on the subject," I suggested. "Then you soon become familiar with the caloric value of the common foods. For example, a medium slice of bread yields one hundred calories, a teaspoon of butter, forty calories, an egg seventy-five, a—"

"Stop!" wailed the jocular youth, "I am now fully convinced that at this very meal, I have swallowed thousands of unnecessary calories. Let me be by myself, I must bear this alone!"

The gathering dispersed, and I saw my lessons blown to the four corners in their laughter. But I am not downhearted. Perhaps some day this unenlightened world will awake to the vital importance of scientific feeding; until then it is our duty to aid in every possible way in the general dissemination of this truly important knowledge.

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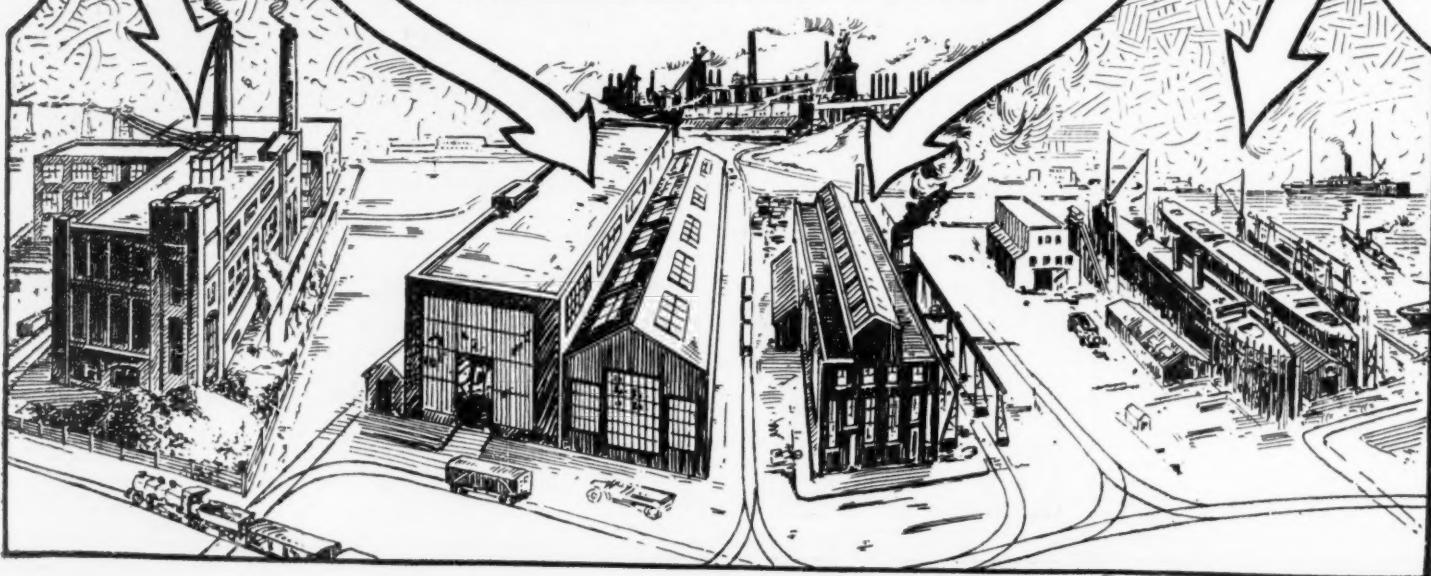
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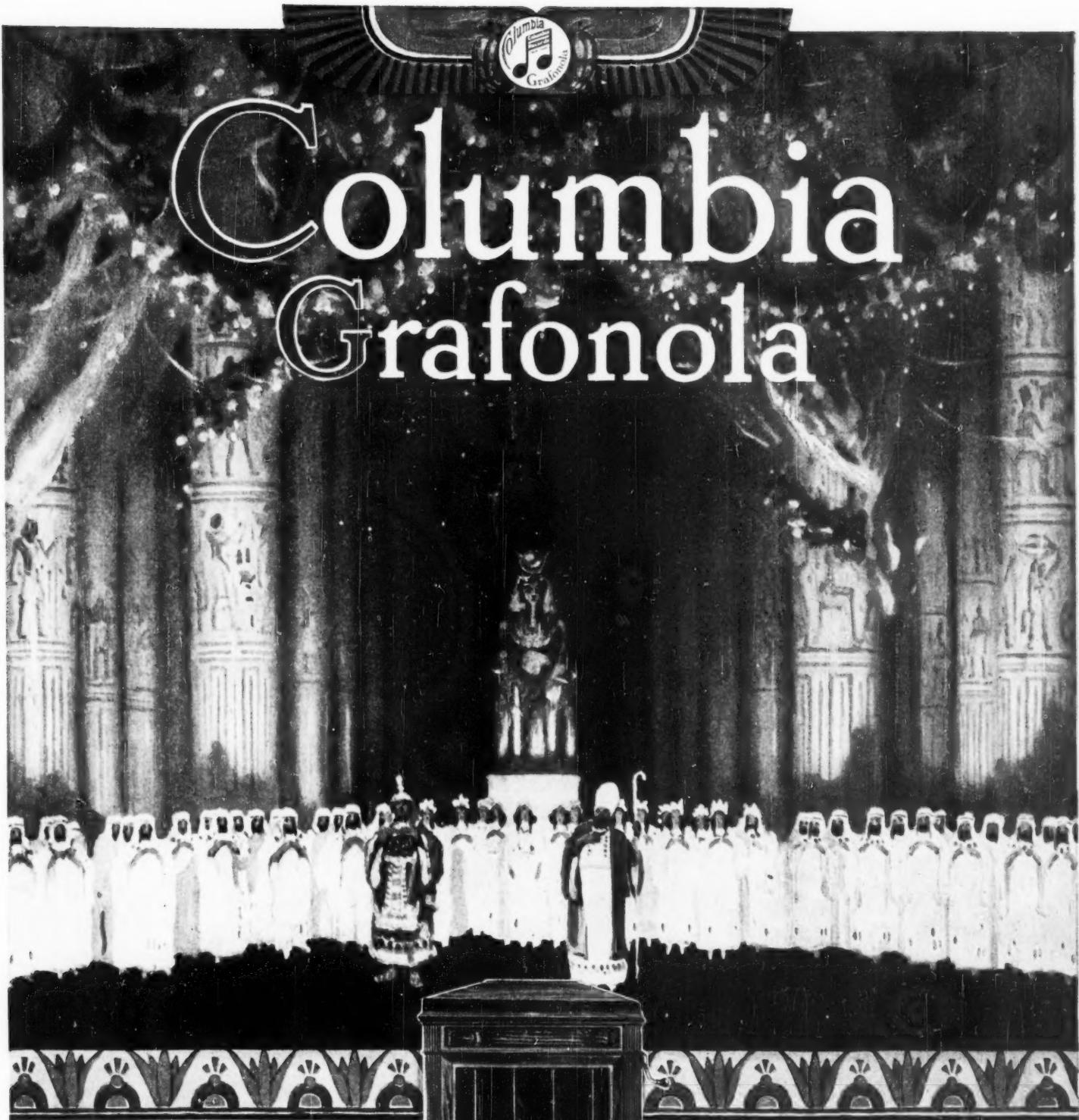
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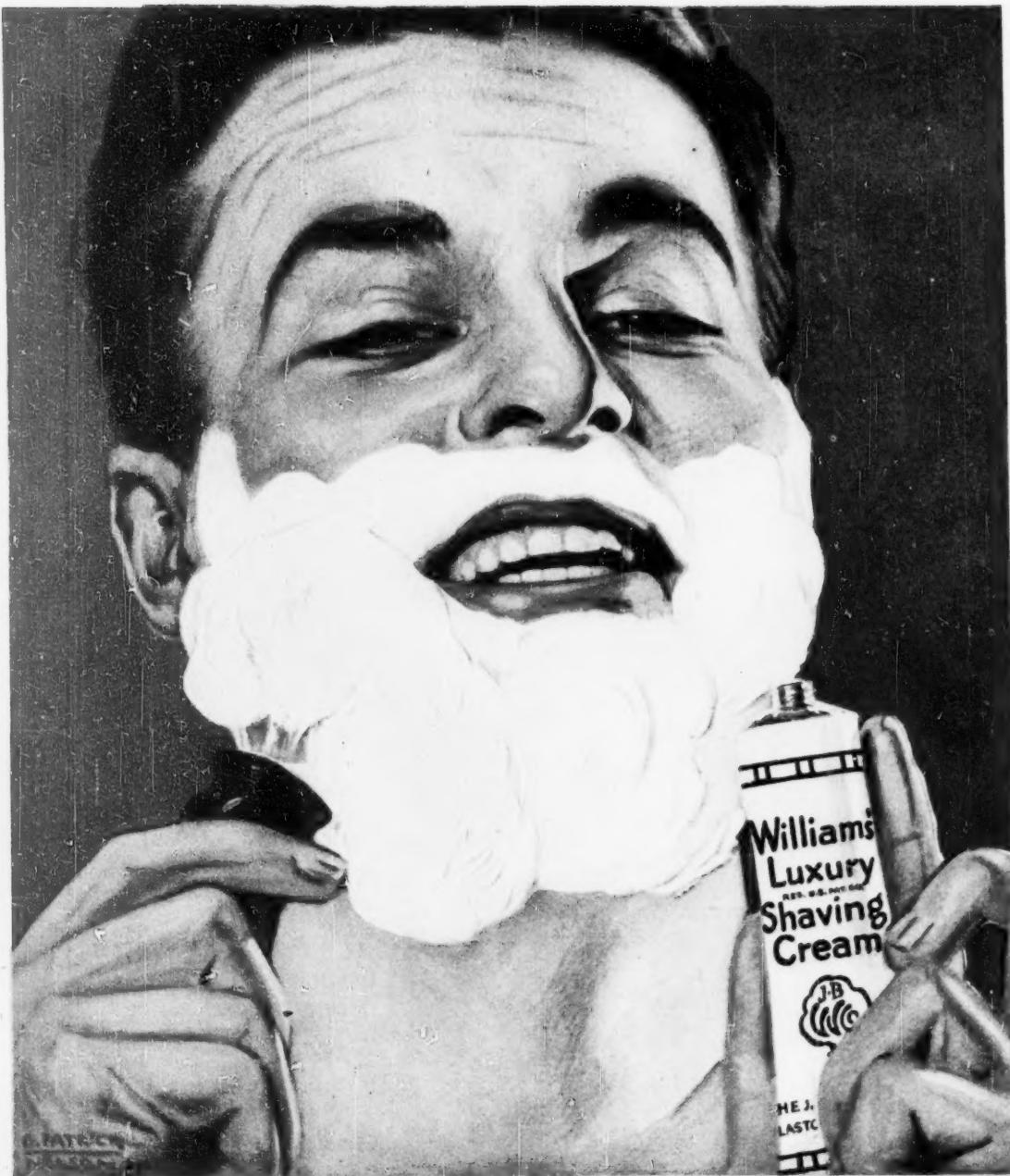
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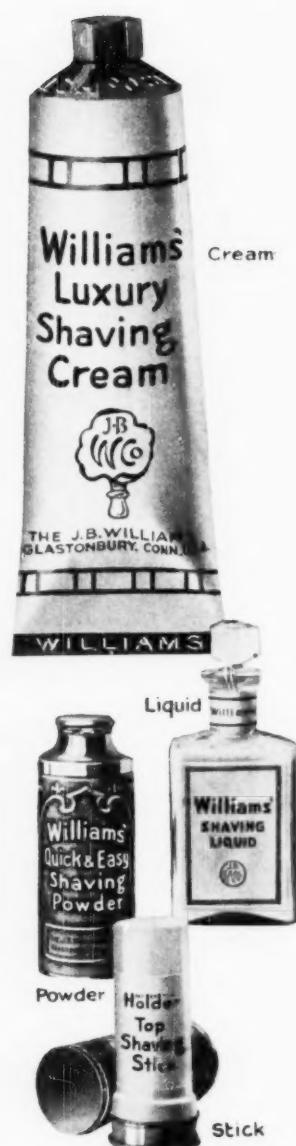
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